SEPTEMBER.

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BY C. B. FRY.

THE CAPTAIN

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Vol. IX. No. 54. SEPTEMBER, 1903.

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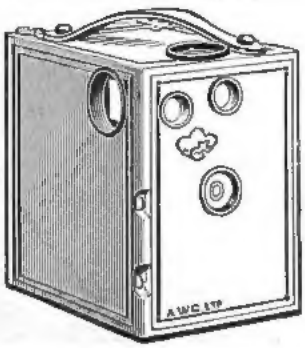

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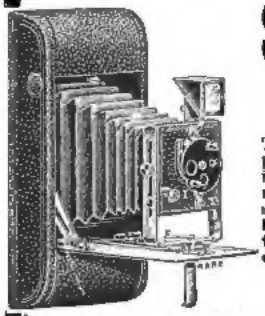

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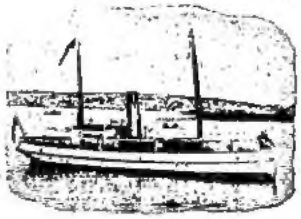

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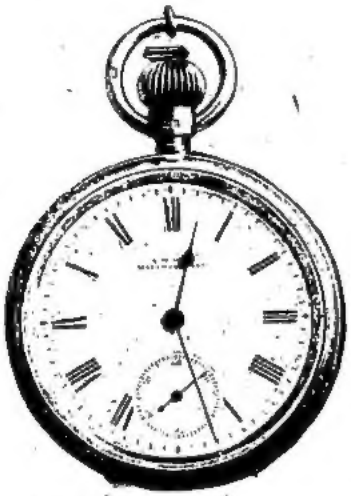

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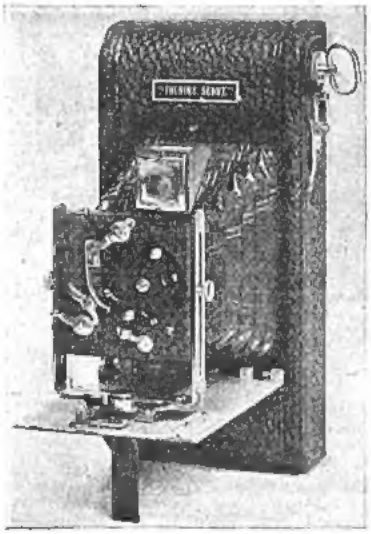
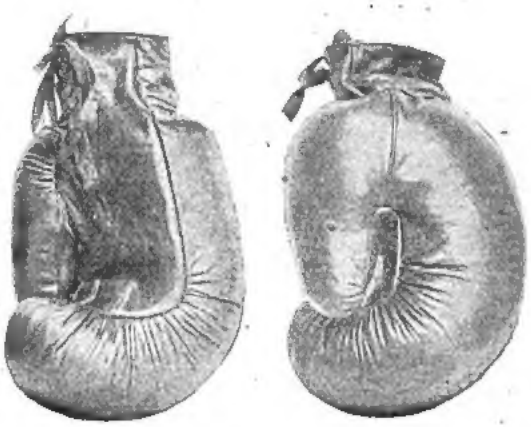


Three of these Guinea Folding Pocket "Scout" Cameras are awarded in Competition No. 2 (one in each Class), "HIDDEN BOYS' NAMES"



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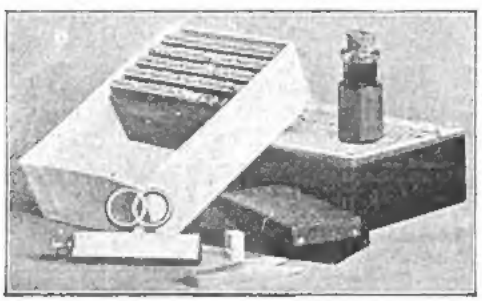

Six of these Complete Printing Outfits are awarded in Classes I. and II. (three to each Class), as Prizes to Competition No. 3, "INTERESTING KINGS."

See "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS on page 587.

Three of these 10/6 'Swan' Fountain Pens are awarded as Prizes to Competition No. 6, "PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION."

See page 587.

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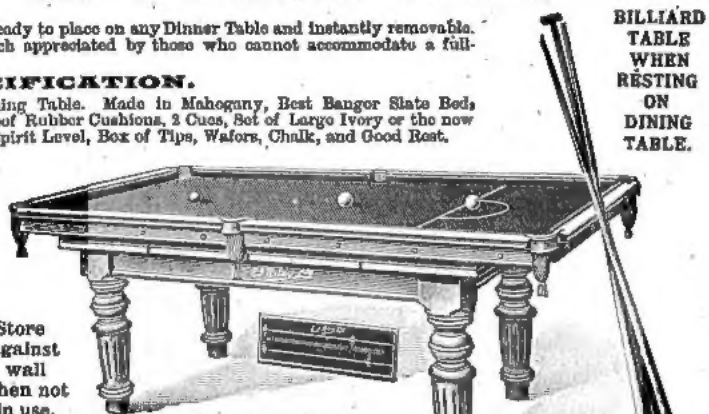

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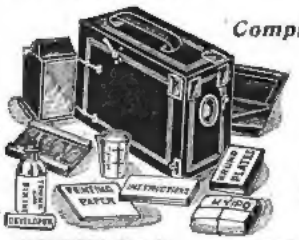

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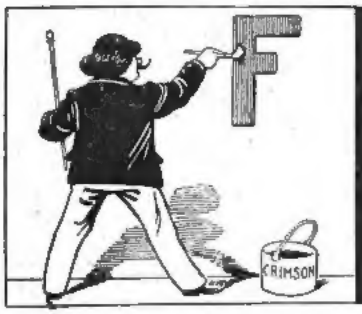
"HIDDEN BOYS' NAMES" COMPETITION.

See "CAPTAIN" Competitions for SEPTEMBER, on page 587.



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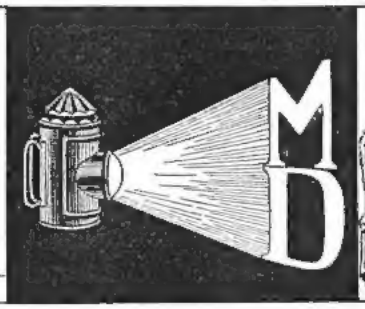

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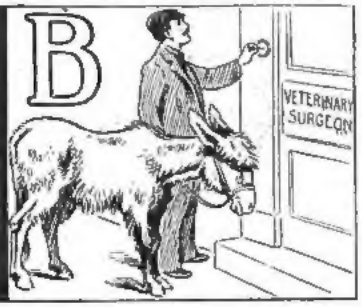

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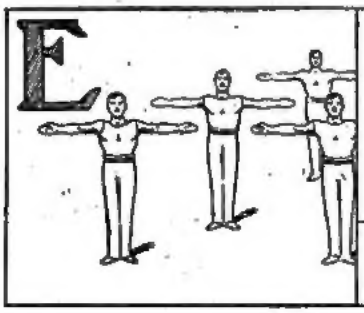

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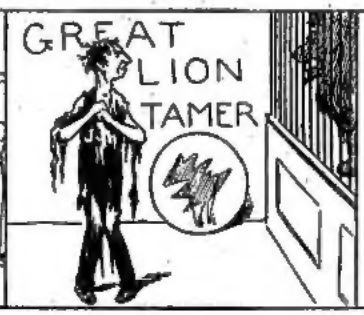

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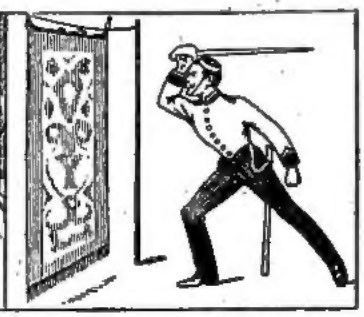

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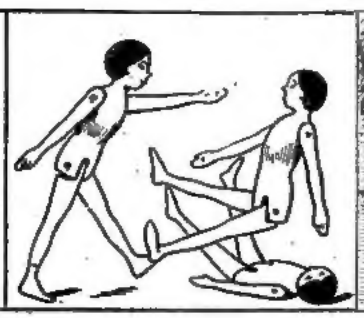

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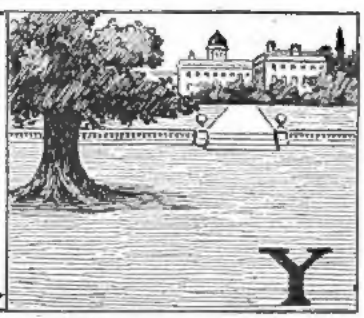

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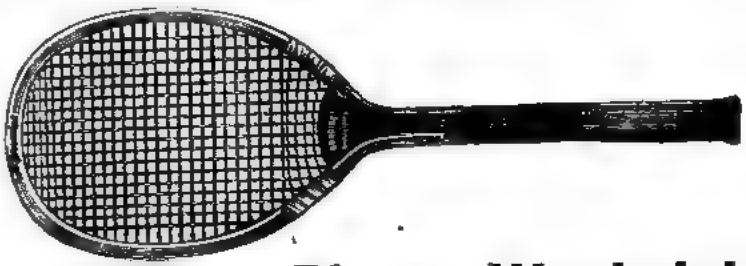

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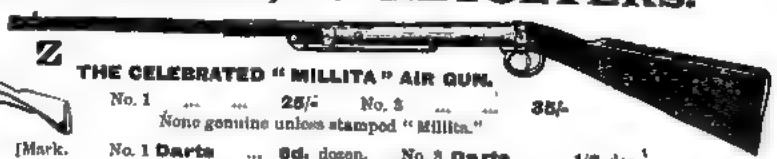

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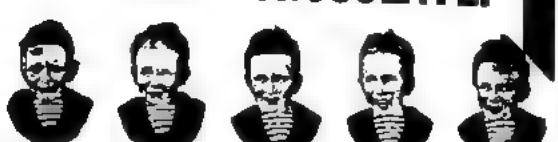

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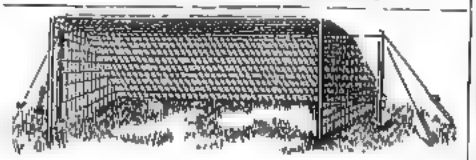

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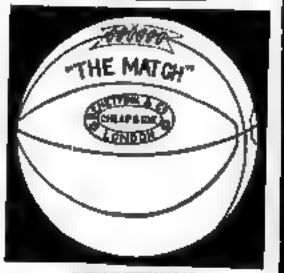

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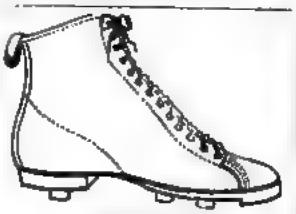

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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

MEMBER OF THE S.P.C.A. (touring in Spain): "Ha! I must make a note of this."
Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.

THE CHIEF PERFORMER WAS A BIG, SILVER-TIP BEAR, WEDGED TIGHTLY INTO A MOLASSES BARREL.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.

IF my brother were not a very good shot with the rifle, I should not be living to tell this true story.

I am seventeen years old. We live on a horse ranch about twenty miles from Jackson's Hole, which I suppose pretty nearly everybody knows about. The country is very wild and rugged around our ranch. Great scraggly mountains that always wear white ribbons of snow in summer, stick up against the sky like thunder-heads, and some of them would be about as difficult to climb.

The adventure which befell Ferdinand and me—principally me—happened at our logging-camp in Two-Owe-Tee Pass. Last autumn father bought a large herd of Oregon half-breeds, and new corrals and winter sheds had to be built; and we had, besides, to replace our old ones. As this building would take a great many waggon-loads of pine logs, and as, in these parts, no one could be hired to handle an axe, we had to do the work ourselves; Ferdinand being a good chopper, the job of felling the timber was given to him. I was sent to help.

We went to work on the first of October. The best pine timber here grows well up on the mountains and we made camp at the edge of a belt six miles from home. We built a small pole cabin, enclosed on three sides, and stretched some ropes across the opening to keep out horses, cattle, and wild animals.

It was what we called a "rickety" place to get down logs. The trees grew upon a steep hillside and had to be skidded down forty or fifty rods into a gulch before they could be loaded on a waggon. I helped skid the timbers and did the hauling with a four-mule team. Doing our best, we could manage only one load each day.

At our camp, built upon a flat-iron bench, we passed the evenings pleasantly. After a hard day's work we certainly enjoyed our meals, at which we had always fried venison or pine hen, with plenty of thick treacle, which we both liked to spread on our bread. Our treacle-barrel, with two or three inches of candied syrup at the bottom, was set outside the cabin with our water-barrel, and both were covered with planks which were held in place by big stones.

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Cattle and horses seldom range so high in the autumn, and they did not trouble us; but at first we were bothered a good deal by bob-cats. There was a big family of these familiar "stump-tails" up in the gulch, and they raided our meat on several occasions. One night two of the hungry rascals got overbold, came inside the cabin and tore down some fresh venison which we had hung up to dry. We were roused from sleep and pretty well frightened by the racket, but they scampered away with the meat before we could interfere.

That made Ferdinand angry enough. The next day he worked with unusual speed chopping in the forenoon, and so got time after dinner to go after the cats. He found four near their den. They were lying upon some rocks sunning themselves, and he shot them as fast as he could work the lever of his gun. Ferdinand is what sportsmen call a "snap-shot."

The next day he killed two more cats, after watching some time for them, and a few days later he shot another that was lurking about the cabin at sunset. His good shooting rid us of the bob-cats. We spent some evenings in tanning their skins, which were made into a fine lap-robe and afterwards sold for twelve dollars

There were plenty of silver-tips and grizzlies in the pass and on the mountains, but we were not afraid of them. If bears are let alone they will not attack people. But where we were, close to the National Park, where they are not only not hunted but are allowed to forage about the government camps, they are likely to be troublesome to campers who leave things lying about. It was chiefly to keep away these big fellows, that are afraid of anything resembling a snare, that we stretched the ropes across our wide doorway.

We saw fresh bear signs now and then, but for more than three weeks not one came near our cabin. Then one morning a young silver-tip came up out of the gulch and coolly looked us over while we were working with the skids. We watched the fellow for a minute, and then Ferdinand ran for his Bullard rifle. Seeing him run down the hill, the bear ran, too, and so escaped any harm. We knew then there was a family of bears somewhere near and that we might expect a call from Mrs. Ephraim at any time.

I saw her first; and I have some scars to certify to the fact; but at the outset my sight of her was merely comical. I was made aware of the she-bear's arrival by the bucking of my lead mules. Just as I was driving out of the chaparral to our bench, these mules, "Long Tom" and "Whitey," began to jump furiously. They were out of their traces and into the bushes in a trice. The big, steady wheelers, however, brought them to a standstill.

I soon discovered what had frightened them so. On the bench a few rods from the cabin a bear was doing tumbling that surprised me more than anything of the sort that I saw in Hagenback's Menagerie at the World's Fair.

My bear was not on a barrel, but *in* one; and in trying to get out she was bobbing and rolling round, every now and then breaking into a frantic, wobbling dance, so funny that it made me scream with delight. I got my team hitched among the bush and ran to take part in a "circus" which I think no boy could have resisted. The chief performer was a big silver-tip bear, whose head and shoulders were wedged tightly into a treacle barrel stout enough to resist tons of pressure. So long as the barrel held together the bear was perfectly helpless to do any harm, so I had no fear in going as close as I could get and watching the free performance. It was easy to guess what had happened.

Mrs. Ephraim had overturned our treacle barrel and gone into it after the sweets. She had forced herself into the barrel until she could reach the bottom with her snout, and had quickly licked up the last grain of treacle. Then she had tried to back out, and the barrel, of course, had backed with her. Then, getting frightened, she had begun to rear, with the result that her bulging shoulders were hooped tighter than a drum.

I started to run to the cabin to get Ferdinand's rifle; but just then the bear was tumbling about close to a pitch of the gulch, and I was afraid she would fall over. I did not want the sport to end so soon; and, besides, I saw a chance to get a good bear-skin robe without much effort. So I ran in behind her, kicked her legs hard, and shouted like a Shoshone Indian in order to turn her back.

She turned and went a little way back from the edge of the gulch then, but, not being able to see, tripped over a root and lost her footing.

When the confused animal fell upon her side I rolled the barrel toward the cabin until she set her hind claws into the ground and got the best of me. In the excitement I got my boot-leg torn and a skin-scratch on

the calf, but I had a great deal of fun getting her back to the cabin.

Then I went inside for the gun, but found that Ferdinand had taken it up on the mountain. So I shouted to him to come quick and bring the rifle. By this time the bear was wobbling and tumbling toward the gulch again.

I shouted and jerked this way and that, in the struggle to keep the bear up on the level ground. Her whoopings and gruntings in the barrel sounded like a big dog barking in a bass drum. In my excitement I felt no fear, but enjoyed the performance and laughed till my sides ached. I believed that I had discovered a sure way to trap grizzlies,

SHE ROLLED ME OVER AND THRUST HER UGLY MUZZLE RIGHT IN MY FACE.

As quickly as I could I got a rope and managed to tangle it about one of her free legs. My lariat was too short to manage both legs, or I could have upset her completely. I did not dare throw it over the barrel, for fear of liberating her, so—she at one end of the rope, I at the other—we swung round like an Italian with a dancing bear.

and resolved that I would put out molasses-barrels all over the mountains.

But, in spite of all my pulling and hauling, the bear pretty soon began to go down-hill. Then there was an exciting time. Bear and barrel would fall and roll over and over until my tugging at the rope brought their heads down-hill. Then the bear's legs would

work like piston-rods until she swung herself round and rolled again. But she could not get upon her feet. All this time, I suppose, she was growing more and more angry, but as her forefeet and legs were tightly covered by the barrel, she had no way of showing her rage except by dancing more and more frantically and bellowing into the barrel.

At last we tumbled down into a pocket in the midst of a growth of young quaking-asp. Most of the trees were small, and there was a good deal of underbrush; but some of the young asps were several inches in diameter and able to offer a very fair leverage. Still, I did not see any more danger there than on the higher ground; and as it lessened the chances of the bear's going over the side of the gulch, I was rather glad she had dropped into the pocket.

Here, however, the bear got to her legs again and tore round frightfully. The way she thrashed among the bushes was wonderful, and she seemed to know what she was doing, too. Before I had time to think, she caught the chimes of the barrel between two trees in a squeeze that burst it open and set her free to face me as I stood there empty-handed. The tables were turned, indeed!

Her first motion after she was free was to cuff the barrel, and she sent what was left of it—a big, forty-gallon cask—twirling over the tops of the bushes as a boy would fling a humming-top. Then rearing, she clawed at my face. The sight she presented, with head and shoulders smeared with molasses, might have made more fun for me if matters had not suddenly become so serious.

As it was, I turned to run; but the bear caught me with a blow on the shoulder that threw me headlong to the ground. I fell upon my breast, and instinct, as I think, made me instantly bury my face in my arms and draw in my head like a turtle.

The bear charged savagely and set her teeth into my right shoulder. That was an awful minute. I felt her terrible tusks going through my clothes and into my flesh, and heard my collar-bone break as plainly as I could have heard the snapping of a stick under foot.

In spite of wanting to scream with the pain, I had sense enough to set my teeth and pretend to be dead. The savage old she-bear shook me for a few seconds, and it is a fact that the shaking seemed to paralyse me and lessen my suffering—just as Doctor Livingstone was affected when the lion shook him in Africa—but I still knew quite well what was going on. Finding my body limp like a dead thing, the bear loosened her jaws and sniffed me over, as if to determine whether her prey were good to eat.

She growled savagely and "whoofed" two or three times, as if daring me to stir and show myself alive; then she rolled me over with her snout and thrust her ugly muzzle right into my face. Ugh! I can feel that cold, sticky nose yet, whenever I think about it, and the remembrance makes the shivers run down my back.

I dared not stir a muscle. I held my breath till she turned to look up toward the cabin. She seemed to be considering whether it were best to stay in that vicinity any longer. Any one can imagine how fervently I hoped she would decide to retreat.

She did retreat, but she took me with her. First, however, she walked all round me several times, sniffing at me every time. Then she walked a few steps away, to the place where the staves of the wrecked molasses-barrel lay. These she pawed over and sniffed, as if she wanted to find out what it was that had held her prisoner so long; or perhaps she thought there might be some live thing hidden there.

All this time I lay perfectly still, watching her out of the corner of my eye, and hoping every minute she would start for her den and her young ones.

Instead of that, she came back to me. I felt the grip of her jaws upon my arm, and the next instant she was dragging me down through the bushes into the cañon. I cannot tell all that I thought in that awful time. I tried not to think, but only to hang from the bear's jaws a dead-weight, and so to save my life as long as possible.

I knew perfectly well that the beast was dragging me away to some den or safe retreat, where she and her cubs could devour me at leisure. My only hope of escape was the chance that she might drop me somewhere for dead and go to find her young ones.

Down through the chaparral the old beast dragged me. The brush scratched my face and hands and now and then she caught her claws in my coat and tore them out, pinching my arm dreadfully as she pulled. I suppose I know how it feels to have an arm roughly amputated, for the paralysis of feeling was passing off and I was in horrible pain.

I was glad when we reached the dry bed of the cañon, for there the bear dragged me easily over the sand. She carried me up the bed now, going at a shuffling half-trot, just as a hog carries a chicken by the wing and with as little trouble.

The pain in my arm and shoulder got worse and worse, and that, with my fright, must have made me half-delirious, for about all I can remember of thinking, near the end of the terrible half-mile over which the brute dragged me, was no thinking at all, but just a foolish rhyme that ran buzzing in my brain:—

See-saw, teteraw,
Eat 'em raw,
Eat 'em raw.

Just these silly verses jangled in my mind as I was lugged like a bedraggled chicken over the sand.

I felt neither surprise nor elation when I saw Ferdinand running on the trail behind us; but I remember that his face, almost black with exertion, had a tense and terrible look which gave me a curious thrill, and that when he shouted at the bear there was something awful in the tone.

When she dropped me to look back and threaten the new enemy, I ventured to raise my head. I saw my brother stop and fling his gun up exactly as he does in shooting at blacktail deer on the run; and as the bear stood over me it seemed to me that I was looking straight into the muzzle of his rifle. There was a puff of smoke, the sharp "whang!" of the gun, and before my mind had sufficiently recovered from its daze, so that I could fully realise what was going on, Ferdinand lifted me up and began rocking me back and forth in his arms.

"Oh, you poor boy, you poor, dear boy!" he kept saying, not knowing that he was hurting my wounded arm and shoulder. He cried like a whipped child.

He could not realise at first that I was neither dead nor dying. He had heard my shouts, but had been a long way up the mountain. He had come at a run, discovered quickly what had happened, and followed us as fast as he could.

His practice at snap-shooting very likely saved both our lives, for the bear was stone-dead, with a bullet shot true to the brain.

I had to be carried all the way back to the cabin, and when Ferdinand got me home I was in a high state of fever. I was ill for about three weeks. I wish I could say that we had saved that old she-bear's skin, but I cannot, for the wolves had torn her all to pieces when Ferdinand went back to the cañon.

THE IRONY OF FATE.

By SYBIL REID.

THE editor leant back in his chair and turned over the typewritten sheets with a contented grunt.

"Good work," he said, and groped for a cigarette on the table, while his eyes still followed the words before him.

"Good work—and straight out of the workshop, with the smell of the wood-shavings about it, too."

He found a cigarette and lit it.

"More, more, more about yourself, my unknown friend," he said.

He was a lean, middle-aged man, with the dim wraith of past hard training under an open sky still about him—an alert quickness of eye and turn of shoulder that were never bred among pens and ink.

He wore the air of a suave commissionaire of Bond Street who hands you into your cab with the medals of other days and other manners upon his breast.

He was the editor of a weekly which dealt with field sports and whose standard was admittedly high.

"I wonder," he said confidentially to his cigarette—"I wonder what sort of chap John Buxton is. I think I can guess. He writes of cricket as if he'd been there, and knew every turn of the game without any of that familiarity and introspection that gives most writers' work away. By no stretch of imagination could you call this man a writer and nothing more. One—two—three, if not four, 'ands' in three lines! Rank bad construction, but you forgive it all. He's a biggish hard-fisted fellow with a large voice and a general atmosphere of grass and peat smoke about him."

He laid the article down and gave a little sigh. He had been like that himself five-and-twenty years ago.

He sighed again as he thought of his son at home—a delicate, difficult child of twelve, who fulfilled none of his father's unspoken dreams, and for whom that father was working day and night.

He began to write a letter to John Buxton.

"Perhaps," he said, "John Buxton is none of these things. Perhaps John Buxton is a young woman."

He laughed, and returned to the letter with renewed zest.

"It remains to be seen," he said, as he signed his name, "whether the bait will be taken."

The letter was to ask the unknown writer who had caught the editor's fancy to give the editor a call.

Two days later an answer came, written in an ambiguous hand that might hail from either sex.

John Buxton was sorry, but he was unavoidably absent from town. He was glad the editor liked his first article and was sending another.

"Hum," said the editor.

Later on he ran through the article, and found it so much to his liking that he wrote suggestions for more, which came in due course.

"This isn't a woman," said the editor. "This chap isn't a woman. They don't turn their sentences so, bless them!"

He dropped John Buxton's latest contribution and looked up at the square of drab sky above his head. "'*Magdulen elms and Trinity limes*,'" he quoted softly—"I must meet this chap. He brings things back. Arthur will like him. He is really quite keen on his things: keener than I have seen him for some time. Only, poor little chap, he said last night, 'He's strong and well, and perhaps I shall hate him. Only I'll try not to. Ask him to come and see me.'"

He took up his pen.

"I suppose we are both busy men," he wrote, "but I may get an hour or two off on the first day of Gentlemen *v.* Players. I hope we may meet in the pavilion.'

John Buxton's reply was terse but cordial.

He would in all probability be sitting at the south corner near the flagstaff, and should be glad if they came across each other.

Twice on that hot afternoon the editor accosted limber brown-faced youths, who grinned cheerily and said: "No—I'm not John Buxton. That's all right!"—and let them go again.

The day waned. The advancing shadow of the pavilion swallowed up grateful "long on"—the shaft of sun at the corner of Block D crept round and went out.

The hardest hitter in England was batting, and old gentlemen, whose spurs—won on the same green field—were long rusted, chuckled and crowed and beat adjacent substances with umbrellas, while a pleasant hum went up all round the ground.

The editor looked at the clock resentfully, and slowly picked up his stick. He had forgotten John Buxton in that last merry half-hour, but now he cast one more glance over the benches.

A pale deformed man, between thirty and forty, blocked his course to the gangway.

The editor tripped a little over a pair of crutches and apologised with real regret.

Then he suddenly paused and sat down again.

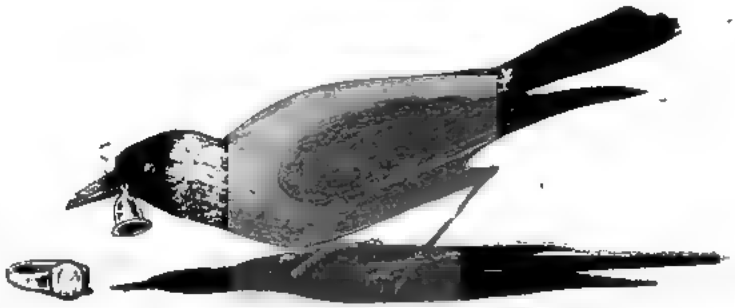
"Mr. Buxton?" he said, quite as if he had expected it all along, and to his last hour he will be glad there was no ring of surprise in his voice.

"Yes," said the cripple, rather slowly and faintly, but with a smile—"I am."

It was not what the editor had expected: it was absolutely and unspeakably different.

This white-faced man with the twisted figure and tired, old man's voice presented no conceivable suggestion of that strong virile writing that had brought a gleam of light—"a sun of other days"—into a grey editorial office.

Nevertheless, it was with a contented mind that the editor, half-an-hour later, drove back to his only son with John Buxton and his crutches beside him.



COWAH'S REVENGE

by E. Cockburn Reynolds

IT was an Indian spring. The air sang with life. Scent of mangoe, orange, and sirris blossoms came in one delightful blending to the senses; scarcely a tree or bush that was not a mass of bloom, while myriads of butterflies floated through the air like flowers flying from tree to tree. Green parrots flung across the sky like emeralds from a sling. The purple sunbird dazzled the eye, rapidly darting to and fro; and against the dark mangoe green the orioles flashed their gold. Nature's living gems and fairest raiment clothed the world, for it was spring and the love time of the year; every bird knew it, from Koel, the cuckoo, whose love-song rose in sweet crescendo, now far, now near, to Cowah, the crow, whose hoarse croak was just as musical to his mate, and full of the joy of life. For, the time being suitable, Cowah was building his nest; he had built others; but for Cowah's wife this was the first. It was her first season, and she had never experienced anything like the thrill of pride that filled her as she sat on the top rail of a fence and watched Cowah fight six fierce battles for the honour of being her mate. And when he had sent the sixth combatant sick and hopeless from the field, she put her head under his neck to show that he was her chosen lord and that she submitted to him. Thus their simple marriage ceremony was completed. Then with quick, skilful touches she pulled out the torn, broken feathers, and put his plumage straight; and bringing sweet water from the well in her craw gave him to drink.

Cowah was a robber, a looting pindaree, a pirate of the air. This was not his fault. Nature chose his profession for him, and, finding it agreeable, Cowah made no objection.

He had seen all the towns that lay between Lahore and Beñares, and had had adventures by the score. So the bold Buccaneer, like Othello of old, won the admiration of his wife by tales of travel and derring do. And she, to whom all the world was new, sat on her nest drinking in every word, happy in the thought that she had found so valiant a champion for a mate.

Feeling he was a great hero in the eyes of another made Cowah anxious to show off his valour on all occasions. Soon the whole garden knew that Cowah had a nest in the sirris tree, for he would allow none to approach it. He had ripped feathers off the back of Chiel the kite; almost worried to death a Koel, which had come round with an egg in her beak, anxious to find a foster-mother; and torn clawfuls of hair out of the head of a little English boy who would have climbed up for the five speckled eggs of which Cowah and his wife were so proud.

The sirris tree, with its scented powder-puffs, had been well chosen, for it was in the corner of the commissioner's garden, and almost at its roots lay the cook-house. From thence many a tit-bit was thrown to the birds of the air, and Cowah, living next door, so to speak, was always first in the field. When the days got warmer it was hard work flying round to the bazaar and the cantonments looking for loot. Also, the five blue eggs

gave place to five very large mouths that clamoured all day, and could not be satisfied. So the bold pindaree looted the cook-house, and taught his wife to assist him in his wickedness. Watch them now trying to circumvent the much-harassed cook. Seated on the threshold of the kitchen, they have ascertained that the cook is too busy to notice them. Cowah's wife makes a pretence of trying to fly away with a bag of flour, and when the cook turns in her direction Cowah pounces on the real object of their raid, the egg-basket, and, before the cook can prevent him, is flying out of the room with an egg in his bill, cleverly dodging the chopper that is flung at his head. So enraged is the cook at the robbery that he does not notice till too late that the other crow has returned through the window and is now making off with another egg to the nest in the sirris tree, from which they will croak derisively at the man as they feast upon their plunder.

The cook glares at the nest with a muttered vow of vengeance, and slowly re-enters his smoky den.

But Kareem, the cook, was not a man to be played with. Black-browed, morose, and silent, even the head, Khansama, stood a little in awe of him. He was a solitary man without wife or child, nor any friend among the servants. And many were the stories in crow-land of the cruelties he had practised on crows.

The day after, Cowah and his wife came again, intent on plunder. The five little Cowahs were putting on feathers, and this seemed to make them hungrier than ever, and their fond parents had to work hard.

Cowah settled on the windowsill, and his wife on the threshold. The cook was busy and took no notice. On the block were lying a few pieces of mutton, while some more of the meat lay minced up beside it in a most tempting pile. The two crows looked at the cook, then at the meat, and then, with an intelligent glance at each other, quietly sidled towards the meat block till they were near enough to make a dash for it. So far, the cook did not seem to know what was going on behind him, but kept bending over his cooking-pots and playing with a piece of string which seemed tied to a beam. Cowah had already seized a piece of meat when there was a little click, click, like something falling. Both crows dashed for the nearest opening. Too late! alas! A cleverly-hung net had fallen over both door and window, and they were prisoners. The cook-house was not big, and the wild chase round the room soon ended in the capture of Cowah. His wife had knocked her head against a beam, and fell stunned to the floor. The cook disregarded her for a minute or two, which was her saving, for from her lowly position she discovered she lay close to a hole in the wall, a drain for waste water. Without loss of time she crept through it like a rat, and was free once more The cook, having placed his captive under a basket, commenced to look for Cowah's wife under saucepans and behind boxes; her mysterious disappearance was a sore puzzle to him. Even when his eye fell upon the water-hole he could not believe that a bird as large as a crow could get through such a tiny rat-hole of a drain.

Poor Cowah lay under the basket, which had been carefully weighted above, and conjured up all the horrible deaths that he had heard human beings had dealt out to crows, and shivered when he thought of the awful reputation of the cook. He was soon taken out of the basket, and the fiendish grin on the face of the man nearly made Cowah faint, for it seemed to imply that some new and ingenious method of torture had suggested itself. Slowly the cook undid a small coil of brass wire and then snipped off a piece with a pair of shears; the sound of that snip made Cowah's blood run colder still, if that were possible. Then from a shelf he took a tiny brass bell, tiny to a man but monstrous to a crow, and this he attached to the upper part of the bill of the crow, using the nostrils as a convenient gap to pass the wire through. At sight of the bell and wire the hopes of Cowah revived. Then he was not going to die a horrible death after all.

The cook knew well a dead crow is soon forgotten, but a living crow with a bell attached to his bill would warn others to beware of the cook; and the tinkling would herald the presence of this stealthy thief should he have the audacity to try and steal again.

Cowah spread his broad wings in the sun and rejoiced to have got off so lightly. True, there was the dead-weight of the bell and its worrying tinkle as he flew, but what mattered that so long as he was alive and unmaimed and could have revenge! *revenge!!*

Then, as he flew, another thought occurred to him, and he dived into the dark foliage of a mangoe tree. Should his brother crows see him in this disfigured state they would swarm in hundreds to hear the details of his story, and put him to death if they thought he was really maimed or hurt. But

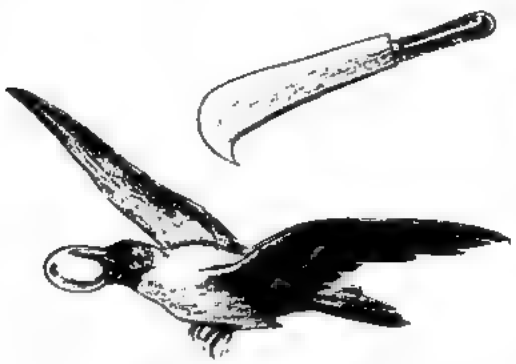
for a wonder his ever-watchful brothers did not catch sight of this disfigured crow.

And he sat reviewing the situation gloomily for a few minutes. Suddenly came piercing cries of sore distress from the sirris tree. Surely that was not the little wife crying for help! Some awful danger must menace her and the five sweet little Cowahs. Forgetting his own ludicrous appearance, Cowah, with a few strong strokes of the wing, soon reached the sirris tree. There was no doubt of the danger being real. Half-way up the tree was the cook with a long bamboo—making savage thrusts at the nest which contained all that was precious in this world to Cowah and his wife.

Now was the time to show valour, and Cowah was not found wanting.

With a battle cry of "To the rescue, Brothers!" he swooped down on the enemy and tore away his turban and some hair in his claws. Again and again he swooped and scratched and tore at Kareem, but the man, with a fiendish grin, kept stabbing at the nest with the bamboo; and in spite of the battalion of crows which launched themselves on the air at Cowah's battle cry, and helped all they could to discomfort and bewilder the cook, the man succeeded in breaking up the nest. And the five little Cowahs, one after another, dropped fifty feet to the ground below. They were ugly little beggars, covered with quills, like some species of porcupine; yet Cowah and his wife had loved them very, very much, and it was with heavy hearts they left their little lifeless bodies to the swarm of red ants that poured out of their nest at the root of the tree.

Then Cowah had to run the gauntlet of many enquiries about his bell. They would



CLEVERLY DODGING THE CHOPPER THAT IS FLUNG AT HIS HEAD.

have made fun of him, no doubt, but for his great trouble. The tinkle of the bell maddened him at times, and also frightened his wife. So he spent the intervals between hunting for loot in planning a revenge on the cook. A grand comprehensive revenge that would satisfy two bereaved parents.

He had noticed the cook shut himself up within the cook-house after he had sent up tiffin, or the midday meal. No doubt it was to sleep, as most natives do; but Cowah determined to watch.

One day he crept into a space between the walls of the cook-house and the tiles, and lay there watching. The cook, having cleaned up his pots and pans, lay on his bed in meditation, but just when Cowah thought he was dropping off to sleep he got up, and going to another part of the wall he climbed up and pulled out of a recess at the top a small bag or reticule called a butwa, which he opened and commenced to examine. It was full of jewels, rings, bracelets, ear and nose ornaments; but conspicuous among these was a ring with a huge green emerald set in it, which shone like a green electric light in the darkness of the cook-room. Only once

before had Cowah seen such a gem, but he could not remember where. How the cook fondled that gem! He laughed at it, he kissed it, called it love names, and hid it in his bosom. Three times he put it away, and as often he drew it out again to take one last glance at it. Then he put the butwa away reluctantly, and lay down for a little sleep.

AGAIN AND AGAIN HE SWOOPED AND SCRATCHED AND TORE AT KAREEM.

When he was quite asleep, Cowah flew across the room with as little tinkle as possible, opened the loosely-tied bag, abstracted the ring, and stealthily withdrew to an old tamarind tree near by, full of holes, owls and flying foxes. He found a hiding place for his gem, and also found time to thrash a few young hooligans of crows who were chivvying an old owl.

It was morning. The cook sat outside his den in the sunshine: he had just bathed at the well, and was anointing his locks with cocoanut oil, with the help of a small round mirror and a wooden comb.

He heard a slight tinkle, and looking up saw a crow a few paces away with a bell hanging from its beak. He recognised his enemy, and grinned his shark-like grin.

"Ha, ha! Thou art no longer the stealthy thief thou wast. Now thy bell like the town-crier's tells all of your arrival! That was a good day's work. I shall buy some more bells, for there are——"

He suddenly stopped talking, his gaze riveted and his features as rigid as stone; for the crow had something else in his beak besides the bell. It was a ring with a large green emerald that flashed like living fire in the morning sun.

Surely it could not be the——

He dashed his comb and glass aside and rushed into the cook-room. In half a minute he returned with the wild look of a madman. The ring was gone, there could be no mistake about that. But how the bird had got it was a mystery.

Ten paces away the crow played with the jewel, then dropped it indifferently on the ground and began turning over pebbles for insects.

The cook dashed forward to regain his gem, but the bird was quicker than he, and picking it up in his bill flew away to the well curb. The cook gave chase with wild cries

and hooting, hoping to scare the bird into dropping the gem.

The crow flew again and sat on the cross-bar of the well, and the cook stopped still, his face a deathly colour under his dark skin. What if the bird should drop the ring into that pit of blackness sixty feet deep! His heart stood still

The crow put down the gem on the cross-bar, and began pecking the wood with its bill. Then something small and shining fell into the well. The cook reached the well at a bound and craned his neck over the edge. So quick was he that he heard an echo of the faint splash of the something that had fallen into the water. The bird had gone. He quivered and palpitated with excitement.

"Ah!" he sobbed, "perhaps it is safer in the well than in the bill of that devil bird. Perhaps I shall be able to drag the well without knowledge of others—but what if I do not find it? Ahi! Ram, Ram, I shall go mad."

But there was no time for madness; the breakfast and dinner had to be cooked for the sahib. Yet the cook sat on the well curb, a cloth over his head and face, stupefied with grief. The Khansama came in search of him, but he could not cook, he was ill, a substitute would have to be found. All day long the cook sat on the well, and at evening pretended to go to sleep on the curb, and at night, when others were asleep, he commenced his dragging operations with a brass vessel tied to a rope. In the dim moonlight he sifted the mud slowly through his trembling fingers, every now and again glancing over his shoulder to see no one was watching him.

Every time the night watchman on his beat came round the bungalow in his direction, he pretended to be asleep under the cloth.

Through many weary hours he toiled with frenzied haste, but found nothing. Now and again something glinted in the moonlight, and he snatched at it, only to find it was a piece of broken glass. Would he never find the ring? A cloud swallowed up the moon and plunged him in darkness—he swore, but did not cease from groping in the pulp of mud and dead leaves. Glass cut his fingers; strange loathsome things that live in well bottoms crawled over his hands, but he heeded them not. The morning light began to show in the sky when he paused from his labours. The well curb was a mass of filth, which he made haste to throw back into the well again, as it was the only way he could get rid of it before the others were up. Then he drew water and washed the place down.

"The Bhistee will wonder why his well is so muddy," he said to himself with a mirthless grin, as he crawled to his cook-house and tried to sleep.

As for Cowah, his dreams were full of plans for revenge. But something woke him up rather rudely. It was an owl. This annoyed him very much, because he was sure he was in for a fight in semi-darkness.

"Do not fear me, O my enemy," said the owl. "It was you who saved me from the young crows yesterday; I know you by the bell in your nose. I have come to give you thanks, that is all."

"Then I wish you had chosen the daytime for your visit."

"Remember my infirmities, O Cowah. I cannot see in the sunlight. Thus I was almost killed that day, but for your help. You, too, have been in the hands of your enemies. Hoot! Hoooo!"

"Go," said Cowah, angrily. "I would sleep."

"I go," said Ooloo, the owl. "But he is a bad man, that cook. Could men see the strange things I see at night they would put him away from their midst with irons on his wrists. Hoot! Hooo! Farewell."

"Stay awhile," cried Cowah, now wide-awake and much interested. "What have you seen him do?"

"Hoot! Hooo!" laughed the owl. "I have seen him creep out of the compound when all the servants were asleep, and I have seen him break into the houses of the rich and come away with gems, beautiful gems, in his hands."

"Ha! can you mention one such house?"

"The house of the banker, Pearee Lall, was the last he robbed, about a month ago. Hoot! Hooo! I have watched. Hoot! Hooo! I see many things."

"Now I remember where I saw that emerald ring before," thought Cowah. "It was on the finger of the banker, to be sure." But he said nothing aloud, only thanked the owl for his information.

"It is nothing! It is nothing!" said Ooloo. "Many are the strange sights I see at night. Hoot! Hoot!" And with a weird chuckle Ooloo departed on his noiseless wings.

For that day Cowah had a great plan in which his wife was to help. So he took the

ring, which he had only pretended to drop down the well, and flew to the top of the cook-house, where he waited patiently. At last his wife joined him.

"Has he started?"

"Yes."

The cook was dishing up breakfast—assisted by both Khansamas, for his master was in a hurry—when he heard the tinkle of a bell outside and moved to the door. The next instant he had dropped a plate, and with wild cries was giving chase to a crow.

His great astonishment he saw the object of his wrath, the cook, turbanless and coatless, with wildly dishevelled locks, chasing a crow with a bell in its beak instead of sending up the breakfast for which he had made so many urgent demands. He shouted to him, but the man took no heed; only chased the bird, which flew a little distance and settled on the ground till the cook drew near, when he would fly again a little further, and yet again a little further.

Pearee Lall, the banker, was coming down

KAREEM RUSHED UP WILDLY WITH EYES FOR NOTHING BUT THE GEM.

"Brother, hast thou ever seen madness?" asked the head Khansama of the other.

"Think you he is mad?"

"Or touched with sun. Else why should he leave his work to chase crows? Look at him now. Hear him begging the crow to return his property—a bell he bought for a pice."

The commissioner strode angrily up and down the verandah, for breakfast was late and he wanted to be away on business. To the road with two stalwart jowans following him, his bodyguard and money-bearers. Suddenly he perceived one, to all appearances mad, who ran wildly after a crow, cursing and praying it to relinquish something. The bird, which had a bell hanging from its beak, alighted a few yards in front of the banker, put something on the ground, and flew away. It was a ring with a great emerald set in it, and Pearee Lall recognised it instantly as the one which had

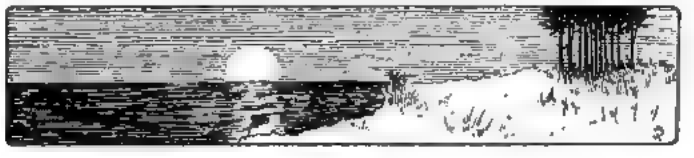
been stolen from him. He was about to pick it up when Kareem rushed up wildly, and, with eyes for nothing but the gem, flung himself upon it, calling it his child, his lost love, his recovered beauty.

Then he came to himself, as the banker sternly demanded whence he had got the gem. Slowly he raised his eyes, and seemed for the first time to comprehend that there were others present. The banker repeated his question, but Kareem stared dumbly at him. Then said Pearee Lall:—

"Where such a beautiful gem comes from there may be more. Ho! Chowkedar, you policemen are good at finding hidden treasure—let us go to this man's house and see if we can find some more gems like this, which is so strangely like one of mine."

In the end the cruel cook was found to be also a great thief, and was put away from amongst men with irons on his wrists, even as Ooloo said.

And the year being still young Cowah and his wife built another nest in the sirris tree, and were very happy; for now there was, in the cook-house, a fat, ease-loving cook, who hardly troubled to drive the crows from the ghee pot and the rice deckchy.



"THE INSTITUTE OF BANKERS" EXAMINATIONS.

TO those readers of THE CAPTAIN who are destined to experience the joys and discomforts of a bank clerk's life, perhaps a short description of these examinations may not be unwelcome.

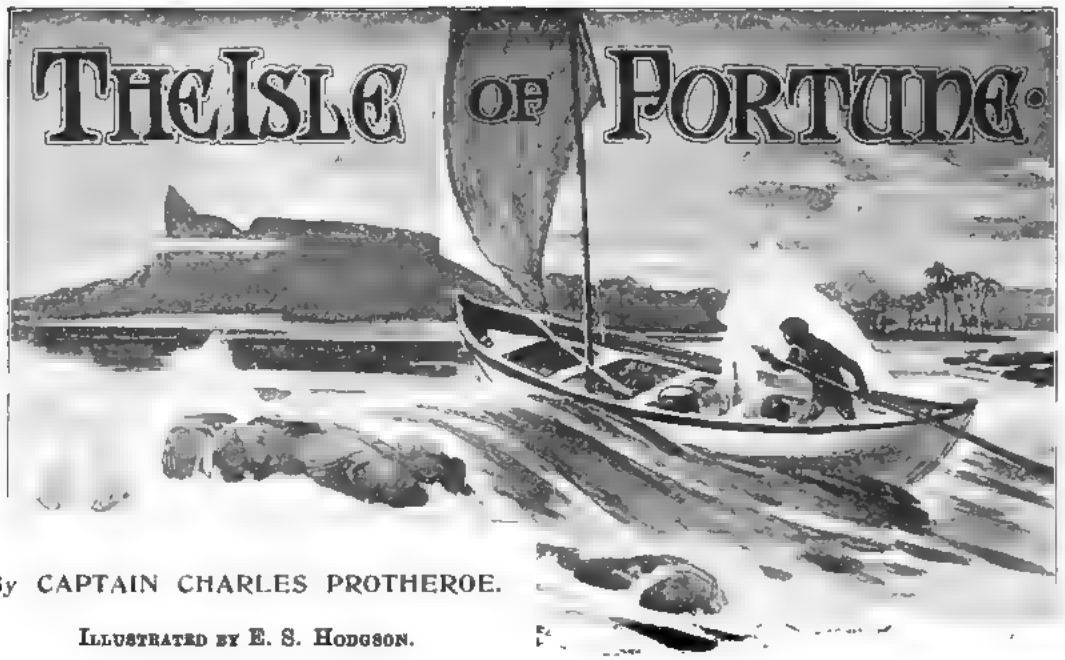
The tests of knowledge in question are held annually in April at centres deemed suitable by the "Institute" authorities; there are now over 130 centres at which candidates may sit, and as these are distributed over almost every district in England, all bank clerks have easy access to the examination rooms.

Under the existing regulations, the examinations are divided into two parts, embracing a preliminary stage, and another (final) of a more advanced character, and consist of political economy, practical banking, commercial law, book-keeping, and two optional subjects, viz., French and German, together with two subjects, arithmetic and algebra, and commercial history and geography, which are completed by one examination. Members have the option, a valuable option, too, of taking up one subject or more as they choose at one exam., and completing the course at subsequent examinations. Each year they continue to attract an increasing number of candidates, and there is no doubt that they have won a greater prestige than any other commercial examination held in this country; this is proved by the active co-operation of the Manchester and Liverpool Institutes, and by the vastly increased attention given them by many public educational bodies, such as the City of London College and the London School Board. Almost all the large banks in the United Kingdom attach great importance to the passing of these examinations, which probably will become compulsory, and recognise the success of candidates when considering matters of promotion, rises in salary, etc. Moreover, the majority encourage their clerks to enter, in various ways, often by rewarding them with cash presents at the time of passing, and by providing libraries of books necessary and suitable for the required study. Each year prizes are awarded by the Institute, and certificates are given both for the preliminary and final stages; also lecturers are sent to many of our large towns to hold classes, free to members, in subjects instructive and interesting to the banking community. At the end of the course the lecturer holds an examination, and many prizes are given to successful candidates. The subscription to the Institute is 10s. 6d. per annum, and frequently the banks pay their clerks' subscriptions. A journal, nine parts to the year, is published, free to members, full of interesting and useful information. Most bank clerks have some spare time, and I am certain that they cannot do better than devote part of it to studying for these exams.; it is simply converting spare time into capital.

The Institute's offices are 34, Clement's Lane, E.C.

W. A. OLDFIELD.

The Isle of Fortune.



By CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.

Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.

Jim Harvey ships as mate of the *Aurora*, of which the notorious "Bully" Harker is skipper. A word and a blow is Jim's character. He is no respecter of persons, as "Bully" Harker learns to his great discomfiture soon after setting sail. Thenceforth Harker watches him with a malignant eye. One of the crew, Tom Nichols, relates the story of the strange disappearance in the Solomons of Jim's predecessor, who was given out by Harker as kidnapped by natives. Rather than fall a victim to Harker's hate, Jim leaves the ship one night in an open boat, and drifts in the direction of New Guinea. He reaches an island, and establishes himself in great authority with the natives through driving off some of their belligerent neighbours with the aid of his rifle. The island chief makes friends with him, but he incurs the jealousy of Gawana, a native, who is in love with the old chief's daughter. Visiting a neighbouring island with the old chief and his daughter, Jim makes a great find of pearls. By keeping his discovery secret, he sees his way to amassing a big fortune out of these pearls. The chief and his daughter help him. When Jim has got together a good number of pearls, he returns to Sydney, purchases a small cutter, and again goes pearl-fishing. In all, he makes four visits to the "Isle of Fortune," and at last finds he has obtained about all the pearls to be had there. Sail is therefore set for home by way of the Solomons, and, as fate ordains it, lying off the very island where Jim's predecessor was reported to have been kidnapped, Harvey comes plump upon Harker's ship, the *Aurora*.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THE BEST LAID SCHEMES O' MICE AND MEN GANG AFT AGLEY."

THE mild suggestion of the Parson's that we might want our guns seemed reasonable enough, and, as we headed up to pass round the reef, each man had his Winchester lying on the deck, ready to snatch up at an instant's notice.

I was gazing long and earnestly at the old *Aurora*, to see if I could find premonitory symptoms of a warm reception, when a curious event caused me to start with surprise. The deck which, a moment ago, had been empty, was now crowded with natives.

"Look! look!" I cried, "there's something wrong aboard that craft, or I'm a Dutchman. Not a white man to be seen, and the niggers all over her like flies."

True enough there was something ominous in this, for it's not the custom to let natives run riot over you in the "Islands," and the only conclusion we could draw was that they were there without an invitation. Disturbed by our appearance on the scene, they now seemed in a desperate hurry to be off, scrambling into their canoes and paddling away. Others, not waiting for this, were taking headers from the rail and swimming hand over hand for the shore.

"Cast the lashings off that boat on the main-hatch," I shouted, "and have her ready to be put in the water as soon as the anchor's gone."

I think the boat must have been in the water before the anchor reached the bottom, and in a few minutes we were pulling for the *Aurora*.

Now, the last man I wished to meet a short time before was Bully Harker, but the knowledge that something serious had taken place banished any thought like that from my mind. As we sheared alongside, I was the first man on

deck, leaving anybody else to look after the boat and make her fast. I made my way aft, and the first thing I came across as I looked down the companion, which was facing astern, was the dead body of a native. He was half in and half out of the entrance, his body being on deck, his legs hanging limply down the steps that led into the cabin. Death in the shape of a revolver bullet had overtaken him, evidently as he was in the act of making for the deck. He was stone dead, and, as he lay where he had fallen, the blood had trickled and run in a thin stream to leeward, where it terminated in a pool, hardly yet dried by the sun. I knew by this that not long had elapsed since the shot that killed him had been fired—probably just before, or soon after, daylight. With the aid of one of the others, who had by this time made the boat fast and come aft, I pulled the body out of the way, and then we descended into the cabin. I hope I shall never view a scene like that again; it was not a sight for any one gifted with a weak stomach. I can only compare it to a shambles, blood being everywhere, and that a severe struggle had taken place was only too evident. We stood for fully a minute looking on this grim scene, the only sound being made by a small clock, which was ticking away merrily.

In critical moments, the mind sometimes has a knack of reverting to trivial things in no way connected with the situation. For the space of sixty seconds or so I couldn't for the life of me withdraw my attention from the clock, and that it indicated ten minutes to eight seemed to me the only fact in existence. Every tick seemed like the beat of a hammer, and in the stillness which prevailed, the little timepiece appeared to make noise out of all proportion to its size. Somebody stirred, and the spell was broken. My eyes, which had been glued on the little clock, now wandered round the cabin in search of Bully Harker. As my gaze rested upon him, I knew I could afford to forgive the dastardly injury he had intended me, for I saw at once that he was as dead as Queen Anne, and that the ability to harm anybody again had been taken from him for ever. Dressed in pyjamas, he had evidently jumped directly from his bunk to defend himself. He lay with his head and one shoulder against the bulkhead, and in his hand was still grasped a revolver, every chamber of which, I ascertained afterwards, was empty. He could not have lived long after receiving the fearful gash he had in his head, and it must have been delivered with force enough to kill an ox. He had fought hard before they got in the blow that finished him, having shot three natives. One we had pulled out of the companion; another was huddled in a corner, as dead as a herring. The third, who had fallen partly under the table, we proceeded to haul out, and then I got the start of my life. Although he was dressed just in the same manner as a native, with simply a loin cloth on, and his skin was tanned by exposure to the sun, I saw at once, as we pulled him into view, that he was a white man. He was not dead, but it required little surgical knowledge to know he was wounded beyond mortal help. I sat him up in the easiest position I could think of, and applied a restorative in the shape of brandy, taken from a bottle which reposed in the swinging tray over the cabin table. Having done what I could for him, I left him in charge of one of the others and went on deck, for I wanted a whiff of God's fresh air to take the taste of blood out of my mouth.

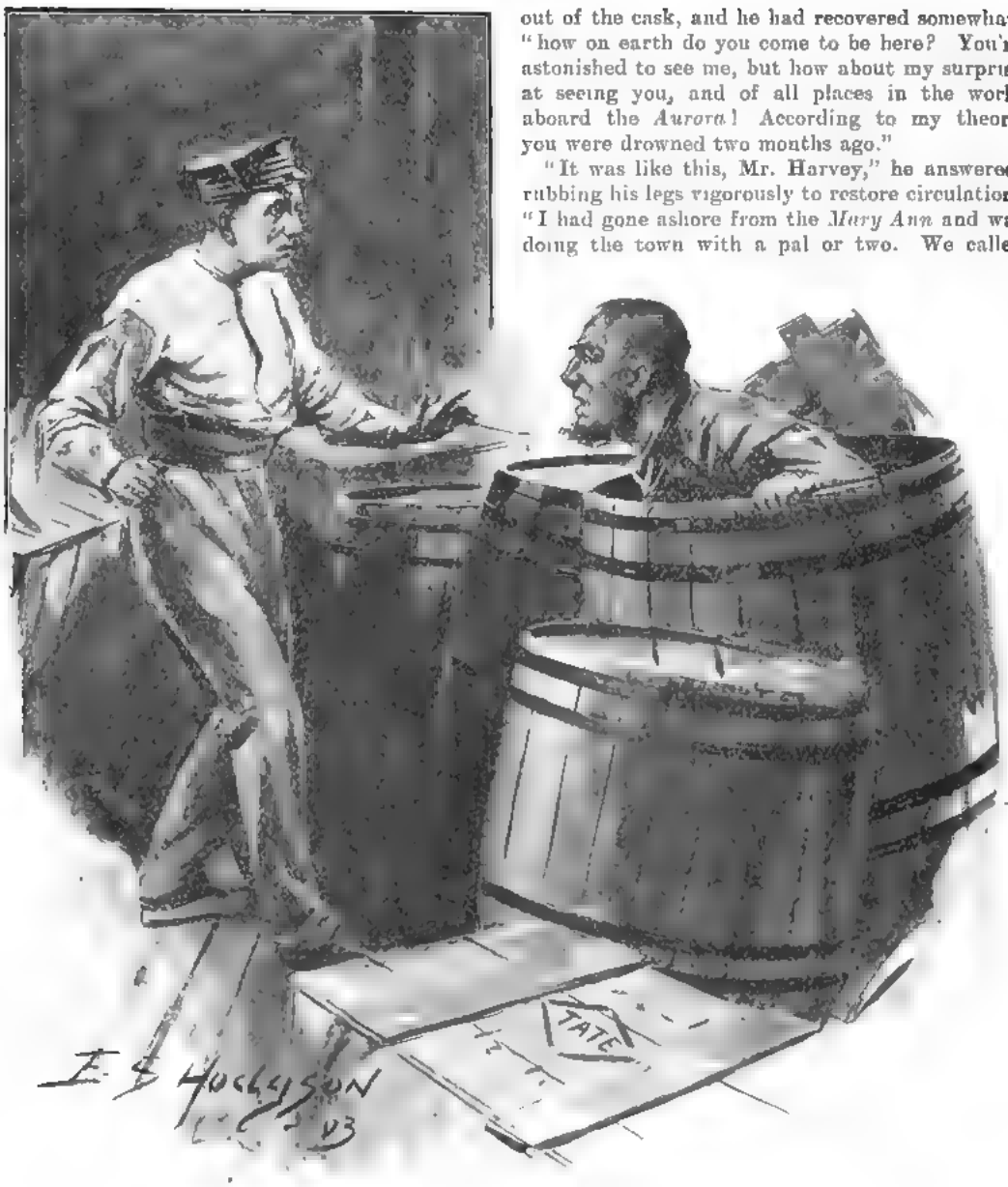
We made a good search for'ard, hoping to find that some of the crew, at least, had escaped massacre, but not a living mother's son did we discover. Surprised in their sleep, and without a chance of retaliation, they had, to all appearance, been slaughtered to a man. Some of the main-hatches were off, and I swung myself into the hold, for I wanted to see what sort of a cargo she had stowed away. I found she had a goodly amount of island produce aboard, comprising copra in bags and loose, ivory nuts, bêche-de-mer, and, standing on their ends, lashed to the stringers along the sides, a dozen or so of big casks for oil. I was taking a mental inventory of all this, and making a rough calculation of its value, for even after the scenes of horror I had witnessed commercial instinct asserted itself, when the top of one of the casks fell with a clatter. As I turned with a start to see what had caused it, I observed the head and shoulders of a man rise from one of them, for all the world like a jack-in-the-box. The next moment I had recognised old Tom Nichol. His face was haggard and pale, while his thin grey hair, bathed in perspiration, clinging to his scalp like wet seaming-twine, gave him an appearance at once grotesque and painful.

"Water for the love of God," he gasped.

I saw that he was in a bad way, so decided to supply him with the liquid he craved before extracting him from his awkward position.

One of the others, at my request, passed a dipper full of water down, and this he swallowed greedily, transferring it from the vessel to his inside in a remarkably short space of time, and gaining new life at every gulp.

"It is you then, Mr. Harvey, and not your ghost?" said he, at last, "for that's what I took you for when I lifted the head of the cask and saw you in front of me. Knowing I had left



THE NEXT MOMENT I HAD RECOGNISED OLD TOM NICHOL.

you hundreds of miles from here, I thought, when I clapped eyes on your jib, that my mind was wandering, but since you are not a ghost, for mercy's sake lift me out of this, for I'm as stiff as a frozen haddock."

"Now," said I, after I had lifted the old fellow out of the cask, and he had recovered somewhat, "how on earth do you come to be here? You're astonished to see me, but how about my surprise at seeing you, and of all places in the world aboard the *Aurora*! According to my theory you were drowned two months ago."

"It was like this, Mr. Harvey," he answered, rubbing his legs vigorously to restore circulation, "I had gone ashore from the *Mary Ann* and was doing the town with a pal or two. We called into the Black Dog for a parting drink, but I must confess, I'd 'a' been better without it, for I had had enough already."

"Tom, Tom," said I, reproachfully, "why don't you give it up and take to tea? There's nothing like it."

"I left my friends there," he went on, "and started to come down on board. I was almost in sight of the vessel when two fellows pounced on me. One of them clapped something in my mouth, whilst the other rove a sack over my head. I thought robbery was their game, so struck out right and left, but you can't expect a man to put up a good fight with his head in a bag, can you? Presently one of them rapped me over the head with something hard, and that's about all I remember of it.

"When I came to myself I found I was at sea, but what craft it was, or why I was there, I couldn't imagine. Some time through the day a red-headed chap came and opened the door. 'Now then,' said he, 'tumble up lively—the skipper wants to see you.'

"'I'll soon find out all about it now,' thought I, and so I did.

"He shoved me before him along an alley way, until we came to a door which opened into the main cabin. 'Here we are, skipper,' said he, thrusting me through and following, 'here's your talking parrot.'

"I looked up. Three men were seated at the cabin table, and the man at the head of it was Bully Harker. I went cold.

"He seemed in a good humour with himself. 'You see,' he was saying, as I entered, 'the thing's as simple as ABC. I just ask this old bird a few questions, and the job is done.

"'Now,' said he, sternly, turning to me 'suppose you take us into your confidence, and tell us all you know about this pearling business.'

"I was silent, for I had made up my mind not to answer him.

"'Come, come,' said he, 'time is valuable—out with it!' But still I didn't reply.

"'Oh, my!' laughed one of the others, boisterously, as though pleased at Bully Harker's discomfiture, 'the skipper's caught a parrot that won't talk.'

"Bully Harker eyed him viciously. 'Won't talk, won't it?' said he, savagely, 'don't you run away with that idea. By thunder, if I set my mind to it, I could make a dumb man talk, let alone a fellow with a decent tongue in his head.'

"But he couldn't, Mr. Harvey. I'd nothing to say, and I said it.

"Seeing it was no go, he told the red-headed chap to take me away again. 'Look here,' said he, as I was leaving, 'if you wish to save yourself a lot of unpleasantness, you'd better open that mouth of yours, and be quick about it, too. I'll loosen your tongue if it's only to pluck it out of you.'

"Well, he got furious at last, and tried everything to make me speak. They starved me, and trussed me up in the rigging until I thought I was going to die, but I kept my mouth shut.

"I wasn't built for a 'ero, Mr. Harvey, for I 'ate pain, and most of the 'eroes I ever read about seemed to like it. Anyway, I'd made up my mind that Bully Harker might cut me into pieces sooner than I'd 'a' given you away."

"I called you an old fool once, Tom," said I, humbly, "and I'm sorry, for if any man is a hero, you come as near the real thing as it's possible to get outside of a shilling shocker."

"They'd given me a little better time for the last week or two," he continued, "so what Bully Harker had in his mind, I don't know. Three days ago we came in here for water. I pretty well had the run of the ship, for they knew I couldn't escape them here. Last night I was sleeping on deck, for'ard, right in the eyes of her, for it was too hot for anything down below. Just before daylight I was roused by a commotion, and it was some time before I understood I wasn't dreaming. The niggers were all over her then, and I saw the game was up, so I just made a bee-line for the fore-hatch, which, by good luck, happened to be open. I dropped down, not knowing exactly what I was going to do, when I ran foul of one of these casks. Just the very thing, thinks I, and in I popped, pulling the head of the cask over me as a covering, but by glory! Mr. Harvey, until a minute or two ago, I thought I had popped into my coffin. I've heard of men's hair turning white in a single night, and if I hadn't a been white-headed already, I'm sure that's what would 'a' happened to me. When I first jumped into that cask I prided myself on having done a smart thing. After I'd been there about an hour, and had time to think the matter over a bit, I wasn't so sure that I had made any great headway towards saving my life. I had time to remember that when the natives were done looting, they would very likely set fire to the vessel to hide all traces of what they'd been up to. Here was I in the cask, and I knew that for the life of me I couldn't get out again without assistance, for I was as stiff as a crutch. You can guess what I felt, knowing that when they fired the ship I should be unable to free myself, and be roasted like a pea-nut in an oven. I've had time to think of some of the good advice my old Dad threw away on me, when first I went out into the world to get some of the rough corners rubbed off myself. If I had remembered some of the things he told me, I mightn't 'a' been so spry getting into that cask, for he often said: 'Look here, my boy, never shove your head into a hole unless you've first of all reckoned up how you're going to get it out again.'"

"Well, you may thank your lucky star, it saved

your skin, anyhow," said I. "I'll just help you on deck, for I have a little business aft. When you have recovered the use of your legs, and feel fit, just come along, for I want you."

CHAPTER XVII.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE: I WILL REPAY."

AS I descended into the cabin again, I found the man we had pulled from under the table, conscious. Breathing heavily, he was still sitting in the same position, and as I approached, the agitation on his countenance made evident his wish to impart something, and you may be sure I was just as keen as mustard to hear what it was.

"I suppose," he began, "you wonder why you see me, a white man, here in the garb of a native? I'll tell you. He," pointing to the body of Bully Harker, "is responsible for that. My name is Johnson, and twelve months ago, as near as I can reckon, I was mate of the same vessel we're on now. Bully Harker led me a dog's life, and one day, thinking he was going to strike me, I snatched an iron belaying pin from the rail, and swore I'd lay him out with it if he put his hand on me. I would have done so, too, for he had stretched my patience so far that it had at last reached breaking point. That was not quite all, for foolishly, as I had good reason to find out afterwards, I let him know I was acquainted with an incident in his life, which, if known, would prove an awkward affair for himself should he be called upon to answer for it. I haven't time, even if I wished, to go into the circumstances now, but it had to do with the casting away of his ship some years before. The vessel, an old rattletrap, and cargo which had no existence, were heavily insured, and it was out of the proceeds of this robbery that he bought and fitted out the present vessel *Aurora*. When I made the accusation, it was in the white heat of anger, and I could see I had hit him hard, for he winced and went as white as a sheet. Although I was morally certain it was true, I hadn't the slightest intention of trying to sheet it home to him, for to accuse a man is one thing, the difficulties in the way of proving it, quite another. Things went a bit better after this, and I had forgotten all about it. That Bully Harker hadn't let it slip from his memory I soon had lively proof, and you can judge for yourself what manner of man he was when I tell you what happened. He had sent me ashore with three hands in the boat, to take the last of some stuff off the beach. We had put it on board, and were just going to shove off, when the natives suddenly seized me. Before I could make much resistance, half a dozen of them were on top of me. They bound my feet and hands together, rove a small pole through them, and two natives lifting the ends upon their shoulders, I was carried away. I remembered seeing the boat floating out in the deep water, the three hands I had brought ashore with me still in her. It didn't strike me that I was indebted to Bully Harker for this, but I wondered why they had singled me out and let the others go free. Anyhow, I couldn't think in circles just then, the pain I was suffering giving me all the thought I had any use for. If you want to know what agony is, just try that. Let someone lash your hands and feet together, reeve a pole through, and carry you over a rough path. It was excruciating, and I couldn't have gone far before mercifully I swooned. I had no means of telling if it were days or weeks before I regained my reason. No doubt it was to this I owed my life, for I suppose I was delirious, and while that lasted I was safe among them. When I recovered I expect they had become used to me, and instead of knocking me on the head, as most undoubtedly they would have done had I retained my senses, the rough edge of their lust having worn off in that time, I was allowed to live. Existence was no pleasure to me, and I didn't thank them, for I wanted to die badly at that time, but when I found out the manner in which I came there, it gave me something to live for.

"The first idea of foul play was suggested to me by seeing the large quantity of 'trade' possessed by my captors. In answer to my questions as to how it was obtained, they were shy at first, but finally, knowing I was in their power, openly boasted of the way in which they became owners of it. A nefarious and dastardly plot was revealed to me, for it was evident that Bully Harker had bribed them to kidnap and carry me away. I couldn't believe, I didn't want to believe, that the man breathed who could be guilty of such a deed, and what for? A quarrel I had forgotten a day or two after it had happened. But everything pointed in that one direction—the native assertion—the possession of property—the way they had singled me out from among the others, there was no alternative—and at last I believed. My gorge rose, and I swore I would live for the opportunity to square matters with him, even should it be deferred until I was a white-headed and tottering old man, and that in the end I swung for it. How I have carried out that oath you can see for yourself, and although I shall not swing, it amounts to the same thing, for I have given my life to accomplish it."

I gave him a sip of brandy, for I could see he was sinking fast, and I was afraid he would slip his cable before he could tell me all I wished to know of this tragic and extraordinary yarn.

The brandy revived him, and presently he continued: "I gradually got better, but it was some time before I could walk, or use my hands properly, the flexible creeper with which they had bound them having cut into the very bone. During this time the natives simply tolerated me, but by-and-by, as I grew stronger and showed them many useful methods of doing things, I slowly gained in favour, increasing their desire to keep me at all cost among them. A few days ago, as I stood brooding over my fate, and looking down on the sea, I saw in the distance what I knew to be the white sails of a vessel. The hope of escape filled my breast as I saw she was steering directly for the island, and I started to think out a plan whereby I could reach her and gain my liberty, for the natives had seen her also, and never allowed me out of their sight. As she brought up, all my wishes to evade them and gain my freedom vanished, giving way to despair, for I knew that could I even reach the beach my effort would be useless. In the vessel that had just dropped her anchor, I recognised the *Aurora*. The sight of her snatched from me the only hope I had, and turning my face away I buried it in my hands, a maddened and despairing man. All other thoughts but the wrong I had suffered and the man responsible for it were blotted from my mind, and in all the world I saw but one person, and that—Bully Harker! Suddenly, like a bad dream, the thought crept into my mind, that here, close to my hand, was the chance of the revenge I was longing for. Why not use in turn the very means he had relied upon for my destruction? The fitness of the thing took hold of me, and if I could only wake it into life, I saw it would place in my hand the very thing of all others I wished for.

"That night I gathered the natives around me, talking to them for hours in a strain best suited to my purpose. Pointing to the vessel below us, I played on their cupidity by telling them she contained 'trade' enough to make them happy for the remainder of their lives, and all they had to do was to take it.

"At first they listened with suspicion, thinking it some scheme of escape, for although I had fired their imagination with visions of loot they were cautious. I grew excited and spoke of the revenge I wanted, and then I carried them with me, that being a language they could understand. They became excited themselves, this latter argument convincing them I was in earnest, such a sentiment being readily comprehended by them. It was arranged that I should lead them to seize the vessel, and that after my vengeance was complete they should do as they liked with her.

"Every time I looked down upon the *Aurora* next day, a savage joy shook me, for most surely was Bully Harker delivered into my hand.

"On the word of a dying man, the thought that the crew would suffer never entered my head. I had forgotten them until too late. In my mind, half demented as I was by my sense of wrong, was the image of one man alone.

"I had a moment of sanity as my foot reached the deck, and I thought of the rest of the crew, but the lust of possession which I had aroused in the natives, had seized them with both hands, and they were beyond my control. Easier might I have stilled a hurricane with my voice, or a raging torrent with my hand.

"This morning, about a couple of hours before daylight, we filed down to the beach, manned the canoes, and paddled silently to where the *Aurora* was lying at anchor. The watch, if any was kept, must have been asleep, for we had gained the deck without an alarm being given. Followed by a few natives, I made my way aft to where I knew Bully Harker's sleeping berth was situated. Some of the islanders were armed with tower muskets obtained from vessels that traded them for produce. A tomahawk made in Sheffield I thought a much better weapon for the close quarters I intended.

"When I descended into the cabin, Bully Harker was standing near his bunk, and seemed as though he had tumbled out in a hurry. Never large, his eyes looked smaller than ever, for he had not yet got the sleep out of them. He recognised me at once, and they opened then wide enough, a look of deadly fear coming into them, for he knew I had come to reckon up with him.

"The moment I had hoped and never ceased to pray for had come, and as I made for him, a furious madman, my one wish was to see the colour of his blood. He fired shot after shot in rapid succession, but the sight of me, whom he thought dead long ago, had flurried and unnerved him, and his fire was not so fatal as it might have been. One bullet ploughed the flesh off my shoulder, and killed the man behind me. Then I closed in upon him, for I was utterly desperate, and although I felt myself wounded in several places, my resolve to kill him kept me on my feet. You know the rest. I attained it, yet somehow, as I lie here with, at the best, a few hours of life left me, it doesn't seem the same thing that I have hugged to my breast for months, nor yield the satisfaction I once thought it would. Not that I am sorry for his sake, nor for my own, but that the innocent have suffered with the guilty, and I wish to God the accursed thing was

HE KNEW I HAD COME TO RECKON UP WITH HIM, AND FIRED SHOT AFTER SHOT.

left undone. Yet, as God will be my judge, in my madness it never entered my head until my foot was on the deck, and it was then too late." In fewer words and with many pauses, such was the dark tale I listened to, and he unfolded.

Just then old Tom Nichol came shuffling down the companion ladder. He looked at the man propped up against the bulkhead, then back to me with eyes like saucers, and exclaimed:

Google

"What on earth does it mean, Mr. Harvey? First I see you aboard this craft as if you had dropped from the clouds, then I come down below, and see mate number one. What does it mean?"

"It means this, old Tom Nichol," I replied, "that although you seem to think you are not good at guessing, you were perfectly right when you said Bully Harker had bribed the natives to kidnap the mate, for there is the mate himself who has proved it."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MY COLLECTION OF OLD MASTERS.

THE following week was occupied getting the *Mary Ann* into good trim again, but with plenty of gear now at our disposal, this was a matter of little difficulty.

Johnson died the morning after our arrival, and was buried with the man who had betrayed him, outside the reef in sixty fathoms of water, the finest grave he could have wished for.

"Poor chap!" said the Parson, as the body disappeared from sight, and who, on the strength of his title, had read the burial service, "I don't think he need have worried about the slaughter of innocents, for, according to the way they played up with old Tom, they were all very much tarred with the same brush, and there wasn't a pin to choose between them."

It's not for us to judge a man after he is dead, but I hope, and think, that when Johnson stands before a higher tribunal than man's, he will be let down easily, for surely was he grievously sinned against.

As for Bully Harker, that the crime he had committed should recoil upon himself seemed but justice, and appeared to me a clear case in point of a man's sin finding him out.

Finally, one morning we set sail for Sydney Old Tom Nichol and myself were in the *Aurora*, but being terribly short-handed made no effort to use square sail, having to be content with what we could get out of her under fore and aft canvas.

However, luck was with us all through the piece, for three days out we dropped across a vessel, and, making known our predicament, the skipper lent us a couple of hands, which settled that difficulty, much to my satisfaction. A month later the *Aurora* was safely anchored in Sydney Harbour, and I lost no time in handing her over to the proper authorities.

Our venture was ended. Well, we had a good innings, and were satisfied; at least, I can answer for myself, the result being much more than I required for my own use, although at that time I may have had some rather extravagant notions regarding money and the way to circulate it. I can't for the life of me see any points in having more than one knows what to do with, or see any use in stowing quids away on their edges just for the pleasure of looking at them. However, that's only the opinion of an old shellback, the most improvident animal in the whole world, and anyhow, right or wrong, that's how I feel about it.

As I tell this yarn and the incidents connected with it come back to my mind, they make me remember that twenty-five years have slipped by since that time. Carrying on top-ropes and painting towns vermilion have ceased to have any attraction for me, and I've given that unprofitable game up long ago, and am more devoted to tea than ever.

In place of it I've started a peculiar hobby, which was put into my head by a conversation I once had with old Tom Nichol. As he remarked on that occasion, some people collect old paintings and old china, and seem to get enjoyment out of them. I didn't care much for pictures, or know anything about them, and the only use I had for china was to eat my victuals off it, yet I made up my mind to go in for old masters, and see if I could get some enjoyment out of *that*.

I have a fine collection at the present time, and you'd be surprised how many there were about, and how easily I gathered them. I'm afraid my lot are not worth much from a commercial point of view, for they consist of master mariners, and I've built a home for them where they get something more than standing room, which you may remember old Tom Nichol said was so hard to find when a man reached a certain age.

Well, every one to his taste. For my part, when I start collecting I like to see something for my money, and although the assortment I have are not considered valuable, in fact, by most people worthless, and would nowhere fetch fancy prices, my living old masters give me more pleasure than any dead ones are ever likely to do.

* * * *

I shouldn't think of closing this story without telling you what became of the *Mary Ann*. I had no idea that there was a soft spot in my heart for the old lady, until one day a fellow offered to buy her from me—wanted to put her in the firewood trade. "What!" thought I, "after carrying us through all and serving us such a good turn, honest, seaworthy *Mary Ann* break her dear old back running firewood? *never!*" So I told him he might go to Halifax, which he didn't do, as I saw the fellow frequently for years afterwards.

If you care to take a trip across Sydney harbour in one of the ferry boats, the *Mary Ann* may be seen at any time lying snugly at anchor in Lavender Bay, looking as smart as paint can make her. The only mission she has in life, is when some of my collection care to trip the anchor and give her a spin down the harbour and outside the Heads, which, I believe, she enjoys as much as they do, whilst seated on the deck they criticise the new order of sailors and shipping, tell each other tall yarns, and fight their battles all over again.

The British flag was hoisted in New Guinea some years after we made our last trip, and as islands go, down that way, our latest possession seems to have a future before it.

There's a steamer running down there now, and a short time ago, just to renew my acquaintance with some of the old places, I took a trip round in her. Near the Island of Sanaroa, I found a large mission station had been erected, and the head of this undertaking, who knew his business, had gathered the inhabitants into the fold from miles around. In place of head hunting, the natives have developed a taste for tobacco and taparora (church going), and have generally settled down into peaceful and comparatively harmless subjects of the King.

If any of you who read this, having a few hundred pounds to your name, and a desire for more room to spread yourselves in, and also don't mind being shaken out of your boots occasionally with malarial fever and ague, my advice is, go to New Guinea. If, on the other hand, you are not the happy possessor of the former, and have no particular hankering after the latter, then the best counsel I can give you is Punch's "Don't!"

THE END.

FAGGING AND SLANG AT WESTMINSTER.

[Owing to lack of space we had to hold over this particular part of Mr. Johnson's recent article on Westminster School.—Ed. Captain.]

FAGGING has survived the many and radical alterations wrought in the school customs during Dr. Rutherford's time, but in a modified form; and the power to fag is now confined to monitors only. Interesting survivals of the ancient duties of fags are the functions of "Tenner," "Call," and "Watch," which are now discharged in turn by different juniors. "Tenner," whose title is supposed to be derived from "Tenth Hour," when it would be his duty to put the lights out in dormitory, is entrusted with the task of warning the seniors of the time five minutes before the morning "Abbey"; and "Call" is required to give upon demand the time in dormitory. "Watch" has a curious duty to discharge. On whole school days, when fourth school commences at 3.30 p.m., a second election, known as "Mon. Os." (Monitor Ostime) takes post at the door of College, while "Watch" stations himself upon the steps at the other end of the building. As soon as the headmaster appears, Mon. Os. gives vent to a warning shout of "Gow's coming!" The cry is taken up by "Watch," who repeats the admonition from his end of College.

The Westminster vocabulary is fairly extensive, and includes several words and idioms not met with elsewhere. The most notable idiom is the invariable substitution of "up" or "down" for "to" (*e.g.*, "up-fields"). All servants of the school are called "John" indiscriminately, and a street cad is known as a "ski,"—from the days, it is believed, when street fights were common, and the Westminster boys, nick-naming themselves "Romani," used to term their opponents "Volsci." "Greeze," "tanning," and "handing" we have already met with, as well as the "boxes" and "houses" of College. Corresponding to these latter may be mentioned the "Chiswicks" of Grant's, the studies in that house having been built, it is said, with the proceeds of the sale of the college house at Chiswick. In them, boys who may happen to be of studious bent "muzz" over their work. A King's Scholar wearing a new gown is clad in a "bosky," the pendent sleeve of which is a "bully," while you and I, gentle reader, were we to visit Westminster in other than an Eton jacket or "tails," would be commented upon as wearing a "shag" coat.

THE MANŒUVRES OF CHARTERIS.

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.

(Author of "The Pot Hunters" and "A Prefect's Uncle.")

ILLUSTRATED BY T. M. R. WHITWELL.

CHARTERIS, of St. Austin's, takes a fantastic pleasure in breaking "bounds," and rules generally. The fact that, if caught, he will be severely punished, adds an enormous zest to his expeditions. He determines to enter for the Strangers' Mile, at Rutton Sports, Rutton being a village distant some nine miles from the school. The "Babe," Charteris's chum, endeavours to dissuade him, but Charteris refuses to be intimidated, although the risk will be great.

IV.

"I SHALL go, Babe," said Charteris, on the following night.

The Sixth form had a slack day before them on the morrow, there being that temporary lull in the form-work which occurred about once a week, when there was no composition of any kind to be done. The Sixth did four compositions a week, two Greek and two Latin, and except for these did not bother itself much about overnight preparation. The Latin authors which the form was doing this term were Vergil and Livy, and when either of these was on the next day's programme, most of the Sixth considered that they were justified in taking a night off. They relied on their ability to translate either of the authors at sight and without previous acquaintance. The popular notion that Vergil is hard rarely appeals to a member of a public school. There are two ways of translating Vergil, the conscientious and the other. He chooses the other.

On this particular night, therefore, work was "off." Merevale was over at the Great Hall, taking preparation, and the sixth form Merevalians had assembled in Welch's study to talk about things in general. It was after a pause of some moments that had followed upon a lively discussion of the house's prospects in the forthcoming final, that Charteris had spoken.

"I shall go," he said.

"Go where?" asked Tony from inside a deck chair.

"Babe knows."

The Babe turned to the company and explained.

"The lunatic says he's going in for the Strangers' Mile or some other equally futile race at some sports at Rutton next week. He'll get booked for a cert. He can't see that. I never saw such a man."

"Rally round," said Charteris, "and reason with me. I'll listen. Tony, what do you think about it?"

Tony expressed his opinion tersely, and Charteris thanked him. Welch, who had been reading a book, now awoke to the fact that a discussion was in progress, and asked for details. The Babe explained once more, and Welch heartily corroborated Tony's remarks. Charteris thanked him, too.

"You aren't really going, are you?" asked Welch.

"Rather."

"The Old Man won't give you leave."

"I shan't worry the Old Man about it."

"But it's miles out of bounds. Stapleton station is out of bounds, to begin with. It's against rules to go in a train, and Rutton is even more out of bounds than Stapleton."

"And as there are sports there," said Tony, "the Old Man is certain to put Rutton specially out of bounds for that day. He always bars a St. Austin's chap going to a place when there's anything of that sort on there."

"Don't care. What have I to do with the Old

Man's petty prejudices? Now, let me get at my time-table. Here we are. Now then."

"Don't be a fool," said Tony.

"As if I should. Look here, there is a train that starts from Stapleton at three. I can catch that all right. Gets to Rutton at three-twenty. Sports begin at three-fifteen. At least, they are supposed to. Over before five, I should think. At any rate, my race ought to be. Though—I was forgetting—I must stop to see the Oldest Inhabitant's nevvy win the egg and spoon canter. But that ought to come on before the Strangers' race. Train back at a quarter past five. Arrives at a quarter to six. Lock up six fifteen. That gives me half an hour to get here from Stapleton. What more do you want? Consider the thing done. And I should think the odds against my being booked are twenty-five to one, at which price, if any gent present cares to deposit his money, I am willing to take him."

"You won't go," said Welch. "I'll bet you anything you like you won't go"

That settled Charteris. The visit to Rutton, hitherto looked upon as more or less of a pleasure, became now a solemn duty. One of Charteris' mottoes for everyday use was "Let not thyself be scored off by Welch."

"That's all right," he said, "of course I shall go."

The day of the sports arrived, and the Babe, meeting Charteris at Merevale's gate, made a last attempt to head him off from his purpose.

"How are you going to take your things?" he asked. "You can't carry a bag. The first beak you met would ask questions."

Charteris patted a bloated coat pocket.

"Bags," he said, laconically. "Vest," he added, doing the same to the other pocket. "Shoes," he concluded, "you will observe I am carrying in a handy brown paper parcel, and if anybody wants to know what's in it, I shall tell him it's acid drops. Sure you won't come, too?"

"I'm not such an ass," quoth the Babe.

"All right. So long, then. Be good while I'm gone."

And he passed on down the road to Stapleton.

The Rutton New Recreation Grounds presented, as the *Stapleton Herald* justly remarked in its next week's issue, "a gay and animated appearance." There was a larger crowd than Charteris had expected. He made his way through them, resisting without difficulty the entreaties of a hoarse gentleman in a check suit to have three to two on 'Enery Something for the hundred yards, and came at last to the dressing tent.

At this point it occurred to him that it would be judicious to find out when his race was to start. It was rather a chilly day, and the less of it that he spent in the undress uniform of shorts the better. He bought a correct card for twopence, and scanned it. The Strangers' Mile was down for four-fifty. There was no need to change for an hour yet. He wished the authorities could have managed to date the event earlier. Four-fifty was running it rather fine. The race would be over, allowing for unpunctuality, by about five to five, and it was a walk of some ten minutes to the station, less if he hurried. That would give him ten minutes for recovering from the effects of the race, and changing back into his ordinary clothes again. It would be quick work. But the trains on that line were always late—it was one of the metropolitan improvements which had recently been introduced into Arcadiâ—and, having come so far, he was not inclined to go back without running in the race. He would never be able to hold up his head again if he did that. He left the dressing-tent, and started on a tour of the field.

The scene was quite different from anything he had ever witnessed before in the way of sports. The sports at St. Austin's were decorous to a degree. These leaned more to the rollickingly convivial. It was like an ordinary country race-meeting, except that men were running instead of horses. Rutton was a quiet little place for the majority of the year, but on this day it woke up, and was evidently out to enjoy itself. The Rural Hooligan was a good deal in evidence, and though he was comparatively quiet just at present, the frequency with which he visited the various refreshment stalls that dotted the ground gave promise of livelier times in the future. Charteris felt that the afternoon would not be dull. The hour soon passed, and Charteris, having first seen the Oldest Inhabitant's nevvy romp home in the egg and spoon event, took himself off to the dressing tent, and began to get into his running-clothes. The bell for the race was just ringing when he left the tent. He trotted over to the starting-place. Apparently there was not a very large "field." Two weedy youths of Charteris' age had put in an appearance, and a very tall, thin man, dressed in blushing pink, came up immediately afterwards. Charteris had just removed his coat, and was about to get to his place on the line, when another competitor arrived, and to judge by the applause that greeted his advent he was evidently a favourite in the locality. It was with a shock that Charteris recognised his old acquaintance, the Bargees' secretary.

He was clad in running clothes of a bright orange and a smile of conscious superiority, and when somebody in the crowd called out "Go it, Jarge," he accepted the tribute as his due, and

waved a condescending hand in the speaker's direction.

Some moments elapsed before he caught sight of Charteris, and the latter had time to decide on his line of action. If he attempted concealment in any way, the man would recognise that on this occasion, at any rate, he had, to use an adequate if unclassical expression, got the bulge, and then there would be trouble. By brazening things out, however, there was just a chance that he might make him imagine that there was more in the matter than met the eye, and that in some way he had actually obtained leave to visit Rutton that day. After all, the man didn't know very much about school rules, and the recollection of the recent fiasco in which he had taken part would make him think twice about playing the amateur policeman again, especially in connection with Charteris.

So he smiled genially, and expressed a hope that the man enjoyed robust health.

The man replied by glaring in a simple and unaffected manner.

"Looked up the headmaster lately?" asked Charteris.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm going to run. Hope you don't mind."

"You're out of bounds."

"That's what you said before. You'd better enquire a bit before you make rash statements. Otherwise there's no knowing what may not happen. Perhaps Mr. Dacre has given me leave."

The man said something objurgatory under his breath, but forebore to continue the discussion. He was wondering, as Charteris had expected that he would, whether the latter had really got leave or not. It was a difficult problem. Whether such a result was due to his mental struggles or whether it was simply to be attributed to his poor running is open to question, but the fact remains that the secretary of the Old Crockfordians did not shine in the Strangers' Mile. He came in last but one, vanquishing the pink sportsman by a foot. Charteris, after a hot finish, was beaten on the tape by one of the weedy youths, who exhibited astonishing powers of sprinting in the last hundred and fifty yards, overhauling Charteris, who had led all the time, in fine style, and scoring what the *Stapleton Herald* described as a "highly popular victory."

As soon as he had recovered his normal stock of wind—which was not immediately—it was borne in upon Charteris that if he wanted to catch the five-fifteen back to Stapleton, he had better be beginning to change. He went to the dressing-tent, and on examining his watch was horrified to find that he had just ten minutes in which to do everything. And the walk to the

"SAGS, VEST, SHOES," HE SAID, LACONICALLY.

station, he reflected, was a long five minutes. He hurled himself into his clothes, and, disregarding the Bargee, who had entered the tent and seemed to wish to continue the conversation at the point at which they had left off, shot away towards the nearest gate. He had exactly four minutes and twenty-five seconds for the journey, and he had just run a mile.

V.

FORTUNATELY the road was mainly level. On the other hand, he was handicapped by an overcoat. After the first hundred yards he took this off, and carried it in an unwieldy parcel. This, he found, was an improvement and running became easier. He had worked the stiffness out of his legs by this time, and was going well. Three hundred yards from the station it was anybody's race. The exact position of the other competitor, the train, could not be defined. It was, at any rate, not within earshot, which meant that it had still a quarter of a mile to go. Charteris considered that he had earned a rest. He slowed down to a walk, but after proceeding at this pace for a few yards thought that he heard a distant whistle, and dashed on again. Suddenly a raucous bellow of laughter greeted his ears from a spot in front of him, hidden from his sight by a bend in the road.

"Somebody slightly tight," thought he, rapidly diagnosing the case. "By Jove, if he comes rotting about with me, I'll kill him and jump on his body." Having to do anything in a desperate hurry always upset Charteris' temper. He turned the corner at a sharp trot, and came upon two youths who seemed to be engaged in the harmless occupation of trying to ride a bicycle. They were of the type which he held in especial aversion, the Rural Hooligan type, and one at least of the two had evidently been present at a recent circulation of the festive bowl. He was wheeling the bicycle about the road in an aimless way, and looked as if he wondered what was the matter with it, in that it would not keep still for two consecutive seconds. The other youth was apparently of the "Charles-his-friend" variety, content to look on and applaud, and generally play chorus to his companion's "lead." He was standing at the side of the road smiling broadly in a way that argued feebleness of mind. Charteris was not sure which of the two he hated most at sight. He was inclined to call it a tie. However, there seemed to be nothing particularly lawless in what they were doing now. If they were content to let him pass without hindrance, he for his part was prepared generously to overlook the insult they offered him by existing at all, and to maintain a state of truce.

But, as he drew nearer, he saw that there was more in the business than the casual spectator might at first have supposed. A second and keener inspection of the reptiles revealed fresh phenomena. In the first place, the bicycle which Hooligan number one was playing with was a lady's bicycle, and a small one at that. Now, up to the age of fourteen and the weight of ten stone, a beginner at cycling often finds it more convenient to learn to ride on a lady's machine than on a gentleman's. The former offers greater facilities for dismounting, a quality not to be despised in the earlier stages of initiation. But, though this was undoubtedly the case, and though Charteris knew that it was so, yet he felt instinctively that there was something wrong here. Hooligans of eighteen years and twelve stone do not learn to ride on small ladies' machines. Or, if they do, it is probably without the permission and approval of the small ladies who own the same. Valuable as his time was, Charteris felt that it behoved him to devote a thoughtful minute or two to the examining of this affair. He slowed down once again to a walk, and as he did so his eye fell upon the one character in the drama whose absence had puzzled him—the owner of the bicycle. And he came to the conclusion that life would be a hollow mockery if he failed to fall upon those revellers, and slay them. She stood by the hedge on the right, a forlorn little figure in grey, and she gazed sadly and hopelessly at the manœuvres that were going on in the middle of the road. Her age Charteris estimated at a venture at twelve—a correct guess. Her state of mind he also conjectured. She was letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," like the late M'Beth, the cat i' the adage, and other celebrities. She evidently had plenty of remarks to make on the subject in hand, but refrained from motives of prudence.

Charteris had no such scruples. The feeling of fatigue that had been upon him had vanished, and his temper, which had been growing more and more villainous for some twenty minutes, now boiled over enthusiastically at the sight of something tangible to work itself off upon. Even without a cause he detested the Rural Hooligan. Now that a real, registered motive for this antipathy had been supplied, he felt capable of dealing with a whole regiment of the breed. He would have liked to have committed a murder, but assault and battery would do at a pinch.

The being with the bicycle had just let it fall with a crash to the ground, when Charteris went for him low, in the style which the Babe

always insisted on seeing in members of the first fifteen on the football field, and hove him without comment into a damp ditch. "Charles-his-friend" uttered a shout of disapproval, and rushed into the fray. Charteris gave him the straight left, of the type to which the great John Jackson is said to have owed so much in the days of the old Prize Ring, and Charles, taking it between the eyes, stopped in a discontented and discouraged manner, and began to rub the place. Whereupon Charteris dashed in, and, to use an expression suitable to the deed, "swung his right at the mark." The "mark," it may be explained for the benefit of the non-pugilistic, is that portion of the human form divine which lies hid behind the third button of the waistcoat. It covers—in a most inadequate way—the wind, and even a gentle tap in the locality is apt to produce a fleeting sense of discomfort. A genuine flush hit on the spot, shrewdly administered by a muscular arm with the weight of the body behind it, causes the passive agent in the transaction to wish fervently, as far as he is at the moment physically capable of wishing anything, that he had never been born. Charles collapsed like an empty sack, and Charteris, getting a grip of the outlying portions of his costume, rolled him into the ditch on top of his companion, who had just recovered sufficiently to be thinking of getting out again.

Charteris picked up the bicycle, and gave it a cursory examination. The enamel was a good deal scratched, but no material damage had been done. He wheeled it across to its owner. He would have felt more like a St. George after an interview with the Dragon if he had not, in tackling Hooligan number one, contrived to cover his face with rich mud from the ditch. He could not help feeling that it detracted from the general romance of the thing

"It isn't much hurt," he said, as they walked on together down the road; "bit scratched, that' all."

"Thanks, *awfully*," said the small lady.

"Oh, not at all," said Charteris, "I enjoyed it." (He felt that he had said the correct thing here.) "I'm sorry those chaps frightened you."

"They did rather. But"—triumphantly—"I didn't cry."

"Rather not," said Charteris, "you were awfully plucky. I noticed at the time. But hadn't you better ride on? Which way were you going?"

"I wanted to get to Stapleton."

"Oh. That's simple enough. You've merely got to go straight on down this road. As straight as ever you can go. But, look here, you know, you shouldn't be out alone like this. It isn't safe. Why did they let you?"

The lady avoided his eye. She bent down and inspected the left pedal.

"They shouldn't have sent you out alone," said Charteris; "why did they?"

"They didn't. I came."

There was a world of meaning in the phrase. Charteris was in the same case. They had not let him. He had come. Here was a kindred spirit, another revolutionary soul, scorning the fetters of convention and the so-called authority of self-constituted rulers, aha! Bureaucrats!

"Shake hands," he said, "I'm in just the same way."

They shook hands gravely.

"You know," said the lady, "I'm awfully sorry I did it now. It was very naughty."

"I'm not sorry yet," said Charteris, "but I expect I shall be soon."

"Will you be sent to bed?"

"I don't think so."

"Will you have to learn beastly poetry?"

"I hope not."

She would probably have gone on to investigate things further, but at that moment there came the faint sound of a whistle. Then another, closer this time. Then a faint rumbling, which increased in volume steadily.

Charteris looked back. The line ran by the side of the road. He could see the smoke of a train through the trees. It was quite close now. And he was still nearly two hundred yards from the station gates.

"I say," he said, "Great Scott, here comes my train. I must rush. Goodbye. You keep straight on."

His legs had had time to grow stiff again. For the first few strides running was painful. But his joints soon adapted themselves to the strain, and in ten seconds he was running as fast as he had ever run off the track. When he had travelled a quarter of the distance, the small cyclist overtook him.

"Be quick," she said. "It's just in sight."

Charteris quickened his stride, and, paced by the bicycle, spun along in fine style. Forty yards from the station the train passed him. He saw it roll into the station. There were still twenty yards to go, exclusive of the station steps, and he was already running as fast as he knew how. Now there were only ten. Now five. And at last, with a hurried farewell to his companion, he bounded up the steps and on to the platform. At the end of the platform the line took a sharp curve to the right. Round that curve the tail-end of the guard's van was just disappearing.

"Missed it, sir," said the solitary porter who managed things at Rutton, cheerfully. He

CHARTERIS DASHED IN, AND "SWUNG HIS RIGHT AT THE MARK."

spoke as if he were congratulating Charteris on having done something remarkably clever.

"What's the next?"

"Eight-thirty," was the porter's appalling reply.

For a moment Charteris felt quite ill. No train till eight-thirty! Then was he, indeed, lost. But it couldn't be true. There must be some sort of a train between now and then.

"Are you certain?" he said; "surely there's a train before that."

"Why, yes, sir," said the porter, gleefully, "but they be all uxpresses. Eight-thirty be the only 'un what starps at Rooton."

"Thanks," said Charteris, with marked gloom, "I don't think that will be much good to me. My aunt, what a hole I'm in."

The porter made a sympathetic and interrogative noise at the back of his throat, as if inviting him to confess all. But Charteris felt unequal to the intellectual pressure of conversations with porters. There are moments when one wants to be alone.

He went down the steps again. When he got into the road, his small cycling friend had vanished. He envied her. She was doing the journey comfortably on a bicycle. He would have to walk it. Walk it! He didn't believe he could. The Strangers' Mile, followed by the Homeric combat with the two Bargees, and the ghastly sprint to wind up with, had left him unfit for further feats of pedestrianism. And it was eight miles to Stapleton, if it was a yard, and another mile from Stapleton to St. Austin's. Charteris, having once more invoked the name of his aunt, pulled himself together with an effort and limped gallantly in the direction of Stapleton.

But Fate, so long hostile, at last relented. A rattle of wheels approached him from behind. A thrill of hope shot through him at the sound. There was a prospect of a lift. He stopped, and waited for the dogcart—it sounded like a dog-cart—to arrive. Then he uttered a yell of triumph, and began to wave his arms like a semaphore. The man in the dog-cart was Adamson.

"Hullo, Charteris," said the doctor, pulling up, "what are you doing here? What's happened to your face? It's in a shocking state."

"Only mud," said Charteris; "good, honest English mud, borrowed from a local ditch. It's a long yarn. Can I get up?"

"Come along. Plenty of room."

Charteris climbed up, and sank on to the cushioned seat with a sigh of pleasure. What glorious comfort. He had seldom enjoyed anything so much in his life.

"I'm nearly dead," he said, as the dog-cart went on again, "This is how it all happened You see, it was this way——"

And he began forthwith upon a brief synopsis of his adventures.

VI.

BY special request the doctor dropped Charteris within a hundred yards of Merevale's door.

"Good-night," he said. "I don't suppose you value my advice at all, but you may have it for what it is worth. I recommend you to stop this sort of game. Next time something will happen."

"By Jove, yes," said Charteris, climbing painfully down from his seat. "I'll take that advice. I'm a reformed character from now onwards. It isn't good enough. Hullo, there's the bell for lock-up. Good-night, doctor, and thanks most awfully for the lift. It was awfully kind of you."

"Don't mention it," said Dr. Adamson. "It is always a privilege to be in your company. When are you coming to tea with me again?"

"Whenever you'll have me. I shall get leave this time. It will be quite a novel experience."

"Yes. By the way, how's Graham? It is Graham, isn't it? The youth who broke his collarbone."

"Oh, he's getting on splendidly. But I must be off. Good-night."

"Good-night. Come next Monday, if you can."

"Right. Thanks awfully."

He hobbled in at Merevale's gate, and went up to his study. The Babe was in there talking to Welch. You could generally reckon on finding the Babe talking to someone. He was of a sociable disposition.

"Hullo," he said. "Here's Charteris."

"What's left of him," said Charteris.

"How did it go off?"

"Don't talk about it."

"Did you win?" asked Welch.

"No. Second. By a yard. Jove! I'm dead."

"Hot race?"

"Rather. It wasn't that, though. I had to sprint all the way to the station, and missed my train by a couple of seconds at the end of it all."

"Then how did you get here?"

"That was my one stroke of luck. I started to walk back, and after I'd gone about a quarter of a mile, Adamson caught me up in his dog-cart. I suggested that it would be a Christian act on his part to give me a lift, and he did. I shall remember Adamson in my will."

"How did you lose?" enquired the Babe.

"The other man beat me. But for that I

should have won hands down. Oh, I say, guess who I met at Rutton?"

'Not a master?"

"Almost as bad. The Bargee man who paced me from Stapleton. (Have I ever told you about that affair?) Man who crocked Tony, you know."

"Great *Scott*," said the Babe, "did he recognise you?"

"Rather. We had a long and very pleasant conversation."

"If he reports you—" began the Babe.

"Who's that?"

Tony had entered the study.

"Hullo, Tony. Adamson told me to remember him to you."

"So you've got back?"

Charteris confirmed the hasty guess.

"But what are you talking about, Babe?" said Tony. "Who's going to be reported, and who's going to report?"

The Babe briefly explained the situation.

"If the man," he said, "reports Charteris, he may get run in to-morrow, and then we shall have both our halves away against Dacre's. Charteris, you are an ass to go rotting about out of bounds like this."

"Nay, dry the starting tear," said Charteris, cheerfully. "In the first place I shouldn't get kept in on a Thursday, were it ever so. I should get shoved into extra on Saturday. Also I shrewdly conveyed to the Bargee the impression that I was at Rutton by special permission."

"He's bound to know that can't be true," said Tony.

"Well, I told him to think it over. You see, he got so badly left last time he tried to drop on me—have I told you about that business, by the way?—that I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he let me alone this trip."

"Let's hope so," said the Babe with gloom.

"That's right, Babby," remarked Charteris encouragingly, "you buck up and keep looking on the bright side. It'll be all right, you see if it won't. If there's any running in to be done, I shall do it. I shall be frightfully fit to-morrow after all this dashing about to-day. I haven't an ounce of adipose deposit on me. Upon my word, it seems to me unpardonable vanity, and worse than that, to call one's fat an adipose deposit. I'm a fine, strapping specimen of sturdy young English manhood. And I'm going to play a *very* selfish game to-morrow, Babe."

"Oh, my dear chap, you mustn't." The Babe's face wore an expression of pain and horror. The success of the house team in the final was very near to his heart. He could not understand anyone jesting on the subject. Charteris respected his anguish, and relieved it speedily.

"I was only ragging," he said; "considering that we've got no chance of winning except through our three-quarters, I'm not likely to keep the ball from them, if I get a chance of getting it out. Make your mind easy, Babe."

The final house match was always a warmish game. The rivalry between the various houses was great, and the football cup especially was fought for with immense keenness. Also, the match was the last fixture of the season, and there was a certain feeling in the teams that if they *did* happen to injure a man or two it would not much matter. The disabled sportsmen would not be needed for school match purposes for another six months. As a result of which philosophical reflection the tackling ruled slightly energetic, and the handing-off was done with vigour.

This year, to add a sort of finishing touch, there was just a little ill-feeling between Dacre's and Merevale's. The cause of it was the Babe. Until the beginning of the term he had been a day-boy. Then the news began to circulate that he was going to become a boarder, either at Dacre's or at Merevale's. He chose the latter, and Dacre's felt aggrieved. Some of the less sportsmanlike members of the house had proposed that a protest should be made against his being allowed to play, but, fortunately for the credit of the house, Prescott, the captain of Dacre's fifteen, had put his foot down with an emphatic bang at the suggestion. As he had sagely pointed out, there were some things which were bad form, and this was one of them. If the team wanted to express their disapproval, said he, let them do it on the field by tackling their very hardest. He personally was going to do his best in that direction, and he advised them to do the same.

The rumour of this bad blood had got about the school, and when Swift, Merevale's only first fifteen forward, kicked off up hill, a large crowd was lining the ropes. It was evident from the first that it would be a good game. Dacre's were the better side as a team. They had no really weak spot. But Merevale's extraordinarily strong three-quarter line made up for an inferior scrum. And the fact that the Babe was in the centre was worth much.

Dacre's pressed at first. Their pack was unusually heavy for a house-team, and they made full use of it. They took the ball down the field in short rushes till they were in Merevale's twenty-five. Then they began to heel, and if things had been more or less exciting for the Merevalians before, they became doubly so now. The ground was dry, and so was the ball, and the game consequently waxed fast. Time after time the ball went along Dacre's three-quarter line, only to end by finding itself hurled, with

the wing who was carrying it, into touch. Occasionally the centres, instead of feeding their wings, would try to get through themselves. And that was where the Babe came in. He was admittedly the best tackler in the school, but on this occasion he excelled himself. His normally placid temper had been ruffled early in the game by his being brought down by Prescott, and this had added a finish to his methods. His man never had a chance of getting past.

At last a lofty kick into touch over the heads of the spectators gave the teams a few seconds rest.

The Babe went up to Charteris.

"Look here," he said, "it's risky, but I think we'll try having the ball out a bit."

"In our own twenty-five?"

"Wherever we are. I believe it will come off all right. Anyway, we'll try it. Tell the forwards."

So Charteris informed the forwards that they were to let it out, an operation which, for forwards playing against a pack much heavier than themselves, it is easier to talk about than perform. The first half-dozen times that Merevale's scrum tried to heel, they were shoved off their feet, and it was on the enemy's side that the ball came out. But the seventh attempt succeeded. Out it came, cleanly and speedily. Daintree, who was playing half instead of Tony, switched it across to Charteris. Charteris dodged the half who was marking him, and ran. Heeling and passing in one's own twenty-five is like smoking—an excellent habit if indulged in in moderation. On this occasion it answered perfectly. Charteris ran to the half-way line, and handed the ball on to the Babe. The Babe was tackled from behind, and passed to Thomson. Thomson dodged his man, and passed to Welch. Welch was the fastest sprinter in the school. It was a pleasure if you did not happen to be on the opposing side to see him race down the touch-line. He was off like an arrow. Dacre's back made a futile attempt to get at him. Welch could have given him twelve yards in a hundred. He ran round him in a large semicircle, and, amidst howls of rapture from the Merevalians in the audience, scored between the posts. The Babe took the kick, and converted without difficulty. Five minutes afterwards the whistle blew for half-time

The remainder of the game was fought out on the same lines. Dacre's pressed nearly all the time, and scored an unconverted try, but twice the ball came out on Merevale's side and went down their line. Once it was the Babe, who scored with a run from his own goal-line, and once Charteris, who got it from halfway, dodging through the whole team. The last ten minutes of the match was marked by a slight excess of energy on both sides. Dacre's forwards were in a murderous frame of mind, and fought like demons to get through, and Merevale's played up to them with spirit. The Babe seemed continually to be precipitating himself at the feet of rushing forwards, and Charteris felt as if at least a dozen bones were broken in various parts of his body. The game ended on Merevale's line, but they had won the match and the cup by two goals and a try to a try.

Charteris limped off the field, cheerful but damaged. He ached all over, and there was a large bruise on his left cheek-bone, a souvenir of a forward rush in the first half. Also he was very certain that he was not going to do a stroke of work that night.

He and the Babe were going to the house, when they were aware that the Headmaster was beckoning to them.

"Well, MacArthur, and what was the result of the match?"

"We won, sir," beamed the Babe. "Two goals and a try to a try."

"You have hurt your cheek, Charteris."

"Yes, sir."

"How did you do that?"

"I got a kick, sir, in one of the rushes."

"Ah. I should bathe it, Charteris. Bathe it well. I hope it will not be painful. Bathe it well in warm water."

He walked on.

"You know," said Charteris to the Babe, as they went into the house, "the Old Man isn't such a bad sort, after all. He has his points, don't you think so?"

The Babe said that he did.

"I'm going to reform, you know," said Charteris, confidentially.

"It's about time. You can have the first bath, if you like. Only buck up."

Charteris boiled himself for ten minutes, and then dragged his weary limbs to his study. It was while he was sitting in a deck-chair, eating mixed biscuits, that Master Crowinshaw, his fag, appeared.

"Well?" said Charteris.

"The Head told me to tell you that he wanted to see you at the School House as soon as you can go."

"All right," said Charteris; "thanks."

"Now what," he continued to himself, "does the Old Man want to see me for? Perhaps he wants to make certain that I've bathed my cheek in warm water. Anyhow, I suppose I must go."

A few minutes later he presented himself at the Headmagisterial door. The sedate Parker, the Head's butler, who always filled Charteris with a desire to dig him hard in the

ribs just to see what would happen, ushered him to the study.

The Headmaster was reading by the light of a lamp when Charteris came in. He laid down his book, and motioned him to a seat. After which there was an awkward pause.

"I have just received," began the Head at last, "a most unpleasant communication. Most unpleasant. From whom it comes I do not know. It is, in fact—er—anonymous. I am sorry that I ever read it."

He paused. Charteris made no comment. He guessed what was coming. He, too, was sorry that the Head had ever read the letter.

"The writer says that he saw you, that he actually spoke to you at the athletic sports at Rutton, yesterday. I have called you in to tell me if that is true."

He fastened an accusing eye on his companion.

"It is quite true, sir," said Charteris, steadily.

"What," said the Head, sharply, "you were at Rutton?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were perfectly aware, I suppose, that you were breaking the school rules by going there, Charteris?"

"Yes, sir."

There was another pause.

"This is very serious," said the Headmaster. "I cannot overlook this. I——"

There was a slight scuffle of feet outside in the passage, and a noise as if somebody was groping for the handle. The door flew open vigorously, and a young lady entered. Charteris recognised her in an instant as his acquaintance of the previous afternoon.

"HULLO!" SHE BROKE OFF AS SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF CHARTERIS

"Uncle," she said, "have you seen my book anywhere? *Hullo!*" she broke off as she caught sight of Charteris.

"Hullo," said Charteris, affably, not to be outdone in the courtesies.

"Did you catch your train?"

"No. Missed it."

"Hullo, what's the matter with your cheek?"

"I got a kick on it."

"Oh, does it hurt?"

"Not much, thanks."

Here the Headmaster, feeling perhaps a little out of it, put in his oar.

"Dorothy, you must not come here now. I am busy. But how, may I ask, do you and Charteris come to be acquainted?"

"Why, he's him," said Dorothy lucidly

The Head looked puzzled.

"Him, the man, you know."

It is greatly to the credit of the Head's intelligence that he grasped the meaning of these words. Long study of the classics had quickened his faculty of seeing sense in passages where there was none. The situation dawned upon him.

"Do you mean to tell me, Dorothy, that it was Charteris who came to your assistance yesterday?"

Dorothy nodded energetically. Charteris began to feel exactly like a side-show.

"He gave the men beans," she said.

"Dorothy," said her uncle, "run away to bed" (a suggestion which she treated with scorn, it wanting a clear two hours to her legal bedtime). "I must speak to your mother about your deplorable habit of using slang. Dear me, I must certainly speak to her."

Dorothy retired in good order. The Head was silent for a few minutes after she had gone. Then he turned to Charteris again. "You must understand, Charteris, that I cannot allow myself to be influenced in any way by what I have just learned. I cannot overlook your offence. I have my duty as a headmaster to consider. You have committed a very serious breach of school rules, and I must punish you for it. You will, therefore, write me out—er—ten lines of Vergil by to-morrow evening, Charteris."

"Yes, sir."

"Latin *and* English," continued the relentless pedagogue."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Charteris—I am speaking now—er—unofficially: not as a headmaster, you understand—if in future you would cease to break school rules simply as a matter of principle—for that, I fancy, is what it amounts to—I er—well, I think we should get on better together, Charteris. Which I think would be a very pleasant state of things. Good-night, Charteris."

"Good-night, sir."

The Head extended a hand. Charteris took it, and his departure. The Headmaster, opening his book again, turned over a new leaf.

So did Charteris.

THE END.

WINTER *v.* SUMMER.

ASSUMING, for a moment, that attitude of thought which determines the value of a thing by the amount of pleasure or profit its affords *oneself*, I unhesitatingly declare for Winter, simply because the delights peculiar to that season appeal to my particular tastes more forcibly than do those of Summer. Having, however, made this assertion—which, after all, is merely an indication of my likes and dislikes, and cannot possibly affect the claims of either season to superiority—I would look at the matter from a higher plane of thought and feeling, namely, the ideal.

It is to be attained by the simple expedient of sinking all *personal* considerations in a genuine effort to see from the view-point of the *universal* good; and a little reflection will convince that this is the *only* attitude compatible with a fair judgment upon the question in hand. Such matters as cricket v. football, rowing v. skating, etc., whilst claiming a perfectly natural and pardonable precedence in the essays of schoolboys, must surely give place to weightier considerations in the minds of those who have arrived at years of discretion and thoughtfulness.

To such, the perfect alternations of Winter's cold and Summer's heat must afford a fine exemplification of those wonderful compensatory laws which pervade all Nature.

For instance, Summer brings warmth and abundance of life, but she is scarcely less prolific of fever and pestilence, which nothing but the *frosts and snows* of Winter can effectually dissipate.

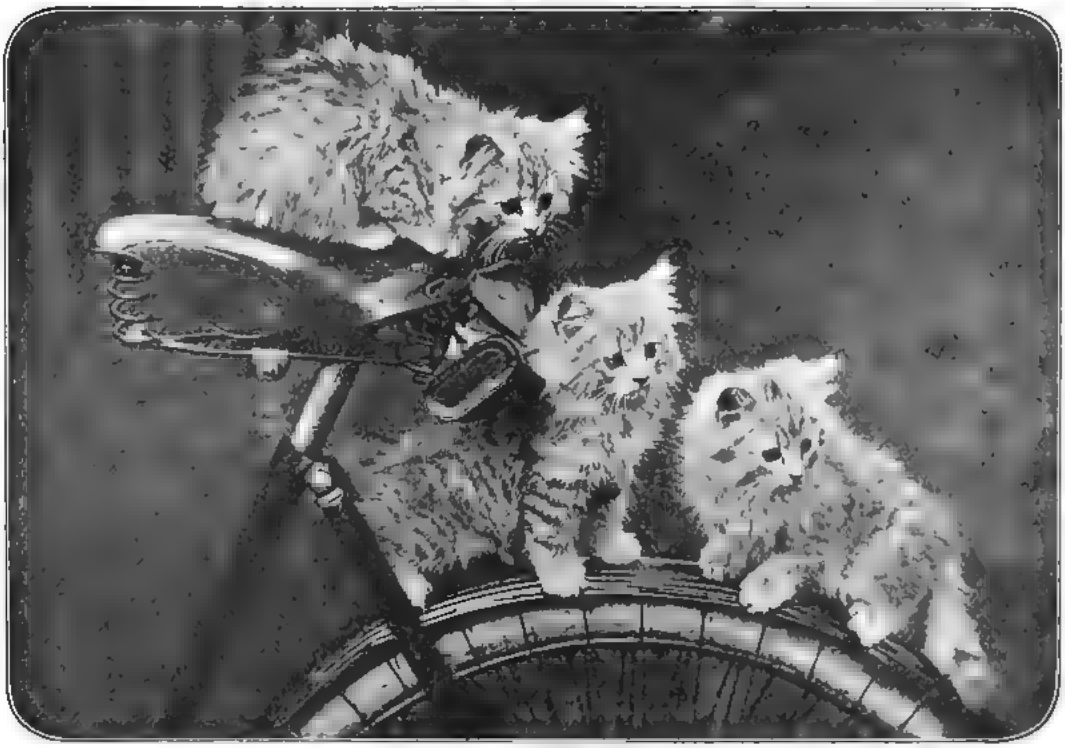
This style of argument might be applied indefinitely, all along the line, to prove that the opposite seasons are as essential to each other as the two faces of a coin, and possess an absolute equality of place and value in Nature's infallible economy.

But more than this. He who is wise will not fail to recognise, behind the visible workings of these laws in Nature, the presence of that Supreme Intelligence, whose love promotes, and whose wisdom dispenses them. Then, even as the sun's rays, falling upon the fire in the hearth, have a tendency to absorb and extinguish the lesser flame, so shall these loftier considerations outweigh all personal idiosyncrasies; and, placing the claims of these rival seasons in the scale of our judgment, we shall perceive the perfect balance disturbed not by so much as a hair's breadth.

HARRY PAYNE

"The Captain" Photographic Gallery.

Being a Selection of Photographs entered for our Competitions.

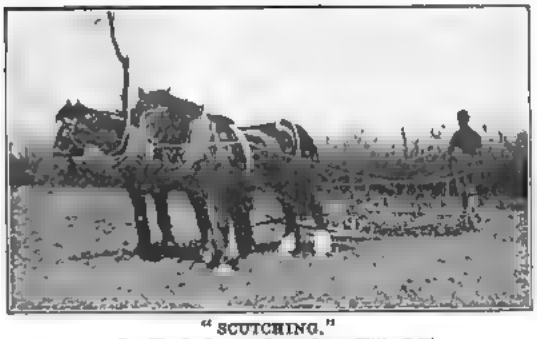


KITTENS.
By Charles Allen, Glasgow.

THE WALKING MATCH.—DUNDEE TO PERTH.
By Alex. McGarry, Dundee.

THE LIFEBOAT.
By A Reader.

"WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG."
By Winifred Wise, Limpsfield.



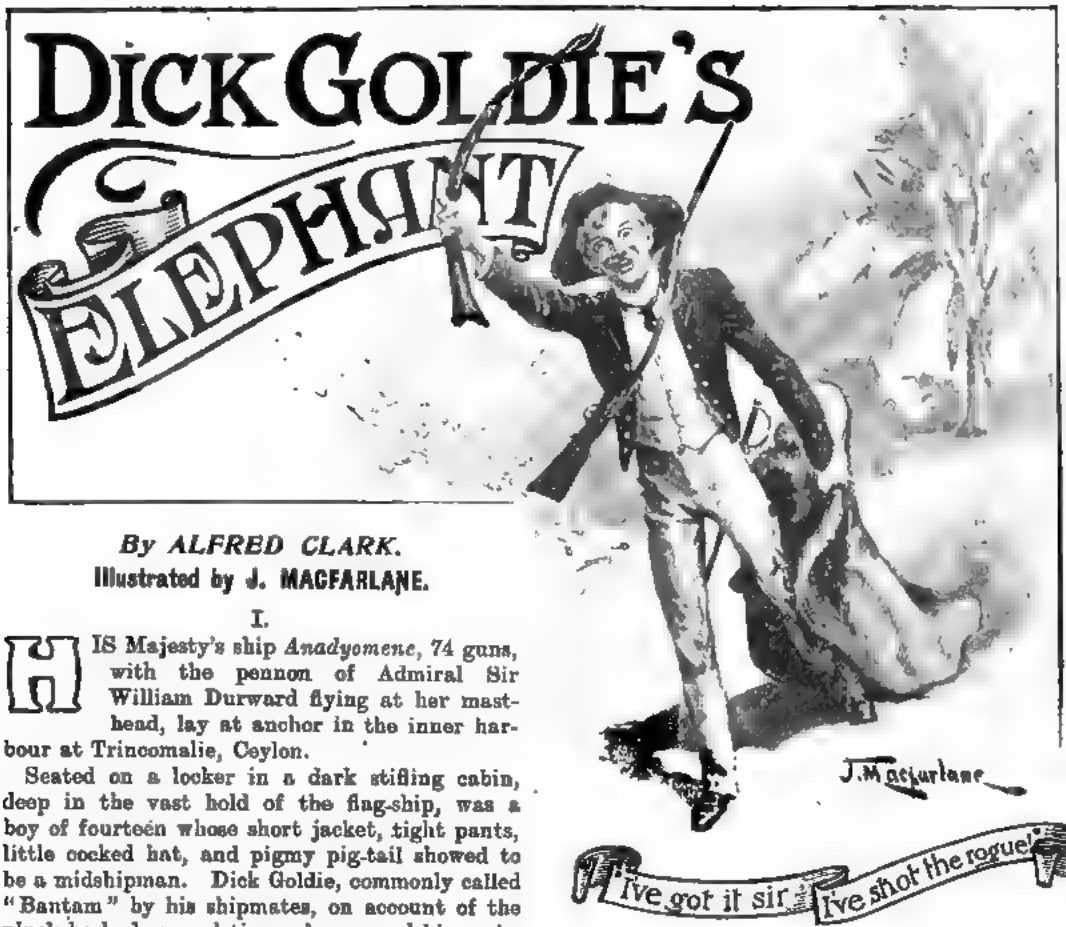
"SCUTCHING."
By W. J. Jones, Streatham Hill, S.W.

MUTTON.
By J. A. Humphreys, Dulwich College.

TRAINING BRIG "ENDEAVOUR," AT THE L.C.C. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX.
By Eustace H. Laycock.

A WATERFALL IN WINTER,
By Rennie Hopper. Nelson, Lancs.

DICK GOLDIE'S ELEPHANT



By ALFRED CLARK.
Illustrated by J. MACFARLANE.

I.

HIS Majesty's ship *Anadyomene*, 74 guns, with the pennon of Admiral Sir William Durward flying at her masthead, lay at anchor in the inner harbour at Trincomalie, Ceylon.

Seated on a locker in a dark stifling cabin, deep in the vast hold of the flag-ship, was a boy of fourteen whose short jacket, tight pants, little cocked hat, and pigmy pig-tail showed to be a midshipman. Dick Goldie, commonly called "Bantam" by his shipmates, on account of the pluck he had several times shown, and his perky way of carrying himself, was a general favourite. He was on his first voyage, having left school only a few months before. He had entered the Royal Navy at an unusually early age through the influence of his father, an officer high in his Majesty's service. Though small for his age, with a very boyish face, he considered himself, by virtue of his position, to be a man, and did his best to imitate the ways and talk of his elders, often with comical effect. His diminutive stature and youth saved him from the rough treatment and brutal bullying then common in the Navy, and he was allowed to do and say things which would not have been tolerated from any one else.

Dick sat, that hot afternoon, gazing lovingly at something that lay on his lap. It was a long, single-barrelled fowling-piece on the newly invented percussion cap principle, given to him by his father, and the possession he prized most in the world. He was never tired of cleaning and polishing it, and would sit for hours, heedless of his companions' chaff, holding it in his hand, sunk in delicious day dreams in which he shot, in fancy, hecatombs of wild beasts. The boy was a born sportsman, and longed ardently for the day when he could track down the mighty elephant, the ferocious leopard, and the surly bear, and lay them low with his treasured gun.

It was a long time, however, before he was able to use the weapon, for he had no opportunity during the voyage of the *Anadyomene*, and for some weeks after her arrival could not get leave ashore, for which his soul craved.

The great day for which Dick had been hoping and longing at length came, and he got an opportunity of trying his beloved gun. The flag-lieutenant, a good-natured man, got leave for a day's shooting, and took the boy with him. Dick's delight as he left the ship with his companion, hugging his gun and supplied with enough ammunition for a campaign, was intense. An hour's ride in a bullock cart brought

them to the place where they hoped to find sport. They had been creeping cautiously about for some time, looking for game, when the lieutenant was startled by seeing Dick, who, in his eagerness, had hurried ahead of his companion, come running back with a face full of pleasurable excitement.

"Elephants, Mr. Douglas, elephants!" he cried, delightedly, but in a low voice.

Knowing that wild elephants were sometimes seen in that neighbourhood, the lieutenant, piloted by Dick, went forward cautiously till they reached an open spot in the forest. The boy pointed eagerly to something standing there, and began to fumble with his gun, evidently almost unable to restrain his desire to open fire. Douglas stood for some seconds staring before him with blank amazement in his face; then he burst into a roar of laughter.

"You silly young ass!—they're *buffaloes!*" he cried, choking with merriment.

When they got back to the ship in the evening and the lieutenant related the joke, there was much laughter. Dick was chaffed unmercifully, but without his equanimity being upset in the least. From that day buffaloes were always spoken of by his messmates as "Bantam's elephants."

Soon after this an unfortunate accident befell the boy, which threatened to cut short his career as a sportsman. The Admiral was very fond of snipe-shooting, and, in an evil day for himself, took Dick, whose father was well known to him, for a day's sport. All went well for a time, for the boy, greatly flattered and pleased by the great man's condescension, took very good care not to fire anywhere in his direction. But, late in the afternoon, as ill-luck would have it, a snipe rose at Dick's feet just as the Admiral disappeared from view for a moment behind a tuft of tall reeds in front; and the boy, on the impulse of the moment, fired. The bird fell, and Dick, after splashing through the mud towards it in huge delight, was about to pick it up when he saw a terrible sight. The Admiral, with his red face contorted with fury, was hopping wildly about on the ridge of a paddy-field, clutching each of his legs alternately in a paroxysm of pain and surprise. What had happened was only too plain to the horror-struck boy—he had shot the Admiral!

For some moments the old gentleman was speechless with rage; then, seeing Dick coming towards him, he addressed him in language almost calculated to reduce him to cinders. He was, however, a good-hearted man, and when the smarting of his wounds began to subside, and he saw the boy's white face full of penitence and distress, he felt ashamed of his outbreak, and gruffly but kindly told him not to take to heart what he had said in his anger.

"But, look here, youngster," he added, "I must take that gun from you. You really cannot be allowed to go on endangering people's lives with it. I was a fool to bring you with me, after what I had heard of your reckless use of it, and have nobody to blame but myself that I got shot."

Dick said nothing, but the Admiral's words pierced his heart like a knife.

Sir William limped across the fields to the village, and, seating himself on a paddy-mortar, tucked up his blood-spotted trousers and took off his shoes and stockings. Some water was brought, and Dick, by his directions, bathed his legs. Then they got into the bullock cart waiting for them, and drove back to Trincomalie. Dick sat beside his victim with pale face and hanging head. The Admiral saw how deeply the threatened seizure of his gun had affected the boy, and his heart relented. As they entered the town, he turned to him and said:

"There, there, my boy, don't look so miserable! You shall have your gun again if you will give me your word of honour that you will be more careful with it in future. But, mind me, if I hear of any more wild firing, I will order it to be taken from you!"

"Oh, thank you, sir, thank you! I will take care, indeed I will!" cried Dick, bursting into tears of gratitude and joy.

When the Chief Surgeon, who had been summoned to Admiralty House to extract the pellets from Sir William's legs, returned to the ship with the news of what had happened, there was much excitement on board. Dick was seized and, much against his will, forced to relate, amid roars of laughter, the particulars of his feat. Fresh relays of shipmates came in every few minutes to hear the wonderful story till the boy was tired of telling it. He did not tire, however, of singing the Admiral's praises. "Oh, he's such a brick!" he kept repeating earnestly every time he thought of the great man's kindness in allowing him to keep his gun.

Dick never heard the last of this untoward accident, and the chaffing he got would have soured a less spirited, happy nature. The poet of the ship composed a song on the incident, only to be sung when Sir William was not within ear-shot. If Dick ventured to differ from any opinion expressed by a shipmate, the retort invariably was—"You shut up, Bantam! Who shot the Admiral?" He was not spared even by the crew, for more than once, when pacing the deck in the dark, he heard a gruff voice aloft whisper—"Say, Bill!"—"Wha-at?"—"'Oo shot the Admiral?"

All this banter, however, did not abate the boy's ardour in the least, and he remained as keen a sportsman as ever.

II

BESSIE MALWOOD, the daughter of Major Malwood, who was in command of a detachment of sepoys quartered at Fort Ostenburg, was the belle of Trincomalie.

THE ADMIRAL WAS SPEECHLESS FROM RAGE.

Every unmarried man in the garrison, and every bachelor whom business or pleasure brought to Trincomalie, from old Colonel Bollair to the midshipmen on the warships, made love to her. Great was the sensation, therefore, when it was announced one day that Bessie Malwood was engaged to be married, and greater still the surprise and disgust when it was known that the happy man who had won her heart was Ronald Skinner, lieutenant of marines on the *Anadyomene*, for Skinner was about the most unpopular man on the flag-ship.

Amongst the most ardent of the young lady's admirers was little Dick Goldie. He was a frequent visitor at the house in Fort Ostenburg, where the Malwoods lived, and never failed at each visit to bring some pretty little present of fur or feathers for his charmer. Bessie liked the bright-faced, handsome boy, and was very good friends with him.

One evening Dick presented himself at the house and found the young lady sitting reading in the verandah. She looked up with a smile as he entered.

"Oh, Miss Malwood!" he burst out with sparkling eyes, "they say that the rogue elephant which killed the tappal-runner last month is now in the Andánkúlam Jungle—and I've got a day's leave, day after to-morrow!"

"But surely you don't intend to go after the dreadful creature, Mr. Goldie?"

"Ra—ther, Miss Malwood! I shall never have such a chance again."

"You are not going alone, of course?"

"Nobody will go with me," returned the boy, ruefully.

"Oh, but you mustn't go alone, you really mustn't! I must ask the Admiral not to let you."

"Miss Malwood!" exclaimed Dick, with such astonishment, consternation and reproach in his voice that the girl hastened to soothe his wounded feelings.

"I didn't mean that, Mr. Goldie, but really, it makes me quite unhappy to think of your going alone after such a monster. It will be dreadfully dangerous!"

"Not a bit, Miss Malwood!" returned the boy cheerfully, and he went on to demonstrate to her how simple it was to creep up through the jungle and shoot the huge beast dead before it was even aware that any human being was near. Before Dick left he promised to present her with a foot-stool made of one of the rogue's forefeet, which she laughingly thanked him for in anticipation.

As the boy strutted off in the funny little consequential way which had earned him his nickname of "Bantam," he met his shipmate and successful rival, Lieutenant Ronald Skinner. The young officer passed him with a slight nod and an expression on his face which showed that he was not pleased to see him coming out of the house. He was evidently in a bad temper, for when he had entered the verandah he said impatiently,

"Why do you let that fellow I met just now hang about you, Bessie? You will make yourself ridiculous."

"He is only a boy, Ronald, but he is a little gentleman, and will not, I am sure, do anything that would make himself or me look foolish."

"He is a cheeky young cub, and wants licking into shape badly."

"I like him, Ronald, and do not wish to hear anything unkind said of him."

In the course of the conversation that followed Bessie told her lover of Dick Goldie's intended hunt after the rogue-elephant.

"The conceited young idiot!" he exclaimed, laughing unpleasantly. "He thinks himself, with that blessed gun of his, good enough to face anything. He'll get smashed to a jelly by the brute."

"Oh, he mustn't be allowed to go, Ronald! You must speak to the Admiral!" cried Bessie, on hearing this.

"You needn't alarm yourself. It's a hundred chances to one that he never sees the beast, and, if he does, it will probably only result in his getting a scare which will do him a world of good." But it took the young man a considerable time to persuade the girl that it was not her duty to write and ask the Admiral to forbid the boy going after the "rogue" alone.

Skinner did not stay long talking with the young lady, as he had business to attend to at the dockyard. As he was leaving, Bessie begged him to try and persuade Dick Goldie not to attempt to go elephant-shooting alone, and he promised to do his best. As he passed the Spa Ground, near Admiralty House, he caught sight of a small crowd watching a huge elephant engaged in dragging logs of timber out of the water. The instant he saw the great beast, an idea occurred to him which made him grin delightedly. He stood for some minutes looking at the elephant, and turning the idea over in his mind.

"Rajah," for that was the elephant's name, was the property of old Rámaswámi, the mess-contractor, and was one of the institutions of Trincomalie. It was said to be over one-hundred years old, and to have been in the service of the Dutch for many years before Ceylon was ceded to the British. It was a tuskless, bull-elephant of unusual size, whose huge gaunt frame, on which its thick skin hung in folds, hollow temples and sunken cheeks showed its great age. Though feeble and half blind, it could still do light work, but its principal duty was to figure in the numerous heathen festivals and marriage processions which paraded the streets of Trincomalie.

"By Jove, it would be rare sport!" muttered Skinner, gazing at the elephant with eyes twinkling maliciously, "I'll be hanged if I don't do it. It will make the young cub the laughing-stock of the place, and he'll be too much cut up to go fooling after Bessie for some time at any rate."

So muttering, the lieutenant turned and retraced his steps into the town till he came to a native house in a narrow street. On entering the garden he caught sight of a portly native lolling in a very dirty lounge chair, with only a thin cloth wrapped round his loins.

"Good morning, Rámaswámi!"

"Good mornin', sar! Anything you wanting, Mr. Skinner?" The mess-contractor knew the young officer well, having had some small dealings with him.

"I have come to see you about your elephant, Rámaswámi."

"What for you wanting my elephant, Mr. Skinner? Want to take board-ship and make little pet? Ho! ho! ha! ha!" laughed the fat mess-contractor.

"Don't be an ass, Rámaswámi," responded Skinner testily. He then made a proposal which caused the owner of the elephant to goggle and gasp with surprise. It was that the mess-contractor should allow old "Rajah" to be tied up next day in the jungle, just outside the town, for young Dick Goldie to have a shot at.

"But I not understan'. What for Mr. Goldie shooting my tame elephan'? Why he not go and shoot wild jungle elephan'?" demanded Rámaswámi, with uplifted hands.

The lieutenant explained that a joke was to be played on the boy, who was to be led to believe that Rajah was a ferocious rogue-elephant.

"But suppose Mr. Goldie kill elephan'?" objected the mess-contractor.

"Oh, there's no fear of that. The fellow's an awful duffer with a gun, and couldn't hit a hay-stack. He will just fire one shot on seeing Rajah, and then bolt like a rabbit."

"But if he fire he will make hole in elephan'!"

"Oh, well, if the fellow wounds it I am willing to pay for the damage. Come now, what's your figure for the hire of the beast for one day?"

It was with much difficulty and after a long talk that the lieutenant persuaded the mess-contractor to consent to Rajah being tied up in the jungle next day for young Goldie to fire at. The mess-contractor was a man of business, and insisted on the agreement being in writing, and Skinner, though he refused for a time, eventually signed the memorandum.

Saying that he would come again next morning to settle the exact place in the jungle where Rajah was to be tethered, and to make all other arrangements, he left the house. As he walked towards the boat jetty, he chuckled over the capital joke he was going to play on young Goldie.

"They'll chaff his skin off!" he thought, gleefully.

Early next morning Skinner went ashore and hired a small ramshackle bullock-hackeri to take him out of the town. At the first mile post on the road to Kandy, Skinner found the mahout of the elephant Rajah waiting for him. Dismounting from his creaking conveyance the young man led the way into the forest by an old half-overgrown timber-cutter's path, followed by the mahout. When they had gone about a quarter of a mile, Skinner stopped at a small open spot among the trees and looked round. "This'll do, I think," he muttered, and then turning to his companion said in pidgin English,

"Look here, you bring along one piccy elephant, night-time coming, and moor him to this tree. You sabe?"

The mahout swung his head from side to side to express comprehension, but there was a grin on his bearded face, and a twinkle in his eye, which made the young officer gaze at him suspiciously.

III.

ON his return to the ship, Skinner went in search of Dick Goldie, and found him on deck gazing over the harbour at the distant forest-clad hills.

"I hear that you're going after the rogue that has been seen in the neighbourhood of the town, youngster. I was driving along the Kandy road this morning, and it strikes me that you are likely to have some sport," he said to the boy with a sneering smile.

"Oh, Mr. Skinner, did you see his tracks?" gasped Dick, trying hard not to appear excited, but betraying by his flushed face and sparkling eyes his joy at the news.

"Well, no—I didn't," was the slow reply, "but I saw sufficient to make me think that you are certain to get a shot to-morrow."

"Where do you think he will be in the morning, Mr. Skinner?"

"It's impossible to say, but if I were you I would make for the first mile-post out of the town and turn into the jungle to the north along the cart track you will find there. You are bound to come on the brute before you have gone far."

"Thank you, Mr. Skinner," responded Dick, gratefully, and hurried below to get out his spotlessly clean gun and give it another rub in preparation for the morrow's expedition.

Skinner went ashore again late in the evening and walked out of the town to the spot where he had met the mahout in the morning. On the way he noticed on the dusty road the great round footprints of an elephant, and saw that Rajah's owner and the mahout had carried out their agreement with him. It was by this time getting dark, and Skinner, who was of a nervous disposition, was unpleasantly impressed by the silence and gloom of the forest-path he wished to enter. While he was standing irresolute, more than half inclined to be satisfied with the evidence he had already seen of Rajah having been taken to the forest, he heard a shout and saw some one coming along the road towards him. It was Douglas, the flag-lieutenant, who was returning alone after a day's snipe-shooting.

"Hullo! what are you doing here, Skinner!" he exclaimed.

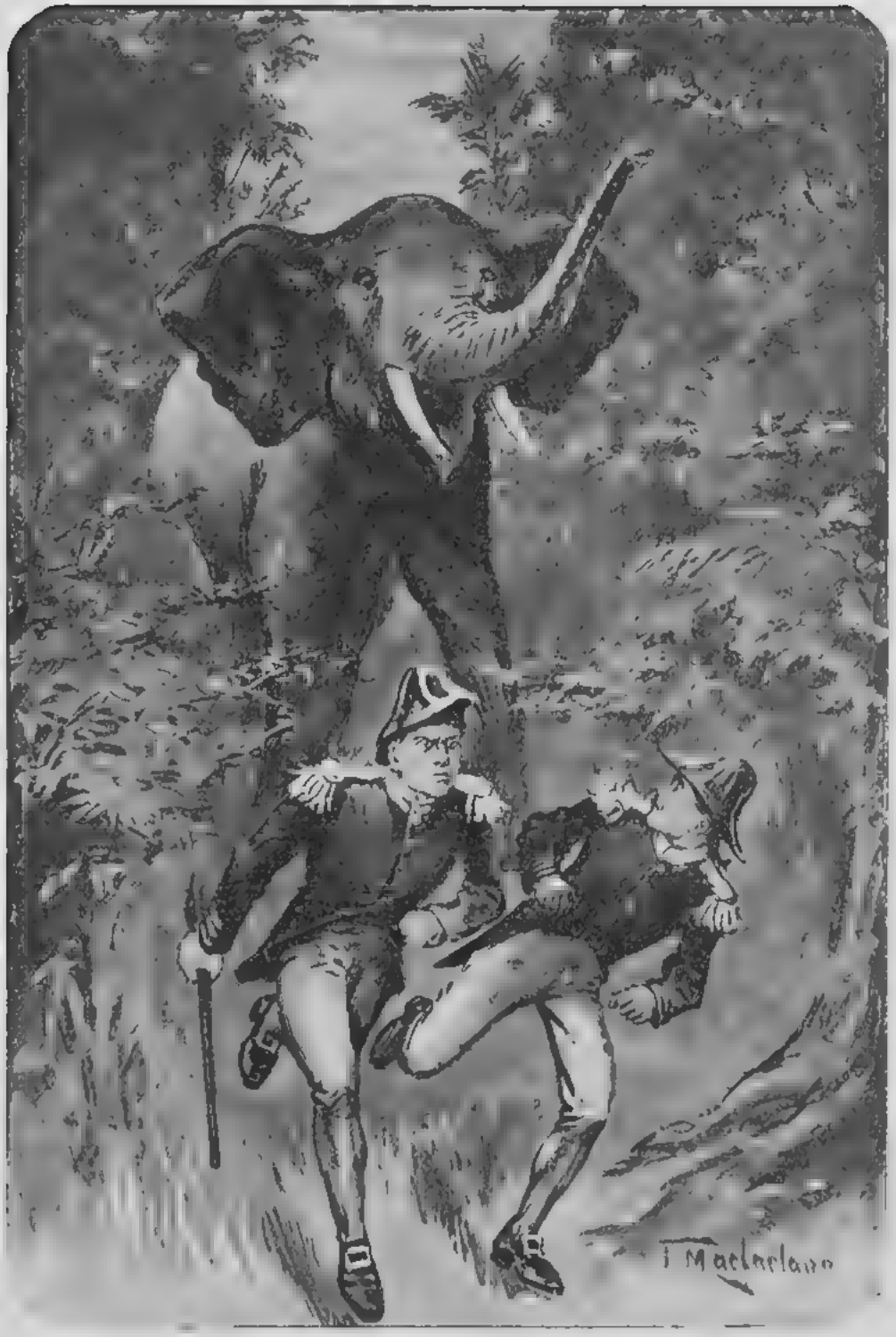
"I'm just going into the jungle to see if an order I gave has been attended to. Do you care to come with me? It will take only a few minutes."

A few minutes' walk brought them to the spot where Skinner had arranged to have Rajah tethered—but the elephant was not there!

"Hanged if I didn't suspect as much! The rascal has humbugged me after all," muttered the young man angrily.

"What's up?" asked Douglas, hearing his shipmate's wrathful mutterings.

Skinner did not reply, for, just at that moment, he heard in the forest ahead of them the unmistakable sounds made by an elephant feeding. His face cleared, for he at once concluded



THE ELEPHANT UTTERED A SHRILL TRUMPET, WHICH SEEMED TO THEM THE MOST AWFUL SOUND THEY HAD EVER HEARD

that the mahout had either tied up the elephant in the wrong place, or that it had slipped its tethering chain, and had strayed away from the spot where it had been left tied as ordered.

"Do you mind coming on a bit further, Douglas?" he asked.

"Go ahead," responded his companion, shortly.

When they had gone a few paces further Douglas stopped.

"Listen!" he said. "Isn't that an elephant in the jungle ahead of us?"

"Yes, but it is only old Rajah!" returned Skinner, without vouchsafing any further explanation. Douglas looked puzzled, but said nothing.

There was still a good deal of light in the sky when the two men reached the spot where the elephant was feeding. It stood in the path with its broad hindquarters to them, but, on hearing their steps, it quickly turned and, frigid as a rock, faced them with cocked ears and extended trunk.

"Why, hang it!—that's not Rámaswámi's old elephant! By heaven, it's a wild one!" whispered Douglas in a tone of alarm.

"It's the rogue! Let's run!" gasped Skinner.

As the two men turned, the elephant made a sudden step forward, and uttered a shrill trumpet which seemed to them the most horrible sound they had ever heard. They had scarcely gone twenty yards when Douglas tripped over a tree-root and fell, dropping his gun. Hearing the elephant coming on behind, he scrambled to his feet and continued his flight, leaving the weapon lying on the ground.

"Great Scott, he'll catch us!" he exclaimed on overtaking his companion. "A tree is our only chance. Thank Heaven, here's one!"

It was a many-branched vérai tree which stood on the side of the cart-track. Urged by terror, the two men ran up the tree with the nimbleness of monkeys. It was well for them that they were accustomed to climbing, for while they were still scrambling madly up, the rogue-elephant in chase of them stopped under the tree. The brute evidently heard their movements above, for it stood listening intently, while its intended victims, panting with excitement, looked down on its broad back. Presently, lowering its huge head, it placed the base of its trunk against the tree, and pushed with all its might. Every branch and twig quivered, but the tree was too strong and deep-rooted to be overturned by even the tremendous pressure applied to it. Uttering a deep rumbling sound, and with flapping ears and stiffened tail, the rogue went round the tree and tried to push it over from the other side, but was unsuccessful. After a time it moved off a few yards and began to feed again, but it was soon obvious to the unfortunate men in the tree that the brute was keeping an eye on them.

Meanwhile Douglas' wrath had been slowly rising, and it at length broke out in words.

"Perhaps you will be so good as to tell me what all this means, Skinner," he exclaimed, angrily. "You ask me to come into the jungle in order, apparently, to show me Rámaswámi's tame elephant, though what for, goodness only knows. But instead of showing me Rajah, you introduce me to a rogue elephant, which promptly attacks us and treés us. You may know what you are about, but I'll be hanged if I do!"

"I was as much surprised as you were on finding it was not Rámaswámi's elephant," returned his companion, hesitatingly.

"Look here, Skinner, I can see there's something queer in this business. You have got me into a mess as well as yourself, and I am entitled to know how it came about. You had better tell me exactly what brought you here this evening."

After a good deal of pressure, Skinner confessed the trick he had intended to play on Dick Goldie.

"By heavens, you deserve to be kicked!" exclaimed Douglas, indignantly, on realising the cruelty and want of good feeling involved in the "joke," as its originator termed it. He spoke so loudly that the rogue stopped feeding and sauntered up to the tree to see whether its victims were attempting to escape and to make another unsuccessful attempt to push down the tree, after which it moved off and began to feed again in the vicinity.

After an hour or two had passed the two listening men simultaneously noticed that the sound of breaking branches and the scrunch of huge jaws had ceased. They determined to descend from the tree and to make their way through the forest in the direction of the town, hoping to strike the road, which could not be far off. They descended as noiselessly as they could and began to creep through the dark forest. They had been laboriously making their way, as they hoped, towards the road for about half an hour, and were drenched with perspiration and panting with their exertions, when they simultaneously stopped. Only a few yeards ahead of them they heard a sound which struck them with terror. It was the flapping of an elephant's ears! They had obviously come upon the rogue again, and were so close to it that they momentarily expected to hear it come crashing through the forest at them. There was nothing for it but to take to the trees again. Luckily one with

low branches stood near, and into this the two men clambered as quietly as they could.

The hours that followed were about the most miserable they had ever passed.

"Thank heaven!" muttered Douglas fervently, but hoarsely, when the brightening of the eastern sky showed that day was about to dawn. His companion was incapable of speech from weariness and want of sleep. When the light was strong enough for them to see all their surroundings clearly, they observed that the elephant was still in the same place where it had been all night. It was evidently awake; nevertheless the two men, after interrogative glances at each other, resolved to descend from the tree and try to escape. On reaching the ground they at once crept away as quickly and as noiselessly as they could, and soon found themselves on the main road, which was only about two hundred paces from the spot where they had spent the night. Here they stopped to stretch themselves and to rub their aching legs.

As they stood there silently congratulating themselves on their escape from the rogue, they were startled by the loud report of a gun in the forest close by. A few seconds later they heard another sound which caused them, after exchanging horrified glances, to set off running at top speed towards the town. The sound was caused by some huge animal crashing through the jungle towards them. When they had run a short distance, Douglas glanced over his shoulder.

"Heavens! it's that awful brute again!" he exclaimed, and fled down the road at a pace that soon enabled him to overtake his companion.

It was, indeed, the elephant. The terrible creature rushed out of the forest, throwing down a small tree across the road as it emerged. It stood for one moment flapping its ears furiously, and then, with a trumpet, came shuffling along the road after the two men, apparently in pursuit of them. Horror-struck on seeing this, Douglas and Skinner ran as they had not run since they were boys at school. Neither of them was in good training, and by the time they reached Yard Cove their high-stepping pace and laboured breathing showed that they were exhausted and winded. Meanwhile the elephant came on, six feet at every stride, and was rapidly overtaking them. The sound of the monster's mighty feet ploughing through the shallow water of the Cove forced them to put on a spurt, and they made good time over Orr's Hill. When they reached the Inner Harbour they thought their last hour was come, for the elephant was close behind, and neither of them felt able to run a dozen yards further. Just at this moment they came on a small native hut on the road side, and into this frail place of refuge they both rushed, tumbling over one another in their fear. A few moments of agonizing suspense followed, for they expected that the hut would be broken down over them and that they would be dragged out and trampled to death. A couple of minutes passed, however, and nothing happened. When Douglas, panting for breath, and hardly able to see from the perspiration streaming into his eyes, peeped cautiously out of the door, he was intensely relieved to find that the elephant was not in sight. On coming out of the hut, however, he was horrified to see by the foot-prints of the animal on the road that it had gone towards the town.

"Good heavens, Skinner! The mad brute is making for the town. We ought to call the military out to shoot it, or it will be killing the niggers like ants!"

The expression of Skinner's face showed that the danger the people of the town were in disturbed him very little, but he followed his comrade when Douglas started off in the wake of the elephant. They proceeded at a rapid pace along the Harbour Road following the huge foot-prints. Near the town they came on a portion of road which was hard and smooth, and the great round footmarks ceased to be visible. There was nothing to show whether the elephant had turned eastward towards the native town or had gone straight on towards Fort Ostenburg. They decided to go at once and report what had happened to the authorities.

A few minutes later the two men were at Admiralty House, and their disordered clothes, dirty and haggard faces, and excited manner caused some commotion among the officers and others in attendance when they announced that they had something important to tell Sir William Durward.

"Beg pardon, sir!" exclaimed Douglas, when they were admitted to the Admiral's presence, "but that rogue elephant, which, they say, is such a murderous brute, has come into the town and is probably, at this moment, killing people in the bazaar!"

"We came on it in the jungle yesterday evening, sir, and we only escaped it by climbing a tree, in which we sat all night, and this morning it chivvied us into the town!" added Skinner.

A few questions enabled Sir William to understand what had happened. He at once ordered the flag-ship to be signalled to send ashore an armed boat's crew, and sent notes to the officers commanding at Fort Fredrich and Fort Ostenburg informing them of the presence in the town of the mad elephant. He then, accompanied by Douglas and Skinner, hurried to the place where the rogue had last been seen. From the spot

where its huge footprints ceased to be visible they went along the road making enquiries as they went. To their great surprise every person they met stated that they had not seen anything of the brute. One or two men said that they had seen Rámaswámi's tame elephant going to its stable near its owner's house, but laughed when asked whether it was not the rogue elephant which they had seen.

"Have we not known Rajah since we were children, and did not our fathers and grandfathers know him before us?" they exclaimed, evidently thinking that the three officers who were looking for a rogue-elephant in the streets of Trincomalie must be either mad or drunk.

Having had the footprints of the animal pointed out to him by Douglas and Skinner, the Admiral had no doubt whatever of the truth of their story, but was, nevertheless, much perplexed. On reaching Admiralty Flats without seeing or hearing anything of the elephant, the three men stopped to discuss what was to be done. As they talked they saw coming towards them at the double the boat's crew which the Admiral had signalled for, armed with muskets and powder and ball. A few minutes later half a company of sepoys, wearing sandles, shiny shakos, cross belts and stiff stocks, appeared marching down from Fort Ostenburg, led by Major Malwood. Almost simultaneously a number of officers from Fort Fredrich and also several civilians arrived, armed with guns of every sort, and all demanding eagerly where the rogue-elephant was.

"To tell you the truth, gentlemen, we don't know," replied the Admiral to these enquiries. "That the brute has come into the town is beyond doubt, but whither it has betaken itself we have yet to find out."

"It has probably turned back to the jungle by the coast road," remarked one of the officers.

"Or taken shelter in the jungle below Dutch Point," suggested another.

"It has, more likely, gone round by Chapel Rocks to the jungle at the back of Ostenburg Hill," said a third.

A discussion, which lasted several minutes, followed. A plan of action for a systematic search for the hiding rogue-elephant had just been decided on when an exclamation from Major Malwood caused all assembled to turn and look in the direction in which he was gazing.

"Who is it?"—"It's young Goldie"—"What's the matter with the boy?"—"What in the world has he got there?"

It was, indeed, Dick Goldie, covered with dust and streaming with perspiration, his face flushed with heat and happiness, and his blue eyes dancing with delight.

His long-barrelled fowling-piece was slung across his back; in his right hand he held an elephant's tail, and with his left he dragged along a huge amputated elephant's ear.

"I've got it, sir—I've shot the rogue!" he gasped, addressing the Admiral, and hardly able to articulate the words through excitement.

"Well done, my boy, well done!" replied Sir William heartily, "but where did you shoot it?"

"Through the head, sir; one shot killed it."

"I mean at what place?"

"In the jungle, sir, about a mile out of the town."

"A mile out of the town! at what time did you shoot it?"

"Just after daybreak, sir."

"Bless my soul! this is very extraordinary, gentlemen!" exclaimed the Admiral, turning to Douglas and Skinner. Before either of them could reply, and while all present were staring at each other in silence, trying to understand what was taking place, a loud voice was heard crying in wheezy, tearful tones.

"Where Mr. Skinner? Please gentlemen, Mr. Skinner here? I got terrible thing to tell."

The speaker was Rámaswámi, the mess-contractor, whose fat face wore a most lugubrious expression.

"Here he is, Rámaswámi. What's up?" exclaimed one of the bystanders.

"Oh, Mr. Skinner, what for you kill my elephan'? He come running from the jungle to his stable this morning, and then lying down and dying. Aiyo! Aiyo! how I can lose my elephan'?" cried the mess-contractor on seeing the young officer.

"Hang your elephant—I didn't kill it," growled Skinner with a blank face, for the explanation of all that had happened since the evening before began to dawn on him.

Meanwhile Douglas, who had been gazing round with expressionless face at his shipmates, and at the officers of the garrison standing round, mutely appealing for some explanation of the mystery, on hearing Rámaswámi's pathetic announcement of the death of his old elephant, suddenly clasped his hands in front of him and bent himself double, roaring with laughter.

"What's the joke, Mr. Douglas?" asked the Admiral.

"It was—Rámaswámi's old tame elephant—which treed us last night—and which chased us into the town this morning!"

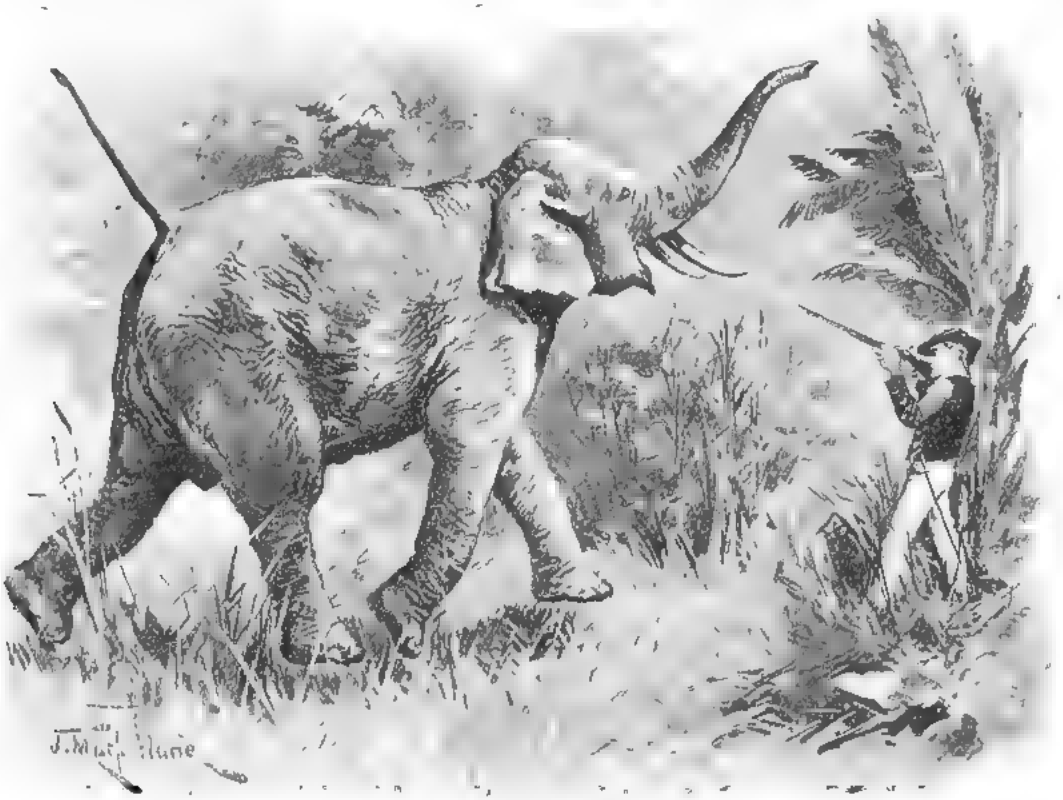
There was a shout of laughter from everybody standing within hearing, for not one of them had failed to see the joke and to appreciate it to the full. All the sailors and sepoys grinned in sympathy with the hilarity of their officers.

Then Douglas related all that had happened to Skinner and himself during the night. When he had finished, some questions were asked of Rámaswámi, whose replies made everything perfectly clear. The elephant to which Skinner had introduced Douglas was the dreaded rogue itself, which had made its appearance unexpectedly in the neighbourhood. The elephant they had come on when trying to make their way to the road was old Rajah, which had been purposely tethered by the mahout in a different place to that pointed out by animal, and on reaching its home it had lain down and died.

Mingled with the laughter which followed Douglas' story were a number of strong expressions of disapproval and disgust at Skinner's conduct.

For some time Skinner received very cold treatment from his brother officers, and colder treatment still from Bessie Malwood, who, disgusted by his jealousy of a mere lad, broke off her engagement with him.

And Skinner's pocket suffered, as well as his



DICK GOLDIE, BY GREAT GOOD LUCK, KILLED IT AT THE FIRST SHOT.

Skinner. Dick Goldie had started on his solitary hunt after the rogue before daylight, and had come on it just after sun-rise, and by great good luck had killed it at the first shot. Old Rajah, who was tethered close by, had been so alarmed by the report of the gun that it had broken its tethering chain and bolted back to the town. It was, in fact, making for its stable at the time the two officers mistook it for the rogue, and thought it was in pursuit of them. The unwonted exertion and excitement had been too much for the ancient, decrepit pride, for Rámaswámi, the mess-contractor, demanded payment of one thousand rupees, the value of his elephant—done to death, as he asserted, by Skinner; and on the young man's refusing to pay, on the ground that young Goldie had not fired at the beast, laid the matter before the Admiral.

Sir William sent for the lieutenant.

"I do not know which is the more extraordinary, sir—your idea of a joke, or your conception of the obligation attaching to a written bond.—You will pay Rámaswámi at once."

THE END.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

Chameleon.—P. J. (Aberdeen) asks "how one may get a chameleon sent home from South Africa." If P. J. has any friend out there, there does not appear to be any difficulty in getting this done; but if not I should suppose the simplest and cheapest method would be to purchase one from an animal dealer in his own country. By this method all risk of the creature dying on the voyage is avoided.

Newts.—I am asked by "R. R." (Inellan), if newts are water lizards. It is quite a common error to regard them as such, on account of some similarity of shape. In no other respect, however, do newts and lizards resemble each other, and their relationship is very distant. Newts are soft-skinned creatures, like their near relations the frogs and toads, and, like these, begin life in the water as legless tadpoles. Lizards are lizards from their earliest hours, and live entirely on land. Their skins are dry and completely covered with overlapping scales. Lizards are true reptiles, but the newts, frogs, and toads constitute a separate class (Batrachians) intermediate between the reptiles and the fishes. In answer to "R. R.'s" further questions: (1) The term triton is an alternative name applied to all newts. (2) The Alpine Spotted Newt differs from our British newts in having the sides streaked with white, on which are black spots. The crest also is white with black spots, and in the breeding season the male has a bright blue band along each side. It is a native of Central Europe. (3) All newts may be fed upon live worms and smooth caterpillars.—"R. C. W." (Crieff), also has some newt queries. If the aquarium is liberally supplied with growing water-weeds, the water will only require changing when it becomes fouled by the decay of uneaten food, but this will not happen if the food (see 3 above) is not given in excessive quantities. Newts are not aquatic animals except in their infantile stages and during the breeding season (spring). When they show a desire to escape from the aquarium they should be placed in a fern-case with land plants.—Yet another of "ours" is troubled about newts. "Enquirer" (Harringay) says: "I had two large spotted Alpine Newts in the aquarium, and both have disappeared, notwithstanding that the sides, which are of cement, are very steep; also the top is covered with small-mesh wire netting. . . . Could you tell me the reason of it? Also, can water-newts and lizards live out of water, and should they have a grass-bank near to come out on if they feel disposed?" I think "Enquirer" will find all these questions answered in the replies given to "R. R." and "R. C. W." above. For other queries see below.

Aquarium Matters.—Your aquarium is evidently not conducted on right principles. You must copy Nature if you wish to succeed. An aquarium is really an artificial pond; therefore think of the conditions of pond-life. The water is not constantly changed, yet in ponds where fish and other tolerably large forms of life exist the water is clear. This is due to the presence of growing weeds in abundance which absorb the (to animals) deadly carbonic acid gas and give off the vitalising oxygen. If this process is going on in the aquarium, the water will remain of sparkling brightness, and teem with minute forms of life, upon which the fish will largely support themselves. First cleanse your aquarium thoroughly to get rid of any germs of the fungoid parasite that has killed your goldfish; then refill with fresh water and plant in the gravel several vigorous plants of Water Thyme (*Elodea canadense*). When these have become well established and are giving off bubbles of oxygen introduce goldfish or carp afresh, and a few small pond-snails. Feed with small earthworms, blood-worms, "ants'-eggs," and raw meat chopped fine. Only as much food as will be consumed at once should be given, and any left unconsumed should be removed, or it will foul the water and cause trouble.

Dytiscus or Dyticus?—R. P. H. Hick (Macclesfield) has a controversy with a friend as to which is the correct way of spelling the name of this water-beetle. R. P. H. H. favours *Dyticus* because it is derived from the Greek δυτικός a diver, and because the late Rev. J. G. Wood, and Mr. Bennett in the *B.O.P.*, say that is the correct word. His friendly opponent, on the other hand, quotes Dr. Sharp in the Cambridge Natural History. All these things are true, but the real point is that Linnæus, who was the beetle's scientific sponsor, called it *Dytiscus*. We may criticise Linnæus and say that he ought to have called it *Dytikos* or *Dyticus*, but he called it *Dytiscus*, and therefore Dr. Sharp and all the other authorities are right in using that spelling. There are many other scientific words derived from Greek or Latin roots that cannot be defended on purely philological lines, but it is generally agreed among the highest authorities to adhere to the names as given by those who originated them. If my parents had named me Ted or Ned, I should have had to be content with that as my cognomen, though I should have known that Edward was the correct form. Other queries: (1) Hoffmann and Kirby's *Beetle Collector's Handbook* (Sonnenschein, 4s. 6d.). (2) Swaysland's *Familiar Wild Birds* is very good.

Waltzing Mice.—In answer to C. J. Fearfield (Nottingham), these mice cost from 5s. to 12s. 6d. per pair. They are not really Japanese, but only ordinary white mice that are suffering from a

form of brain disease which produces the queer movements that are dignified with the name of waltzing. I do not think the keeping or purchasing of such diseased animals is to be commended, because if they were not purchased the dealers would not breed them; and surely there is no real pleasure to be got by watching the giddy walking of creatures so afflicted. Respecting size of cage, it must be sufficiently large to allow of the so-called waltzing, which is really a running in a circle of about three inches diameter. The book you want is *Fancy Mice* (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.).

Black and White Rats.—From fancy mice to fancy rats is an easy transition. G. T. Shaw (Tavistock) has a black and white doe which he showed to a white buck, who very ungallantly attempted to bite her. As he wished them to become friends, this was disappointing. Well, G. T. S., I should continue to place their cages together until he exhibits as friendly a spirit as the doe, which I fancy will not take long. For the change of food you desire, give her occasionally one or more of the following (in addition to those you mention): nuts, oats, peas, beans, carrots, and the lean of boiled meat, chopped fine.

Books Wanted.—J. Andrews (Balham): There is a capital little illustrated work on *Butterfly and Moth Collecting*, published by L. Upcott Gill, price 1s.—R. L. F. (Lewisham): I am not acquainted with a book on the birds of Kent, but there is a chapter on the subject in the Kent volume of the "Victoria County Histories" (Constable and Co.). This is a large and expensive work, but you might be able to see it in a free library.—"Shamrock" (Corbridge): *Beetle Collector's Handbook*, by Hoffmann and Kirby (Sonnenschein and Co, 4s. 6d.), contains coloured figures of 500 European species.—F. Bagshaw (Hornsey): Webster's *Book of Bee-Keeping* (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.), is a good practical illustrated handbook.

Great Spotted Woodpecker.—A. Gordon Neale (Wealdstone), has been making observations on this interesting wild bird at Pinner, and as a result sends me some notes, which I should have pleasure in printing in this corner if space permitted. Judging by the amount of correspondence I get, the "Corner" appears to supply a want, and the answers to queries require so much space that there is no room for contributions from readers.

ROOKS AND NEST.

Rooks or Crows?—G. Tomlin (Willesden) has had a discussion with a chum who persists in describing the nests that are so frequent in elm-tops in London suburbs as crows' nests, G. T. asserting that they are rooks' nests. You are quite right, G. T.; but your chum's error is excusable and very natural, because to nineteen persons out of twenty the bird is the crow, and they do not appear to know of a bird called a rook. Crows do not show any partiality for London; moreover, they are solitary birds, whilst the rook likes company, flying in flocks, and half-a-dozen pairs, or more, building nests in one tree. The adult rook can always be distinguished from a crow by the forehead and cheeks being bare of feathers,

HOW TO CHOOSE AN ENGLAND TEAM.

THERE is no subject upon which people entertain such diverse opinions as the composition of their ideal England cricket eleven. The question "who is going to Australia?" is a matter of mere fact which eventually we can all discover for ourselves in the columns of the daily newspapers. But the question, "who ought to be chosen to go?" is vastly different: and it is never settled to the satisfaction of every one. However, we will have a chat about it and perhaps learn a thing or two by the way.

To begin with, there are two totally distinct points of view on the matter; first, that of the general public which judges almost entirely by current form as embodied in the batting and bowling averages; secondly, that of the connoisseur of cricket who judges batsmen and bowlers not so much by their statistical performances as by the methods and form by which these statistical performances are achieved.

A MAN'S METHOD.

For batsmen and bowlers differ very much more in their real value than can be gathered from mere statistics. Often you see two men about equal in the batting averages: yet, if you know the game of cricket at all, you can very likely say at once that one is a great player who is fit to make 150 not out in a test match, while the other, though a good player, has a method which, though successful enough in ordinary county cricket, scarcely promises good results against the best Australian bowling. Of course, the man who consistently makes big scores against the best English bowlers is equally likely to make runs against the Australian bowlers. But there are many batsmen with high averages who achieve this elevated position by scoring heavily against the weaker counties. A man who makes high scores against any bowling must have some considerable skill and merit. But the connoisseur judges him. Archie Maclaren judges him not merely by his scores but by the way in which he bats in making these scores. In fact, the man who knows judges not only by results but by the character of the means by which these results are achieved.

THE TRUE TEST OF A BATSMAN'S CLASS.

The chief criterion of a batsman's class is whether or not in making scores he knows what he is doing all the time; whether, that is, in making his strokes he makes them knowing all about them. This criterion narrows down the number of really high-class batsmen to very narrow limits. Indeed, I do not think that, taking all sorts of wickets into consideration, there are more than about a dozen, if as many, first-class batsmen who thoroughly satisfy this extreme test. Of course, no good judge of batting estimates a man on his "out-of-form" form. A batsman out of form is just like a racehorse which is unwell. You do not judge a flyer like Sceptre by her performances when she is unfit.

When a batsman of proved tip-top class is making only small scores, the reason may be one of two things; he may be unwell and out-of-gear, and, in consequence, may be playing badly for the time being; or, he may be playing as well as ever, but yet, by the curious chances of the game, may be quite unsuccessful. It is very strange how the best players are sometimes in their best form, yet have a run of small scores on plumb, dry, fast pitches. Even W. G. has had this experience, not once or twice, but often, in his unequalled career. A first-rate top-sawyer batsman in form does not require luck to help him against the bowler, but he does need an

absence of bad luck—a very different matter, if you think of it.

AN EXAMPLE.

An excellent example of the last point occurred last year. When the English team for the first test match was being chosen, there was some discussion about whether Tyldesley ought to be included because he had not been making many runs up to that date. Maclaren, who had seen Tyldesley making unobtrusive 20's and 30's, was sure the splendid little player was, despite his small scores, in excellent form. Tyldesley was chosen, and made 138 in the test match.

It is a sound principle never to leave out a man of proved and established worth, just because he is making small scores, in favour of a man of less skill who is scoring heavily, unless you are sure that the former is really out of form.

VARIETY IN BOWLING.

With regard to bowlers, statistics are a much more helpful guide than in the case of batsmen. But figures do not tell the whole tale. The best means of finding out the real value of a bowler is to consult a number of the best batsmen who have played against him. Any first-rate batsman will tell you that there are several bowlers by no means at the top of the average tables who are really the most difficult to play. Even allowing for the personal peculiarities of each batsman, this is really the most valuable source of information about the relative merits of bowlers.

WANTED: THE BEST COMBINATION.

A point about the selection of bowlers which is often neglected by the critic in the crowd is this: as a general principle, you do not want the four best bowlers for an England eleven—at least, not necessarily; what you want is the four best bowlers each of his kind. For instance, suppose Bobby Peel, Johnny Briggs, Rhodes, and Hargreave were now all playing and were by common consent and in fact the four best bowlers in England. Would you play them all? No; for then you would have four slow, medium left-handers on your side. Probably you would choose only one of them, or, at most, two; then you could include the best fast right-hander, the best medium pace right-hander, and the best fast left-hander, or the best leg-breaker, or any other combination of bowlers which would give you not only class but variety. It is the best combination of bowlers, rather than the four or five best bowlers, that is needed. It might happen that two bowlers of the same kind might be so good as to counter-balance variety. Or even three! For instance, a captain of an England side would not, I fancy, object to having Arthur Mold, Tom Richardson, and Lockwood (all at their best) on his side. But in general you need variety. There is such a thing as having a tip-top bowler and yet not being able to use him.

These points are rather general, but, I hope, not uninteresting to you. At any rate, these and similar considerations are those kept in view when experts like the English selection committee meet and deliberate, and precisely those left out of view by the average critic of test match teams.

Now, suppose you and I are choosing a team of fourteen to go to Australia in the autumn. How shall we do it?

OUR WICKET-KEEPERS.

First, we must have two wicket-keepers: one, the best wicket-keeper we know of, the other, either the next best we know of or the best wicket-keeper who can, in addition, bat well. It is so important, especially on fast, good wickets like those in Australia, to have the best wicket-keeper, irrespective of his batting, that we must think only of wicket-keeping and nothing else in choosing our first "stumper." But, of course, if there is equality in this, we choose the better bat. General opinion in county cricket favours Lilley, of Warwickshire, Humphries, of Derbyshire, Strudwick, of Surrey, and H. Martyn, of Somerset, as the four best wicket-keepers. But some people favour Huish, of Kent. Personally, I cannot say anything about Humphries, for I have not seen him; and Strudwick I have only seen once. Unless you have any decided opinion, we had better take Lilley and Martyn. Luckily, both are also good batsmen. But really we ought to see Humphries, because some good judges vote him distinctly the best in the country.

By the way, we do not consider the possibility of any of our choices refusing our invitation. In this we resemble the critic in the crowd; he never imagines any cricketer has anything to stop him going to the extreme ends of the earth!

OUR BOWLERS.

Well, now we want our bowlers. First, a fast right-hander. Here there is no doubt. Lockwood is really in a class by himself for big matches. In his case we will disregard current form altogether. He is so much the best fast bowler that we will take him on the chance of his being at his best in Australia in spite of the perfect wickets and great heat.

And we will nurse him well so as to keep him fresh for the test matches.

Then we want a medium pace right-hander who bowls well on plumb wickets. Here our choice may be rather unexpected. Unless you object, we will have Relf, of Sussex. He is a remarkable plumb-wicket bowler and clean bowls the best batsmen in their best form on the best fast wickets. It may be agreed that we want a right-hand, sticky wicket bowler; and Relf does not bowl as well as one might expect on sticky wickets. He is essentially a fast wicket bowler. But I fancy him on plumb Australian wickets. Besides, it so happens that we have a good medium pace right-hander in one of our all-round men.

This is Arnold, of Worcestershire. He is probably as good a bowler as there is of his pace and style. He can bowl sides out on a sticky wicket and also bowl well on a dry pitch. And he is a good class batsman.

THE BOWLER-BATSMAN.

Now we want two left-handers, a fast and a slow. As luck has it, we can get two who are also batsmen—the two famous Yorkshiremen, Rhodes and Hirst. We want Rhodes in any case, because we must have the best sticky wicket, medium pace left-hander. Luckily, he can bat well; so that even if we have no sticky wickets we lose nothing by including him; besides, he is as likely as, if not more likely than, any other slow medium left-hander, to get men out on plumb wickets. Even if we are wrong in the last point, and even if Hargreave, of Warwickshire, or Blythe, of Kent, is better on a plumb wicket, still, taking everything into account, Rhodes is undoubtedly our man.

About Hirst we have no trouble. He has no rival as a fast left-hand bowler, and is good enough to go for his batting alone.

For variety we need a leg-break bowler. Here we are in luck: for in Braund we have a fine bat who is also the best leg-breaker.

OUR BATSMEN.

Before choosing any batsmen pure and simple, let us see what we have now got:—Lilley, Martyn, Lockwood, Relf, Rhodes, Arnold, Hirst, and Braund. Eight of our fourteen. Of these, two are picked purely as stumpers, four purely as bowlers, and two as all-rounders, with an eye chiefly to their bowling. Yet every one of them is a batsman of excellent ability. Every one is good enough for 50 in a test match, and several of them would cause no surprise by making 100. All the bowlers, too, are good fieldsmen: four of them exceptional fieldsmen.

For our best eleven we only want one wicket-keeper. Probably we shall fight shy of leaving more than one of our bowlers out; perhaps we shall include them all in our test match eleven. Anyway, let us say we have a wicket-keeper and five bowlers, including Hirst, who is a very high-class batsman, for our best eleven. We now want the five best batsmen available, including the best pure hitter if he is good enough. Our hitter is ready to hand, and most distinctly he is good enough: G. L. Jessop. Then we have four places—A. C. Maclaren is certainly one, F. S. Jackson another, Ranjitsinhji another, and, for the fourth place, Tyldesley, L. C. H. Palairet, and Hayward. Of these three we shall probably have room for two when we discover, in trial matches against the Colonies, that we do not need all our bowlers. Otherwise we must pick the man who is in the best form at the time.

OUR FIELD.

Note, too, that though we have not studied fielding—an all-important point—we have a fielding side of the very best. Say Lockwood is bowling. Then we have Lilley at the wicket, Braund and Maclaren in the slips, Tyldesley for third man and out-field, Hirst for mid-off, Jessop for extra cover, Rhodes for cover, Ranjitsinhji for point or third slip, Arnold for mid-on or point, Relf for any place except, perhaps, slip, Jackson for cover or extra cover or mid-on, Palairet and Hayward for almost anywhere, and certainly for third man and the country. In fact, there is no position in the field we cannot fill just about as well as it can be filled from among English cricketers.

A. C. Maclaren, if only because of his unrivalled experience of Australian cricket and test matches, will be our captain.

We want a business manager who can play at a pinch and write an account of the tour for THE CAPTAIN. That will be just C. B. F.—self-elected, with your leave. And, as in return I shall not object to your coming, friend reader, to carry the bags and to shout bravo, your leave, I am sure, will be forthcoming. So now we have settled the affairs of the whole Empire!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Labor.—The entrance exams. for Oxford are not very stiff. In the first place, you have to pass an exam. to matriculate to the college to which you wish to go. This is a college not a University exam. Then most colleges require their men to pass the first University exam. before coming into residence—at least, I believe so. This exam. is called Responsions, and is not very difficult. If you can

manage it, you had better go to a coach at once. Otherwise, I think your plan of taking a mastership, if possible, and reading meanwhile is good. It is a great advantage to a schoolmaster to have a University degree. I am not sure Cambridge would not suit you better than Oxford. Having decided what college at Oxford or Cambridge you wish to go to, you should write to the dean of that college and state your case. He will tell you whether he can put your name down, and if so what knowledge is required of you, etc.

Bowler.—Though keen to offer you advice, I fear I cannot diagnose your case without seeing you play. If you have played much on bad wickets and have never studied the correct methods of batting, I can quite understand your tendency to "slog with a bit of pull." You must try to learn to hit with a straight bat in such a manner that your bat swings down the line of the direction of your hit. I see no reason why the change to good wickets should make it difficult for you to bowl accurately. As to your being bowled when you cut, you must be picking the wrong ball to cut. The ball to cut is about a foot outside the off stump. Your measurements are all right and proper.

P. J. Little.—My method of training for short races is precisely as I have described it in back numbers of THE CAPTAIN. I used to run about four days a week, and do a good deal of walking. I used to practise principally short full speed dashes of about forty yards, starting to a pistol and racing to a tape. Then I used occasionally to run through three-quarters of the racing distance, say, three times a week; and still more occasionally the full distance. The Isthmian Library volume on *Athletics* gives first-rate advice. You must not do too much work on the track at first, or you'll knock your legs to pieces. Be sure to get some first-class shoes; if possible, made to measure.

New Centurion (Jamaica).—Whether the umpire's decisions were bad or good is beside the question. His decisions in any case are absolute and cannot be questioned. Your adversaries have no right to dispute the umpire's decisions. If, however, it can be proved that the umpire was bribed, then your adversaries certainly have a right to cancel the match. If your club can be proved to have bribed the umpire, then you cannot complain if you are removed from the competition. But the question is, "Was the umpire bribed?" not "Were his decisions correct?" I am sorry to hear of the state of things as regards the coloured players.

A. G. B.—As a matter of fact, if the one bail is blown off before the ball is bowled or while it is in the air the umpire ought to call attention to the bail being off and cancel that ball. I do not think the rules cover your point; but I do not fancy any umpire would give the batsman out even if the remaining bail were dislodged by the ball.

A. W. Hall.—In order to become an expert wicket-keeper you must learn to take the ball with as little movement as possible and without the least flinching. Let the ball come into your hands: do not snatch at it. You should go and see a first-class wicket-keeper and study his style. The great tip is to let your hands stay open till the ball enters them, and, so to speak, let the impact of the ball close your fingers round it.

Admirer.—The bowler may not throw at the wicket of the batsman, even if the batsman runs out before the ball is bowled. The umpire was right to call no-ball. You see, properly, the ball is dead from the time the bowler goes back with it for his run until he has bowled it again.

Ambitious.—When you come to England you will have no difficulty in finding a football club near your home. I cannot judge of your skill without seeing you; but if you are keen you are nearly sure to succeed. I wish you good luck.

A. Scriven.—You should get "Swimming," by M. A. Holbein, price 1s. This little book gives you all information. A good book on training is "Training for Athletics," by H. Andrews.

E. M. B.—I will oblige with pleasure about the card. I will find out about the moss, and answer you next month. I know moss can be eradicated, but I forget the medicine.

Frank Strutton.—Pleased to hear of the success of your school. When runs are scored from a no-ball the runs are scored to the batsman and entered against his name.

F. S. R.—If cold baths suit you by all means take them. If they suit your health they, *ipso facto*, suit your athletics. Many thanks for your kind remarks.

C. E. B.—No, the wicket-keeper must knock the bails off with his hand or hands containing the ball. It is not out if he breaks the wicket with his foot or knee

Clothes Prop.—What a name! There is no correct weight for a hockey stick. You should use one of the weight that suits you: too light rather than too heavy.

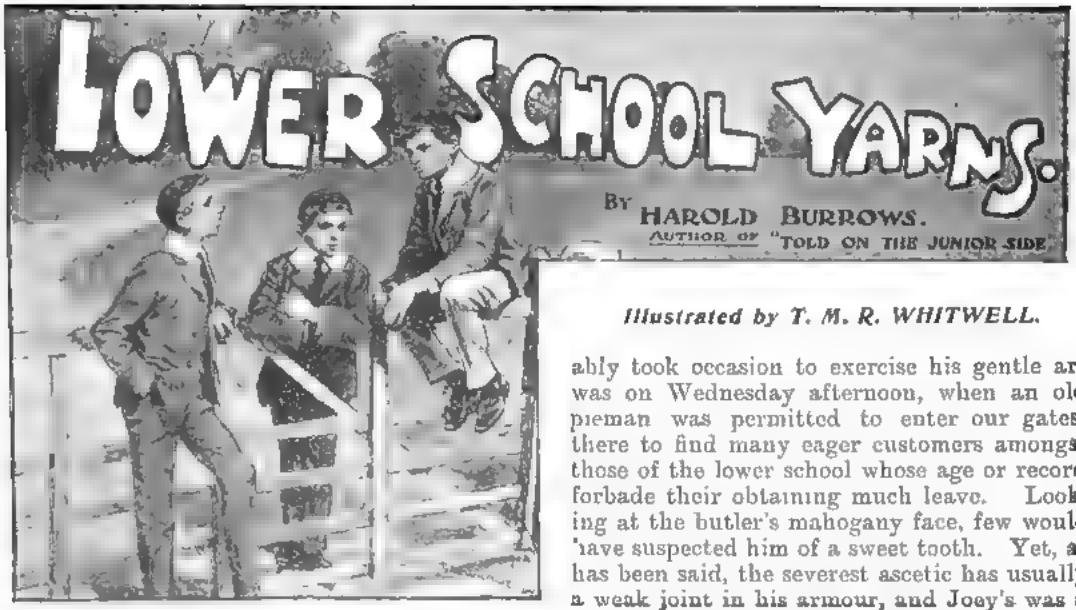
R. Craddock.—John Gunn bats and bowls left-handed. It is not advisable to run the mile and half-mile during the week preceding the sports.

T. H. W.—Sorry to say I have not by me a comparative table of school records for athletic sports. But the results are not valuable.

J. W., and Many Others.—Congratulations about run-getting gratefully acknowledged.

D. O. Evans.—Many thanks for your congratulations.

C. B. Fry



Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

No. VI.—JOEY'S REVENGE.

I.

FEW things are more disconcerting to the youthful worshipper than the little weaknesses of the great. And when the weakness in question is of so unromantic a character as to be concerned with the delicacies of the table, astonishment is apt to develop into contempt. Nevertheless, a love of good living has proved fatal to many a historic hero. The first Henry, for example, derived a flattering sobriquet from his love of learning and ruled wisely and well over a turbulent kingdom; and yet, according to the story generally accepted in my youth, he had so little command over his own appetite that he died of a surfeit of lampreys. History, however, as written by modern scribes, is a fearful and wonderful thing, and possibly the libel has gone the way of many another legend which was accepted without enquiry in a less sceptical age. Yet one is constrained to admit that an appetite for the good things of life has not infrequently gone hand in hand with undoubted ability. And Joey, who esteemed himself a personage of some importance, also suffered from this infirmity of the great.

Now of the art of Joey in administering delicate hints to those who might otherwise have overlooked his claims to merit and reward, mention has already been made in these pages. Many and varied were the opportunities he made or found for putting his skill to proof, but a time when he invariably took occasion to exercise his gentle art was on Wednesday afternoon, when an old pieman was permitted to enter our gates, there to find many eager customers amongst those of the lower school whose age or record forbade their obtaining much leave. Looking at the butler's mahogany face, few would have suspected him of a sweet tooth. Yet, as has been said, the severest ascetic has usually a weak joint in his armour, and Joey's was a love of chocolate cream. Almost as soon as the itinerant vendor had taken up his stand, the shadow of a familiar form would fall upon his customers; and the butler would saunter by, seemingly unconscious of what was going on, yet ever careful to keep within hail of the proceedings. Did we take no notice of his presence, a deferential cough would endeavour to attract our attention. Did this fail in its purpose, the butler would draw near and hazard sundry critical remarks upon the contents of the pieman's basket. Eventually one of us would succumb, and with an air of surprised condescension Joey would protest that he was not hungry and really did not know what to have.

"And what is the choice to-day, Rogers?"

"Well, Mr. Wilkins," would the pieman reply, as he pointed to his wares, "there is thises, and theses, and this here, and that there, and thems, and thoses."

Joey would graciously ponder over the stock, but his choice invariably fell upon a supply of chocolate cream; solemnly and slowly munching which he would return to his quarters.

Now it chanced one day that young Lewis, whose throat was occasionally a little shaky, had been the recipient from the matron of a packet of lozenges, which we all concurred in condemning as simply beastly. Bannister and I both arrived at that conclusion by simply licking one; but Carter, who had rashly crunched one up under the impression that young Lewis was offering him a sweet, said we really did not know how vile they were. Then Lewis, who had watched his

spluttering convulsions with a sweet and child like smile of wondering enquiry, produced from his pocket half-a-dozen magnificent specimens of full-sized chocolate creams and propounded to us his scheme. Gleefully we fell in with his suggestion, delicately we cut round and removed the bottom of the sweets and scooped out the cream inside. Gingerly we placed a lozenge in each shell, made it secure with some of the paste, and trimly replaced the outer part. Two of the sweets came to grief in the process, but four remained, seemingly untampered with and untouched; a pleasure to the eye, and a triumph for our art.

"Joey," said Lewis meditatively, "has a nasty habit of filling his mouth too full. I should not wonder if he took the lot."

"If he gets three between his teeth it will be enough," quoth Carter, with a grimace of shuddering reminiscence.

Lewis smiled his sweet, seraphic smile.

And Joey did take three between his teeth. Nay, so inviting in appearance were the sweets, and so shrewd his appetite, that, bearing his palm to his capacious mouth, he took the four. We had been prepared for some expression of pained surprise, but even the most hopeful of us had scarcely anticipated the scene that followed. Spluttering, gasping, and coughing, the usually dignified butler danced round the playground giving vent to sundry unintelligible ejaculations. The boys, for the most part genuinely astonished, rushed to enquire into the cause of the phenomenon.

"What is the matter, Joey?"

"Poison! poison!" cried that worthy, as, clasping his hands over his stomach, he rolled on the ground in agony. "Oh! I am dead, I am dead!"

"Rubbish!" quoth the Junior Classic, who had been attracted to the scene by the outcry. "What is the matter, Carter?"

Carter shook his head judicially. "Something wrong with the sweets, I should think."

"Wrong with my sweets?" shrieked the pieman, "why, I never had a bad sweet on my tray in all my life. Here! taste 'em, taste 'em!"

A fresh howl from Joey rendered most of the boys chary of accepting the invitation; but the ever docile Lewis helped himself liberally and proceeded to munch the spoils with solemn deliberation.

"They *seem* all right," said he.

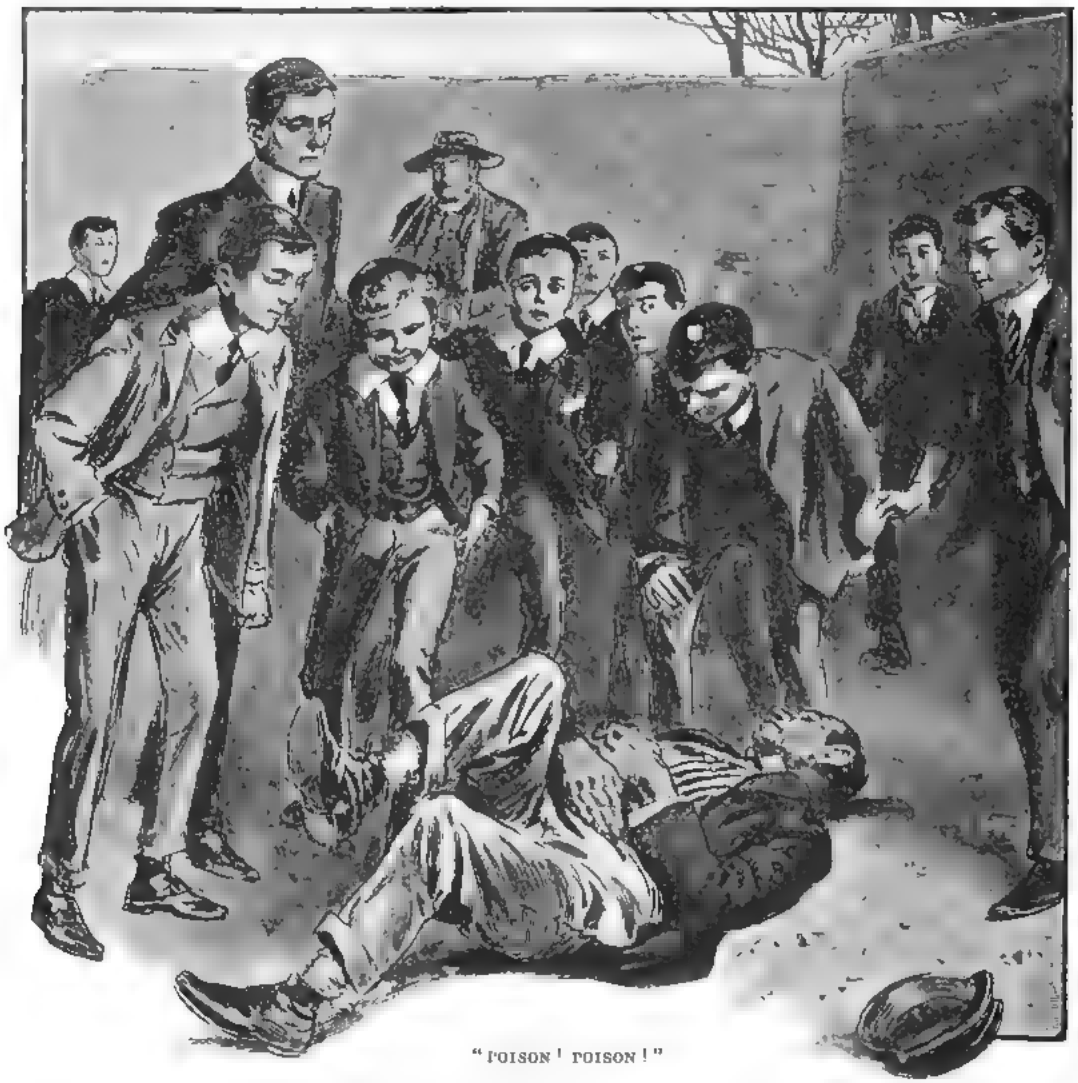
Bannister and I followed suit, and readily acquiesced in the verdict. The Junior Classic eyed us with grim suspicion, but he was a man of deeds, not words. Grasping the fallen butler by the collar, he jerked him to his feet and ran him off at a smart pace to the kitchen. He slammed the door behind them; but, creeping as near as we dared, we heard the master admonish the butler in stentorian tones not to make a fool of himself, and to choose instantly as a remedy between an emetic and a glass of beer. I believe Joey took the latter.

And from that time forth the butler almost shook with rage at the very sight of young Lewis. That youth went serenely on his way, as outwardly innocent of guile and imperturbable as ever. But Joey nursed his wrath and abided his opportunity. He had a long score to work off against his young tormentor, and felt assured that his day would dawn at last. Meantime, he contented himself with vague moralisings on the decadence of things in general and of the school in particular. "Things," he opined, "are not as they used to be afore you was not."

II.

WE had been rather disposed to scoff at Joey's view of general decadence, and yet the following term found not only ourselves but practically the whole school inclining to the same opinion. It happened in this wise. From time immemorial the fifth of November had been observed at the school as one of the gala days of the year. We were, in fact, renowned for the manner in which we celebrated the occasion, and not only parents and old boys, but many visitors from the countryside were wont to assemble in our grounds to witness the display. Many unauthorised visitors from the town were also invariably attracted by the occasion; and it was these that brought about the termination of the custom. The night of the celebration had ever brought about divers spirited encounters between members of the lower school, and the small fry of the town, who ventured, in their desire to witness the scene, to invade our sacred precincts. But this never led to any very serious consequences, and was usually winked at by the authorities. On the occasion, however, of my first winter term, matters had taken a rather more serious turn. A group of the rougher element in the town had gone to the rescue of some of their youthful relatives, who were being chivvied from the field by the amateur police of the lower school. The latter might have been rather severely handled had not some of the elder boys rushed to the rescue. Reinforcements arrived on the other side; and at last monitors

and old boys, and even masters, were drawn into the fray. Something like a riot ensued, and considerable alarm was occasioned amongst the visitors of the fairer sex ere the intruders were finally driven from the field. These untoward proceedings came as a great shock to the Head, ever keenly sensitive about anything that touched the reputation of the school. We juniors rather regarded the matter as excellent fun; but a great shock was in turn in store for us. It came at the commencement of the following winter term, when the Head announced that the old custom was to be discontinued and that there would be no celebration that year.



"POISON! POISON!"

No fifth of November festivities! Such a thing was unparalleled in the annals of the school. Even the seniors displayed uncommonly long faces at the announcement, and I believe the Sixth presented a unanimous petition for the reconsideration of the decision. But the Head was obdurate. If, however, the Sixth were chagrined, words could not express the unbounded indignation of the lower school.

"Why," declaimed Bannister to a sympathetic audience, "if we stand this he will think about abolishing Christmas next."

For once even Walters was in accord with the general feeling. In his opinion, delivered

with the assurance of one who knew, the Head had exceeded his powers, and we were entitled, as a matter of right, to celebrate the day. Carter quite agreed that we had the right, but how were we to enforce it? Walters shook his head sagely, and repeated that the Head had no power to stop us. If, so he declared, we had the pluck to indulge in a display, no master on earth could punish us. It was not legal.

"Then," put in the ever practical Bannister; "if we get the fireworks, will you let them off?"

Walters thought not. He did not care about fireworks himself. He had a mind above such little matters. He could tell us what our rights were, but if we had not the pluck to enforce them that was *our* look-out. Bannister snorted in derision, but no one seemed inclined to bell the cat. The general impression prevailed that, whatever the merits of the case might be, it was ill arguing with one who possessed not only the symbol of authority, but also an uncommonly stout arm to wield it. The conference broke up in mutual recrimination; and Carter, Bannister, and I, accompanied by young Lewis, went our way to discuss again in private the untoward event, and to deplore the tyranny of the powers that be.

And so we paced round the playground endeavouring to outvie one another in the loudness of our lamentation and our denunciation of the Head's decision. Young Lewis felt especially aggrieved. He had not been an inmate of the school on the previous fifth of November; and, in his opinion, his case was the hardest of all. We rather differed. Having had experience of the delights of the occasion we looked upon the recent edict as an invasion of vested interests which did not so much affect new-comers. But Lewis held strongly to the view that it was better to have had some fun and lost, than never to have had any fun at all; and he was not prepared to stand it. Whereat we pricked up our ears. We had never supposed that Walters' vapourings would lead to anything. But when Lewis was in revolt, we generally witnessed some very practical outcome. Still, we were a little sceptical.

"I do not exactly see what there is we can do, you know," said Carter argumentatively. "Of course we could get some squibs and things sent here. *That* is easy enough. But who is going to let them off?"

"It would be something to indulge in even a solitary cracker," added Bannister, mournfully. "But after the way the Head spoke this morning even that would be rather risky."

Lewis suddenly halted, and commenced to address us at the top of his voice.

"What is the use of letting off a few squibs and things!" he cried, contemptuously. "We want something that would illuminate the whole house."

We also halted, and stared at our usually soft-spoken companion in amazement. Had his sense of injury temporarily deprived him of all other senses?

"The whole house!" ejaculated Carter.

"The whole school, then!" said Lewis, still speaking in loud, defiant accents. "We will have such a fifth of November as has not been seen here for many a long day—if you are game to assist."

"I won't back down," said Bannister, stirring a little uneasily, "but you needn't make such a song about it."

Lewis raised his voice to a higher pitch than ever.

"Who cares?" cried he. "You just come with me and I will tell you what to do. But as a commencement we must square Joey."

"That is usually fairly easy;" said I. "But for goodness' sake don't stand shouting here where any one might overhear us. Let's go into the field and get into a corner by ourselves."

Lewis complied; and we hastened to make tracks to an unfrequented nook.

"And now," said Carter, first glancing round to make sure no one was in earshot; "pray tell us what it is you are so excited about? What is your little game?"

"Joey," returned Lewis, laconically, in his usual dulcet accents.

"Yes, I know," said Carter, impatiently. "But what about him?"

"He was sneaking along behind us in the shadow of the wall."

"Then he must have overheard every word you were saying!" cried Bannister, in dismay.

"Precisely," quoth Lewis, and bestowed on us a knowing wink.

"O—o—o!" said Carter.

III.

JOEY stood majestically in his pantry and regarded the juvenile embassy before him with an air of suspicion, not to say disfavour.

"So you wants me to bring you the parcel on Thursday morning as soon as it comes, does you?" he interrogated. "And I'm to be sure and not let any one see it or know

what I'm a-doin' of? That's the ticket, ain't it?"

"Quite right, Joey," cried Carter, approvingly. "You've hit the bull's-eye the first time."

"Oh, I have, have I?" quoth Joey, aggressively. "Then I'll let you know that if *that's* your little game I am not a-goin' to do it. 'Cos why? Thursday is the fifth of November, ain't it?"

"What has the fifth of November to do with it?" enquired Lewis, innocently.

Joey guffawed derisively. "That's what I want to know," said he. "You wouldn't mind a-mentioning what there might be in that 'ere little parcel, I suppose?" And he bestowed on young Lewis a knowing leer.

"I don't see what the contents have to do with you, Joey," expostulated Bannister, mildly, as Lewis took refuge in a dignified silence. "If we don't tell you—why, you won't know, you know."

"That's true," mused Joey, meditatively. "There might, you see, be fireworks in that 'ere little parcel. Likewise there might not. There ain't no knowin', and 'tain't for me to have suspicions. Master Lewis sez as 'ow he wants me to bring him his parcel, and I brings him his parcel. There ain't no 'arm in bringing the young gents their parcels, I 'ope?"

"None at all, Joey," cried Carter. "I should have thought it was your place to do so. But if a little trifle for your extra trouble——"

But for once in his career the butler waived the proffered bribe away. "No," said he, "I ain't a-goin' to take a tip for a little thing like that. I'll do it for you for nothink, an' wery pleased at that."

"Oh, thank you, Joey," we cried in chorus, and hastily departed lest the butler should suddenly repent his unaccustomed generosity. It must, however, have been an excellent bargain that had been driven, for Joey spent the remainder of the afternoon in chuckling over his share of the compact. So did we.

And at eventide, when the approach of the close of the day brought a little remission in his labours, Joey, after much cogitation as to the best market to which to carry his wares, sought out Leutenegger. He had thought of going to the Senior Classic, but rather feared that the house master might interfere too soon and proceed to investigate the plot before matters were fully developed. Joey was eager for us to be taken red-handed; and the German seemed to him to be the man for the job. Moreover, ever since the cycling episode, of which I have previously written, Leutenegger had looked but coldly on Joey, and on one or two occasions had gone out of his way to make things particularly nasty for the unfortunate butler. Here at last was an opportunity both to conciliate the master, and also to take full revenge upon the most prominent of his youthful tormentors. Joey slapped his thigh with delight.

Leutenegger received the butler's first advances with suspicion, but soon warmed to the matter as Joey proceeded to unfold his tale; and the latter used every art to inflame the master's wrathful indignation.

"'Tain't only a few squibs and crackers as the young warmints are a-orderin' of," declaimed the fervent butler; "it's illuminatin' the whole 'ouse they are arter. Such a fifth of November as has never been seen afore in this 'ere school they means to have. Them was their wery words, they was. And though it ain't my place to speak, sir, I say as 'ow it's a thing they didn't ought to be a-doin' of."

Leutenegger quite agreed with the butler as to the heinousness of the offence, and also acquiesced in his scheme for entrapping us, like so many Guy Fawkeses, with the actual implements in our hands. He thought he should just mention to the Senior Classic that he had his suspicions. Oh, no! he should not betray the butler's confidence. He should just say enough to cause the house master to make further enquiry of him later; and so avoid the possibility of any third party stepping in and hushing up the matter. He did not mean to be baulked of his prey this time. He would take care to be close at hand when Joey handed over the parcel. Together they would stalk us until we sat down unsuspectingly to unfasten its contents. Then they would pounce down upon us and carry both the parcel and ourselves in triumph to the Senior Classic, and then —

Then! Leutenegger rubbed his palms with an oily but keen delight, and Joey laughed aloud in his anticipation of what would follow.

IV.

THE fifth of November resembled the Ides of March in that it had come—and with it came young Lewis's long-expected parcel. The small boy received it from the butler with an engaging smile; and Carter and Bannister and I joined with him in expressing effusive thanks for Joey's kind assistance. The butler on his side was equally affable in disclaiming any undue claim to gratitude; and so, with mutual protests of goodwill, we parted.

"Where shall we open it?" enquired Carter of the others in tones of suspicious loudness.

"We had better go where there's no chance of any one seeing us," said Bannister in equally clear accents. "You never know what beastly sneaks may not be spying upon you."

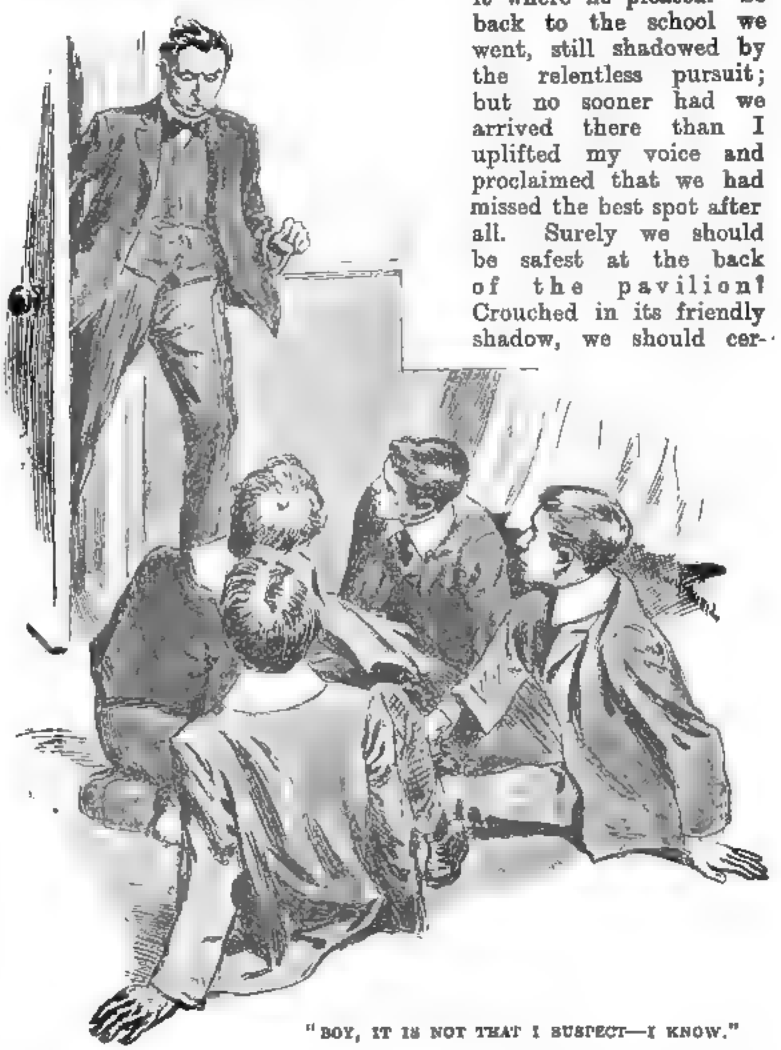
"The Junior Classic is in his study," said I.

"Oh! the Junior Classic is all right," said Carter. "*He* is a gentleman, you see, and does not go about creeping on his hands and knees to catch us."

A stifled exclamation fell upon our ears, but to all appearance we were deaf to the alarm.

"Well, we can't open it here," said Lewis decidedly. "Let's go and find a safe place for the job."

It took us a long time to find that safe place. First we went out into the field and sat down in a corner as if about to inspect our treasure. Then, with a loud voice, Carter suddenly announced it would be safer after all to open it indoors; and springing to our feet we seized the parcel and prepared to retrace our steps. In so doing we almost cannoned against Leutenegger, who, suddenly becoming interested in the aspect of the sky, affected to be unconscious of our presence. And, skulking close by the side of the hedge, we noticed the crouching form of the butler. Back to the school we went, but were scarcely seated in one of the class rooms when Bannister protested that he believed the field was safest after all. We gathered up our burden again and departed from the room, seemingly too wrapt in conversation to notice Leutenegger slip hastily behind the door, or to be aware of the butler sauntering off down the passage with a brave air of unconcern. This time we took our way to the farthest corner of the field, but scarcely had we arrived there when Lewis proclaimed that the spot was too open for our purpose, and that we must return to the school once more Carter expostulated in tones of seeming indignation, but Lewis was firm. It was his parcel, and he did not see why he should not open it where he pleased. So back to the school we went, still shadowed by the relentless pursuit; but no sooner had we arrived there than I uplifted my voice and proclaimed that we had missed the best spot after all. Surely we should be safest at the back of the pavilion! Crouched in its friendly shadow, we should certainly escape any unfriendly observation. Away we went again, turning so suddenly that Leutenegger had no time to get out of our way; and so embarrassed was the master at the encounter that he quite omitted to reply to our unanimous, "Good morning, sir." Arrived at the pavilion,



"BOY, IT IS NOT THAT I SUSPECT—I KNOW."

Lewis again developed qualms at the thought of opening the parcel in the open air. "Why not the bedroom?" he enquired. "The very place," said Carter. "They don't start making the beds till morning school; and no one will dream of looking there." So off to the dormitory we went.

We left the door just slightly ajar, sat down in a semi-circle with the parcel in our midst, and then gave vent to ecstatic exclamations which could scarcely miss the ears of those stationed just outside the portal.

"Oh! how splendid!" said Carter.

"Jolly!" proclaimed Bannister.

"Scrumptious!" announced I.

"Wasn't I right in pitching on the bedroom?" enquired Lewis. "Suppose we had gone where you said, we should have met Leutenegger."

"Seems to me Leutenegger was all over the place this morning," commented Carter; "he cannot suspect anything, I suppose?"

"Boy, it is not that I suspect," cried a triumphant voice, "I know." And Leutenegger rushed into the room followed by the butler.

Carter, Bannister, and I leapt simultaneously to our feet, but Lewis, with great seeming presence of mind, sat down upon the parcel and concealed it from view. But the eagle eye of the German was not to be deceived. Not deigning to remonstrate, he seized Lewis roughly by the collar, and jerked him to his feet. But a slight shock awaited his expectant gaze. To his evident disappointment, the parcel was apparently unopened, and its strings uncut. Suspecting a snare, Leutenegger turned the parcel over with his foot, but the contents remained intact. Evidently we had either been wondrously quick in refastening the parcel, or its contents had not yet been inspected, and our ejaculations had been anticipatory only. The German could scarcely conceal his chagrin.

"You, Lewis," he demanded sternly, "what is there in this hamper you have?"

Lewis trembled perceptibly in every limb.

"Oh, sir! how can I tell? I have not opened it yet, sir."

"Is it not the fireworks that is there?"

"Fireworks, sir? Oh, sir! Fireworks are forbidden you know, sir."

"Will you not immediately this parcel open?"

"Please, sir, I would rather not, sir. It is against the rules to open such a thing in the bedroom, sir!"

This was too much for the German, already lashed to fury by his long pursuit. "Butler, take this parcel to the house master. You, sirs, immediately to the school return. At twelve o'clock you shall hear more of this matter."

The triumphant Joey picked up the parcel with a malicious leer and departed with alacrity upon his mission. Closely followed by the angry master, who rated us at every step, we returned to the school, where the sounding of the nine o'clock bell drew us off to our respective classes, and for the moment suspended further enquiry into the matter.

V.

THE school clock chimed the hour of twelve, that dread moment which, whilst releasing the majority from work, sent so many an unhappy wight to the Head and his doom. The Senior Classic, whose appearance in the Lower School at that hour was ever an ill-omened portent, rose from the centre desk with a preliminary cough and lifted up his hand as a signal to the boys to remain in their places. A dead silence ensued and many glances were shot in our direction, some sympathetic, a few malicious, but for the most part expressive of gleeful curiosity. Through that mysterious telepathy prevalent in schools, rumours of our escapade had in some manner spread amongst the fellows; and, as is also not uncommon, the tale had in the course of its circulation accumulated many wild additions to its original form. The general opinion was that we were in for it, and, certainly, there was nothing in the appearance of the quartette to modify this view as, in obedience to the house master's mandate, we filed slowly from our places and stood with a dejected mien before him. The Junior Classic looked up from his desk and darted at us a glance of reproach not unmixed with a certain compassion. Leutenegger also looked up from his place, but there was no pretence of sympathy in the air of malicious triumph with which he gloated over our shrinking forms. Yet on the whole the gaze of the former master boded as little good for us as that of the latter.

The Senior Classic placed on the desk before him the parcel which had been delivered to him by the perfidious butler, and, after another preliminary cough commenced an ad-

dress couched in the usual formula, appropriate for rebuking a flagrant breach of discipline. He began by referring to the decision of the Head, a decision which, however unpalatable it might be to the boys generally, was only taken after anxious reflection and in the best interests of the school. It was a decision which should have met with loyal and ready acceptance, and it was a pain and surprise to him that there were boys ready to set it at nought and subordinate all questions of honour and discipline to the gratification of their own caprice. Then quitting the field of general admonition, he proceeded to turn his thunder upon us personally.

"You, sirs," he remarked, in tones of severity to Carter, Bannister, and myself, "have ever been conspicuous amongst the boys of the Lower School for unruly levity of behaviour, and will richly deserve the severe punishment that the Head Master will doubtless mete out to you. But however careless you might be for yourselves, you might, I should have thought, have shrunk from inveigling into mischief that young and innocent lad by your side, whose very countenance is sufficient guarantee that he could entertain no thought of ill deeds unless misled by the example of those who ought to know better." (At this the Junior Classic could scarce repress a smirk.)

"I regret to see that you have not even had the common manliness to have this parcel addressed to one of yourselves. Doubtless you thought to evade punishment by casting the blame in this matter on your younger and less experienced companion. This parcel, Lewis, is addressed to you."

"Yes, sir," piped Lewis, in shrill treble accents, "it *is* my parcel, sir."

"It is a manly thing on your part," said the Senior Classic in milder accents, "to endeavour thus to appropriate the blame to yourself. Your conduct shines all the brighter by contrast with that of your companions. I need hardly ask you, I fear, if you are aware what the parcel contains? And yet I would fain be assured, if possible, of your own innocence in this matter."

"Please, sir," piped Lewis, "I did not know there was any harm in the parcel."

"Nor I, sir," cried Carter, and Bannister, and I in chorus.

The Senior Classic frowned sternly at what he obviously regarded as a barefaced attempt at prevarication.

"Do you pretend to assert that you are not aware the Head Master had prohibited any display of fireworks?"

"Please, sir," responded Lewis, "I do not think my mamma would send me any fireworks. She thinks it is dangerous for boys to play with fire, sir."

"Your mamma!" repeated the master. "Do you tell me, sir, that this parcel was sent by your mother?"

Lewis replied in the affirmative.

"Undo this parcel instantly," said the Senior Classic, sternly, "and let me see its contents."

Lewis proceeded to reply, and the fellows, and even the masters, craned their necks in eager curiosity to witness the result. Solemnly the small boy undid the strings, and amidst an audible titter produced, first, a large woollen comforter, and then a pair of white woollen mittens. The remaining articles, if of a more edible, were of an equally innocent, character. Scarcely believing his eyes, the Senior Classic peered closely at the display and turned over the articles suspiciously in vain search of anything contraband.

Finally he turned with a look of reproach and perplexity to the German master, who had watched the proceedings mute with confusion and amazement.

"If you knew this parcel only contained such articles, why were you so anxious to open it in secret?" enquired the Senior Classic, removing his glance from his colleague and looking suspiciously at the angel-faced one.

Lewis looked the picture of open-eyed innocence.

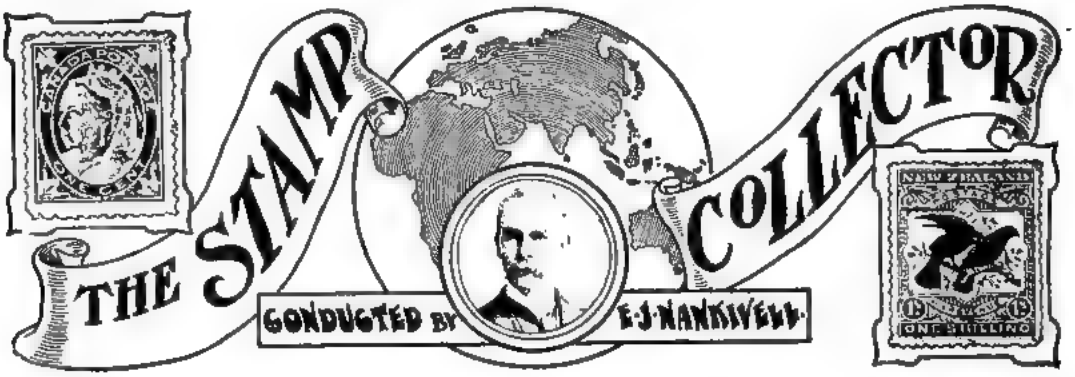
"Please, sir, I don't like to be called delicate; and if they saw the comforter I thought the other boys might laugh, sir. But I knew my friends here wouldn't laugh, sir, because they are *always* kind to me."

The Senior Classic sat down abruptly. "Boys," said he, "you may go."

And young Lewis, still prattling artlessly about his fond mamma, gathered up his belongings and went.

"Fireworks," quoth Carter, softly, as we passed by Leutenegger's desk, "not uncommonly end in a fizzle."

THE END.



Notable New Issues.

THERE are promises of a rich harvest of interesting new issues for the coming season. To begin with, there are to be new Australians all round. It will be some three years yet before the Commonwealth one issue for all the States can be issued, but meanwhile there is to be a design common to all, but with the name of each State to distinguish the separate issues. This means a new series for each of the Australian States. If reports be true, the first of these new series should be issued in a few weeks. Servia, of course, as the result of the murder of King Alexander and the coronation of King Peter, will have a new series. A new series with a new portrait of the late King had been prepared for issue, but before it could be issued the King was disposed of, and a new King sat in his place. The new series has, therefore, had its portrait obliterated with the arms of Servia, and will have to do duty till a series with the new King's portrait can be engraved. Siam, we are told, also proposes to send us a new series. Some of the new Canadians with the long-talked-of new portrait of the King have been received, and are sure to give rise to considerable discussion, because it is no secret that the profile of the King on our own stamps is disliked in the highest quarters, whilst the Canadian portrait was specially selected by the King.

Canada.—A few of the new Canadians with the royally approved portrait of the King have been received. From our illustration it will be seen that the portrait is a very much more faithful one than the much-abused portrait on our English stamps. Indeed, loyal Canada may be congratulated upon being the only Colony to produce an acceptable portrait of the King, and in a setting at once simple and effective. It is to be hoped that this excellent portrait will soon displace the ugly profile in general use.

Ceylon.—4c. and 30c. stamps with King's heads have been issued. We illustrate the designs. These are the first of the King's heads issued for this colony.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

4c. orange, value in blue.
30c. violet, value in green.

Barbados.—The 2s. 6d. value of the small type series of 1892-9, which is the current type, has been changed in colour from black and orange to violet and emerald-green.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

2s. 6d. violet, name in emerald green.

British Somaliland.—The long expected stamps for this very unsettled territory have at last been issued. Indian Queen's head stamps have been overprinted in black with the words "British—Somaliland" in two lines. The values issued are as follows:—

Wmk. Star. Perf. 14.

Indian stamps, Queen's heads.

½a. pea green.
1a. carmine.
2a. pale violet.
2½a. ultramarine.
3a. brown orange.
4a. slate green.
6a. bistre.
8a. mauve.
12a. purple on red.
1r. carmine and green.
2r. yellow, brown, and carmine.
3r. green and brown.
5r. violet and ultramarine.

Hong Kong.—High values of King's head design have been added to the series. 30c., 50c.,

1dol., and 2dols. make the King's head series issued up to date as follows :—

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

1c. brown and purple.
2c. green.
4c. brown on salmon.
5c. orange and green.
10c. blue and mauve.
20c. brown and black.
30c. black and light green.
50c. magenta and green.
1dol. pale green and purple.
2dols. carmine and grey black.

New Zealand.—Further values have been issued on the current NZ and star watermarked paper. The latest additions are the 2d., 2½d., 5d., 9d., and 2s. Up to date the list stands thus :—

Wmk. NZ and Star.

½d. green, perf. 14 and 11.
1d. carmine, perf. 14 and 11.
2d. mauve, perf. 14.
2½d. blue, perf 11.
3d. brown, perf 11.
4d. blue and brown, perf. 14 and 11.
5d. brown, perf. 11.
6d. rose, perf. 11.
8d. blue, perf. 11.
9d. purple, perf. 11.
1s. red, perf. 11.
2s. green, perf. 11.

Niue.—The 1s. stamp overprinted in error "Tahae sileni," as explained in the August number, has been issued with the overprint corrected to "Taha e sileni."

New Zealand current 1s.

1s. red, ovr. "Taha e sileni."

St. Helena.—This colony has issued some pictorial designs, one lot having a view of Government House and the other lot a view of the Wharf, with the King's head over the picture in each case. The stamps are of the large size of our 5s. English stamp :—

Wmk. Cr. CC. Perf. 14.

View of Government House.

½d. green, view in brown.
2d. yellow brown, view in black.
1s. orange, view brown.

View of the Wharf.

1d. carmine, view black.
9d. brown, view black.
2s. mauve, view black.

Seychelles.—The whole series for this colony has been changed from Queen's heads to King's heads. There is no alteration in the current design beyond the substitution of the King's for the Queen's head.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

King's head.

2c. orange and brown.
3c. green.
6c. carmine.
12c. sepia and green.
15c. ultramarine.
18c. olive, green, and carmine.
30c. violet and green.
45c. brown and carmine.
75c. yellow and violet.
1r. 50c. black and carmine.
2r. 25c. violet and green.

St. Kitts and Nevis.—As my readers are aware, there have been rumours for some time of a return to separate issues for some of the West Indian Islands that were in 1890 deprived of their separate issues by an issue common to the group under the name of Leeward Islands. And at last we have a separate issue for St. Kitts and Nevis. There are two designs, one of Columbus spying out the new land with a telescope. As the telescope was not invented till more than a hundred years after Columbus discovered America, the designers will have to explain where the great Spaniard got hold of his instrument. The other design is a female group familiar to collectors of early Nevis stamps.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

Columbus with Telescope.

½d. green, centre purple.
1d. carmine, centre black
2d. brown, centre purple.
2½d. blue, centre black.
6d. mauve, centre black.
1s. orange, centre green.
2s. 6d. violet, centre black.

Female Group.

3d. orange, centre green.
2s. black, centre green.
5s. yellow green, centre lilac.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues :—

Messrs. Peckitt, for British Somaliland, complete set.

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SCHOOL MAGAZINES

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

(These reviews were held over from our last number.)

The Ardingly Annals (Hayward's Heath) with the May issue reaches its 100th number. The Annals have appeared uninterruptedly from the year 1871, when, clad in blue and consisting of nothing more than school lists and balance sheets, with a page of school news, they first made their bow to the public. Now the little thing is over thirty years old, and lies before us to-day in bright yellow, fat and well-liking with its 50 pages or so of contents. Among these we are delighted with the reminiscences of Ardingly cricketers We learn that Newham, Blackman, Brann, Moore, Thompson, Smith, Coles, and Cartwright—at one time and another representatives of Sussex County—learned their cricket at Ardingly. There is a sympathetic note about the late provost, Dr. Lyttelton, who died at the age of 51, and a valedictory reference to the Rev. T. H. M. Williams, who has taken a curacy at Uckfield, after 20 years' association with the school. His managership of the Tuckshop was most praiseworthy. He was a sound bat and a good half.

The Cadet (Schoolship, H.M.S. *Conway*, Liverpool). Old Conways will appreciate the sympathetic notice by H. W. Broadbent of the late Captain A. T Miller, who took command of the *Conway* in '81, in succession to Rear-Admiral E. B. H. Franklin. He established this paper, and initiated the *Conway* v. *Worcester* boat race. Captain Miller instituted boxing and fencing classes, greatly improved the dietary, and wrote pamphlets on "Master Mariners," and cognate subjects. The sections dealing with cricket, old boys, and correspondence are very healthy. There are full details of the boat race crews and various articles, and news items of special interest to cadets

The Hurst Johnian (Hurstpierpoint).—The number before us has much to say about the commemoration of the school's Jubilee. The dates in the school history are :—1st August, 1848, foundation of the Society of S Nicolas College; 1849, at Shoreham, 25th January, 1850, migration to Hurstpierpoint village; 25th June, 1851, foundation-stone of school laid; 21st June, 1853, dedication of the buildings; 17th September, 1861, foundation-stone of chapel laid; 17th October, 1865, dedication of the chapel.

The Malvernian (June).—The school seems to have outgrown its equipment in an alarming way, and its present requirements form an interesting problem for solution. From 200 boys in 1886, they are now housing 480. Among the most imperative of its needs are: a good gymnasium, a second racquet court, a fives court for each House, more cricket ground, school stores, a rifle range close to the school, and better accommodation for the cadet corps, involving an estimated outlay of about £9,000. The committee of O.M.'s can count on £600 a year, thus allowing 5 per cent. interest on £9,000, and £150 a year sinking fund. About £4,000 has been promised in the way of £100 debentures by O.M.'s. The school is doing well at racquets and made a plucky fight for the Public Schools Cup. G. N. Foster and W. P. Cowie were beaten by the winners in the semi-final by the odd point only. The scheme of filling the chapel windows with stained glass has been advanced another stage.

The Owlet (New College, Eastbourne).—The issues before us are most creditable. The four little pictures of the upper ground with cycle track, the avenue, the wood, and the sanatorium, are nicely reproduced, and so also is the full page of the school buildings. Mr. Pirie's offer of a prize for an original short story, essay, or poem is sure to produce a glut of "copy," and the Editor's wail will die away in a land of plenty. We are glad to notice his strenuous efforts to keep in touch with the doings of Old Boys. They will strengthen the magazine and strengthen the Old Boys in the world without. Often firm anchorage to the old school gives a boy ballast and reliance in manhood. Much is expected of an Old Boy by governors and masters, and the new generation is taught to watch So and So Cricket and swimming and the Natural Science Society seem to be in a very flourishing state. Success to Mr. Skrimshire in his work as Editor!

The Wyvern (Queen's College, Taunton).—The Editor delivers a little homily on writing, and endeavours to lure on his readers to send him "copy" by suggesting the perusal of four books each term as examples of style. To begin with, he says, try *Robinson Crusoe* (Defoe), *The Treasure Island* (Stevenson), Ivanhoe (Sir Walter Scott), and *The Pilgrim's Progress* (John Bunyan). There is much interesting and useful reading in the general pages. Music and debates seem in a very healthy state. A correspondent grumbles about the way the fives court is monopolised, and threatens to camp out on the court with his dinner in order to get "first call," unless better arrangements are made. Another correspondent has endeavoured to illustrate the daily round by quotations from *King Henry V.*, thus :—

8 0 a m Eat your victuals . . . I pray you fall to.
1 0 p m Give them great meals of beef
7 15 to 9 15 p m This most dreadful preparation. What a long night is this.

The Isis.—The latest Isis Idols are Mr W R G Bond (New College), Lord Tiverton (New College, President Oxford University Dramatic Society), Mr. R. C. W. Burn (Oriel, O U.C.C.), Mr A. K. Graham (Balliol, O.U.B.C.), and Mr. J. R. P. Sandford (Exeter, O.U.R.U.F.C.). We also note a change of cover for the Eights' week number, and wish that the editor of *The Isis* could have secured

an artist with a greater knowledge of anatomy for depicting the figures of the athletes. In an amusing leaderette the editor talks round the subject of "What shall we do with ourselves?" and promises a brochure upon "What shall we do with our sons?" Commemoration has induced a special number. We agree that Oxford is not herself at this season. Personally we think that both Oxford and Cambridge appeal to the stranger more impressively and exercise their subtle influence much more acutely in the Long Vac. than at any other time. The stranger is not distracted by festivity. He can browse on the beauties of the towers of Magdalen or King's Chapel. The quads. and courts and gardens contrast very peacefully with the world he has left behind.

Stanley House School Magazine (Bridge of Allan, N.B.).—Frankly, we think it is possible to have too many articles in a school mag. It seems to us that the ideal school mag. should be light and pleasant and gossipy. It ought not to attempt to teach, for we imagine its readers receive sufficient instruction in school hours. It should deal exhaustively with sports and school functions, and should take a lively interest in the doings of old boys. The magazine before us seems overloaded with heavy fare such as the story of a piece of coal, a review of Mr. Crosland's much-talked-of book, *The Unspeakable Scot*, and a prosaic dissertation entitled "Getting below the Surface." The article on "Hobbies" is more in place, but our fair friends will object to the following:—"Attending bazaars is a very prevalent and apparently delightful way for ladies to meet and create schools for scandal at the present day."

Allen Glen's Monthly (Glasgow).—We welcome this little magazine for the special attention it devotes to engineering. It has just lost the services from the editorial of Mr. Andrew Marshall Downie, who, after a brilliant career as a student of Allen Glen's School, entered the engineering works of Messrs. D. Stewart and Co., Ltd., Glasgow, as an apprentice. While in that capacity, he came out top in the kingdom in Applied Mechanics, gained the Whitworth Exhibition, and took his B.Sc. at Glasgow University. He is now a director of D. Stewart and Co., Ltd. The thirteenth annual sports were a huge success. 261, exclusive of the tug-of war, entered. There were 51 entries in events open to former pupils, R. Jolly winning the 100 yards flat, with G. Paton second and R. Gillespie third. R. Barron won the 100 yards; J. A. Campbell won the 220 yards flat; J. R. Kerr won the mile and the three furlongs cycle events. In the school events A. Weir's sprinting and high jump (4ft. 5in.) were most promising among the juniors. In the Scottish Inter-Scholastic Championship Sports Allen Glen's was third, with Dollar first and Glasgow Academy second.

City of London (edited by F. A. Briggs and J. A. Chapman).—There is an abundance of matter in No. 163 vol. xxvii. which compensates for its late arrival. Echoes of G. W. Steevens and the journalistic class founded in his memory are occasionally heard through the 55 pages before us. We congratulate W. F. K. Hardman on winning the championship in the athletics and A. G. Berry on gaining second place; also W. Rabjohns on winning Mr. Forbes Robertson's prize and a copy of Shakespeare for the clearest articulation in the recitations. K. D. Leslie did very well with the bat in the early part of the season, and was well supported by Knight, Briggs, and Bliss. The bowling has been shared by Gill, Kenny, Leslie, Alexander, and Knight. We very much regret to note that the fielding leaves much to be desired, and that the throwing-in is extremely feeble. The display of the Australians last season in this respect ought to be a lesson to all English boys. School motto, "Faber fabrum adjuvet."

The Quernmorian.—We gather from the issue before us that Quernmorians have been doing great things at cricket. They beat Merchant Taylors' Colts XI., Battersea Grammar School, Forest Hill School, and City of London 2nd XI. They just succumbed to Guy's Hospital. Tucker has batted very well, and Patrickson has been most successful amongst the bowlers. We regret to hear that such a thing as funk can be mentioned in the same breath with Quernmore.

The Tollingtonian (the Tollington Schools, North London).—This is a new magazine that promises to appear three times a year. It is very nicely produced in a modest grey cover with a classical illustration. There is a great deal of informing matter in its pages; in fact, without wishing in any way to disparage the editors, who have done their work very well, we think the *Tollingtonian* is *too* informing. Small talk is much more important to a school magazine than all the scientific and learned lore in the world. This can be found elsewhere, and in a much more digestible form than in the pages of a school magazine. Gossip and personal matter and the doings of the school, however apparently trivial, are the salt of life to boys and old boys.

The Tonbridgian.—As we are engaged on these reviews, the news of the great victory of the Tonbridge VIII. at Bisley is in the air. We turn hastily to the Volunteer Notes and find a very modest statement about the training of the VIII. They were hard pressed for ammunition, and welcomed a present of 1,000 rounds from Mr. E. Gearing, of Leeds Forge. As they feared the 500 yards range as a grave danger to their possible success, Colonel Rogers and Second Lieut Dain devoted all their energies to correcting this weakness. How well all braced themselves to the task is now common knowledge. It does seem regrettable when everybody, from Lord Roberts down, wails about our general inability with the rifle, that the Government should be stinting a school like Tonbridge in the matter of ammunition. Mr. Gearing deserves all the more thanks, therefore, for his present. On page 583 we reproduce a photograph of the winners of the Ashburton Shield.

The Nelsonian (Nelson, New Zealand).—We are delighted to stretch hands across the sea with Nelsonians and feel afresh what a world-wide Commonwealth we are. The magazines before us are a wonderful instance of Colonial enterprise. A pretty cover in blue and gold binds up an interesting *résumé* of school news, a set of four double-page pictures of the Old Boys' Team, the Nelson College XI., the First XV., and Nelson College Prefects, some members of the Board of Governors, and a full-page of William Justin Ford, M.A., Principal of Nelson (1886-89). The latter is an old Reptonian, afterwards at Cambridge, and learned his teaching experience at Lancaster and Marlborough. He belongs to the famous family of cricketers. Of the letterpress, it is gratifying to note the very full Old Boys' column, particularly the commercial and miscellaneous. This recognition might be followed at home. There is far too little recognition of the commercial

and non-professional side in the home magazines. To preserve and maintain the link with the old school would improve business morality enormously. Of the rest of the Nelsonian, we can only mention the health of the Cadet Corps, and the preference shown for a game called "Gobo," which seems allied in some way to gastronomy. A remarkable number of Nelsonians come to this country to qualify for medicine, law, the church, engineering, etc.

We have also to acknowledge receipt of the following:—South African College Magazine (quarterly), the Reflector (valedictory number), Ousel, Sedberghian, Cranleighan, Lorettonian, Haileyburian, Lyonian (Harrow Lower School), Johnian, Collegian (Baptist Students' Union).

THE CYCLING CORNER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Pedal.—Any of the best grade machines, such as Lea and Francis, Beeston Humber, Enfield, Triumph, or Rover All are equally good, provided you have the best quality. They are the cheapest in the long run.

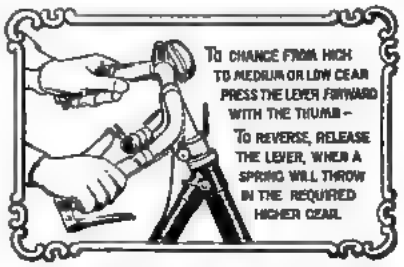
S. C. Heerjee (India).—It is impossible for a really reliable bicycle to be made, much less sold, at the price you quote, at a profit. If it were so, is it likely that the first class makers would find a market for their best goods at £20 or more? It is not safe to ride a free-wheel machine with only one brake, as, if anything goes wrong with it, the rider is helpless. The only method of stopping such machines is with brakes, or, if the brakes fail, by pressing the foot on the front tyre; but this, at its best, is a very risky proceeding, and should never be attempted excepting in cases of emergency.

Winner (Forest Gate).—Your saddle will get softer with wear, but a little soft soap rubbed on underneath the leather will help. Too much, or oil, will soon make the leather stretch out of shape. A puncture can readily be detected by inflating the air tube and then drawing it slowly past your face. A well-known rider of our acquaintance invariably puts about a dessert-spoonful of rouge into each air tube, and by this means the small puncture is readily located. The rouge is easily passed in by means of a small funnel through the valve stalk. As you say, in some parts of the country clean water is not always procurable.

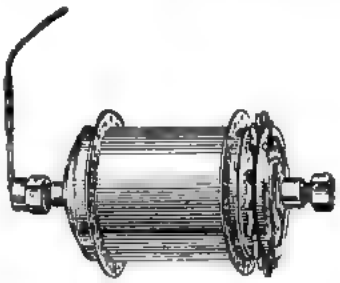
Puzzled.—In many respects there is no better value on the market than the Juno cycles, manufactured by the Metropolitan Machinists' Company, in Bishopsgate Street Without, and Piccadilly Circus. These machines seem very durable and well fitted, and range in price from 8 to 11 guineas; or they can be had on easy terms.

Amateur Motorist.—In reply to your inquiry respecting the comparative merits of British and Continental-made cars, it is matter for regret that an English-made car did not win the Gordon-Bennett Cup in the great International race. This failure, however, affords no sufficient reason for assuming that British-made cars are inferior to Continental or American-made cars. For example, it was demonstrated in the Phœnix Park trials that the 20 h.p. Humber tourist car was faster than higher-powered and higher-priced cars. At the Castlewellan contest, for the Graphic Trophy, the Humber 20 h.p. car again demonstrated its superiority, starting from scratch and defeating cars of higher nominal horse-power.

Three-Speed Gear (Adelphi, W.C.).—The great advantage of the three-speed gear is that the rider can choose any normal gear that suits him. Hitherto, with variable speed gears, which give only two changes, the rider must compromise by having his high gear a little too high, or his low gear a little too low. The change of gears is effected with the utmost facility by means of a small lever on the handle-bar of the bicycle, working on a ratchet having three teeth. On the middle tooth is the normal gear. When the lever is released it flies back to the bottom tooth, giving high gear; when pushed



over to the furthest tooth it gives low gear. The actuating cable running from the lever to the hub is a combination of stranded wire cable, and the Bowden mechanism. The accompanying pictures will assist you to understand the mechanism. The value of the low gear, in rendering hill-climbing easy, cannot be over-estimated, while the delightful sensation of driving a really high gear down hill, before the wind, needs to be experienced to be appreciated. An automatic free wheel is provided on each speed. The Raleigh Cycle Company is



responsible for introducing the three-speed gear to the public.

Critic (Bromsgrove).—If we read your letter aright, the laws which you condemn as unnecessary are those provided for in the Highway Acts, and apply equally to all kinds of vehicular traffic. The only method of escaping from a runaway horse is to get out of its way as quickly as possible. It is better to chance a spill by whipping quickly round a sharp corner than to be run down. In such cases presence of mind may save you from a bad accident.

THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

Author of "Bachelorland," "J. O. Jones," "Love the Laggard," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

JAMES MORTIMER (the "Long 'Un"), a young doctor, is grandson and heir to Dr. John Mortimer, a man of wealth and position. Owing to Jim's frequent escapades, Dr. Mortimer warns him that, if he indulges in any more riotous conduct, he will disown him. On returning to town after this conversation, Jim makes the acquaintance, by the agency of his friend George Somers ("Koko"), of a young lady named Dora Maybury, with whom he falls violently in love. So excited does he become in consequence of his introduction to Miss Maybury, that, on the same evening, he falls foul of the police, and after a desperate battle with six of them is arrested and eventually fined forty shillings. His grandfather, hearing of this, carries out his threat, and Jim has thenceforth to depend on his own exertions for a living. By the instrumentality of Sir Savile Smart, a famous specialist, Jim is put in temporary charge of a surgery in Mount-street, Blackfriars, a district infested by gangs of Hooligans. Sir Savile recommends him to some lodgings near the surgery in what turns out to be Dora Maybury's home. Here also are two other boarders named Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave. On Jim's first evening in his new quarters, he meets Mr. Jefferson, a young stockbroker, who is also an admirer of Dora's, and appears to be regarded with favour by her. At the end of Jim's first day at the surgery, Dr. Taplow—the proprietor of the place—dispenses with his services, he having appointed another doctor to the post. By disposing of some of the old and valuable books he has collected, Koko raises fifty pounds, and with this sum Jim opens a surgery in Mount-street in opposition to the "bearded man" Dr. Taplow has installed in the Long 'Un's place. Owing to his rough usage of their chief, Jim incurs the hatred of the local Hooligans, who determine to pay him back with interest when a favourable opportunity presents itself. Jim, therefore, has to keep a sharp look-out whilst attending patients in the neighbouring courts. Christmas comes, and on Boxing Night, after the theatre, Dora informs Mr. Maybury that she has promised to marry Harold Jefferson within a month of that date. Preparations for the marriage proceed apace. On the eve of the wedding, Jim is summoned down to Threeways to perform an operation on the Earl of Lingfield, one of his grandfather's patients. He meets his grandfather, who does not, however, make any overtures that might lead to a reconciliation. Jim performs the operation with complete success. When he returns to town that evening, he finds a note at his surgery asking him to call at "No. 8 Pine-court," to see "Mrs. Murphy's baby." On entering the place he discovers, when it is too late to retreat, that he has been decoyed into an empty house by Hooligans, one of whom stuns him with a belt-buckle.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE VULTURES.

FOR a moment the Hooligan stood motionless, as if surprised by the ease with which he had accomplished his revenge. For a moment only, however. Approaching the prostrate form of the young doctor, he gave Jim a savage kick in the side. Jim did not move or speak.

"We've got 'im this time, boys," exclaimed the rough. "He's done."

But here there was an unlooked-for interruption. The woman whose voice had lured Jim to his destruction ran forward and confronted the leader of the gang.

She was a flower-seller, and had the healthy complexion common to her open-air calling. A thick mane of black hair hung over her eyes,

and she was ill-kempt and shabby, but she was not wholly without grace of form or feature.

"You said it was an old gent coming up for rent. You lied. It's the tall doctor."

The Hooligan glared at her.

"Well—wot then?"

"If I'd known it was 'im, I'd 'ave warned 'im, that's wot! 'E saved my baby's life. You shan't touch 'im again."

The Hooligan waved her off without ceremony.

"Shut your silly mouth, will you! It's done now. Get back over there, or I'll treat you as I've treated 'im."

Appalled by his tone, the woman shrank back to the gloomy corner whence she had emerged.

The others laughed coarsely. The room was dimly illumined by the light that came from the lamp-post in the court without, but this was sufficient to show them that their victim was unconscious, if not dead.

"See wot's on 'im," said one, a hunchback.

They crowded round the still figure, and commenced a quick search of Jim's pockets. The bandaged man—not without some wrangling—was allowed to retain the Long 'Un's watch and chain; the hunchback greedily possessed himself of the coins he extracted from Jim's pockets—two half-sovereigns, some silver, and a few coppers; another of the gang annexed Jim's cuff-links and studs.

The other three savagely demanded that the money, at least, should be divided up amongst them, and were assured that they would get their share. They received this promise with remarks that indicated that there was little honour among these thieves, and it looked as if a struggle for the booty would ensue, when the hunchback made a discovery which rendered the other finds insignificant in comparison.

"'Ere's a cheque."

So saying, he struck a match with feverish haste.

"*'Undred pounds!* My Sam! This is a bit of luck. 'E didn't get this out of Mount Street, I'll wager."

"Let's 'ave a squint at it," said the bandaged man; "aye," he continued, after examining the pink and white slip, "this is a bit of orl right. 'Undred pounds! That'll be nearly twenty pound each."

"A bit o' paper like that ain't no good to us," growled one of the gang; "'ow can we change it? 'Ooever does it will be nabbed."

The hunchback interposed. "Don't you make any mistake, Jerry. We can change it. Gentleman 'Arry'll do it. 'E can get up just like a toff -'e wasn't a valit six years for nuthink. It ain't crossed, and so he can get cash over the counter. 'E's told me that when 'e was in service 'e often changed cheques for the nobs wot employed 'im."

Thereupon the bandaged man arranged with the hunchback that "Gentleman 'Arry" was to be approached on the subject that night, and promised five pounds if he changed the cheque first thing in the morning.

"There ain't nuthink else on 'im, is there?" inquired the bandaged man, when this matter had been settled.

The hunchback went all through Jim's pockets again, but his search only yielded some keys, a pocket handkerchief, and a few letters.

"No, nuthink else, mates."

"Then we'll clear."

As they all rose to their feet, the woman again confronted the leader.

"'Ow about me?" she demanded, "didn't I get 'im in 'ere? 'E'd 'ave cottoned something was wrong if 'e 'adn't been answered by a woman."

The Hooligans grinned at each other. The bandaged man had arranged with the girl to do this. It was no business of the others.

"Oh, you shall 'ave a new 'at, Sally," the bandaged man assured her, with a leer.

"Wot else?"

"Anyfink yer like, Sally. But I thought you did it out o' friendship for me, because I was so kind to your 'usband before they nabbed 'im," added the Hooligan, with an unpleasant grimace.

"I'll see I get my share," said the girl, showing her white teeth.

"Wot! Would you take the kind doctor's 'ard-earned welf? 'Im wot was so good to yore baby! For shame, Sally!"

"'E's done for now, and it doesn't matter to 'im. I'll 'ave my share or know the reason why!"

"You'll split on us?"

"Yes, on the whole lot of yer! I don't join in a dirty job like this for love. I've a baby to keep at 'ome, and I want money, so you watch it!"

The bandaged man winked at his *confrères*. "That'll be orl right," he said. "It's on'y 'er *way*. Well, let's get out o' this, boys."

As the others moved towards the door, the bandaged man and the girl stayed by Jim's side. As the former gazed upon the prostrate and silent figure, an evil smile distorted his countenance. "We're quits now," he muttered, shaking his fist at the white face, "you an' me. You 'urt me, an' now I've 'urt you."

A twinge in the wound which he had come by through Jim's agency made him wince. He uttered an appalling oath.

"No, we ain't quite quits! I'll spoil your beauty for you, to end with, my pretty doctor."

He raised his iron-shod heel above Jim's face,

but, ere the foot could descend, the flower-girl pushed the Hooligan aside with such force that he reeled against the wall.

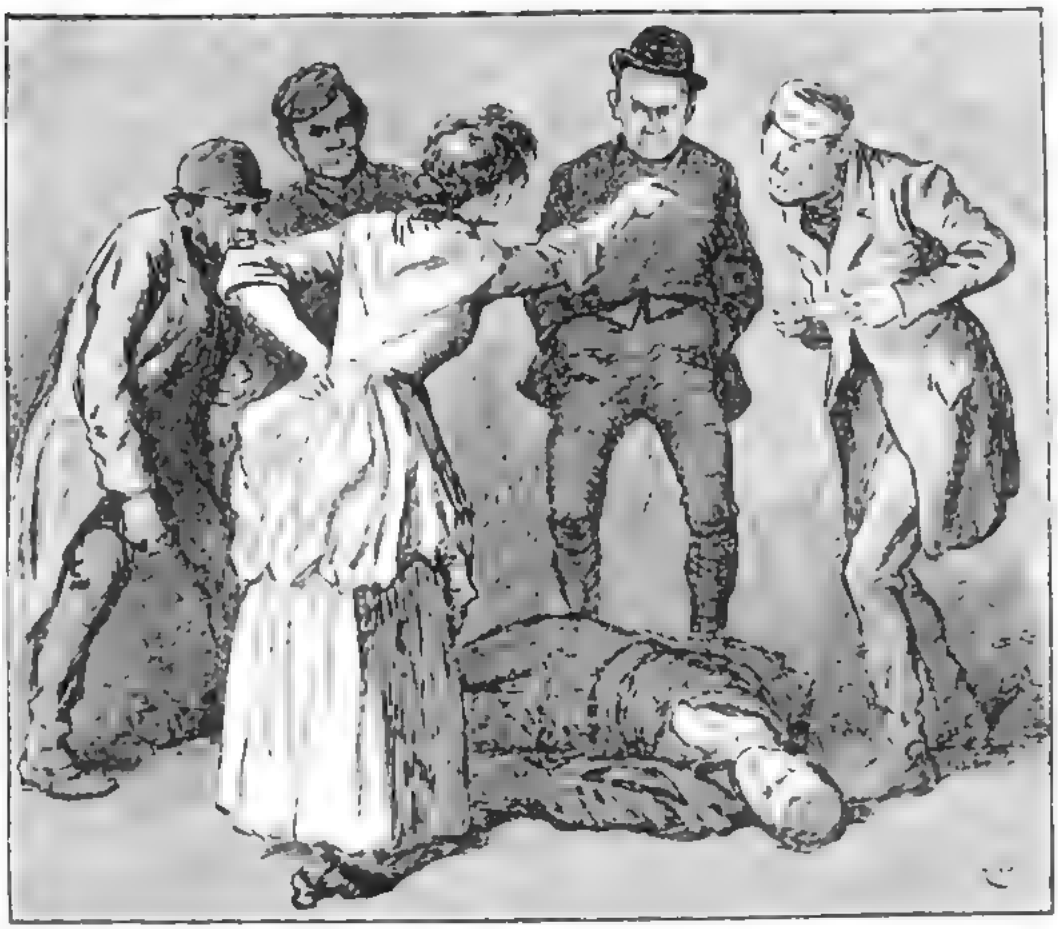
"Leave 'im alone—ain't you satisfied?" she exclaimed sharply.

The man recovered himself with another oath, and smacked the girl across the face with his open hand.

"That's for you, you interferin' cat."

With a snarl worthy of the creature she had been likened to, the girl hurled herself at her aggressor, and clawed his face with venomous finger-nails. In the struggle the Hooligan's bandage came off, revealing an unhealed wound. Crying out with pain, the rough threw the girl off with all his might, and, turning quickly, was hacking at Jim's head and body, when the girl, regaining her balance, flung herself across the motionless figure on the floor, and there remained while the Hooligan kicked and struck both at herself and Jim with ungovernable fury. Time and again he tried to drag her away, but she held staunch to her post in spite of his blows and execrations.

By this time the Hooligan had worked himself into a state of frenzy. Seeing that he could not get the girl away, he drew a knife from his belt, but, even as he poised it to strike, the door was kicked open and a man appeared.



"'OW ABOUT ME?" SHE DEMANDED.

Then a voice rang out commandingly; George Somers—for Koko it was—had never spoken so in his life before.

"Drop that knife or I fire!"

With the howl of a maddened animal the Hooligan sprang to his feet and bounded forward. The blade flashed ominously in the lamplight. As it swept downwards towards Koko's heart, there was a sharp report, followed by a shriek from the

Hooligan, who swayed, clawing at the air, and then toppled forward in a heap, shot through the brain.

Simultaneously came sounds of heavy footsteps on the stairs. The other members of the gang made a dash for the doorway, but as they reached it several stalwart forms barred their exit. The Hooligans, realising their position, fought like tigers to escape, but the police, having been forewarned of trouble by old Harris, had their truncheons ready, and used them without stint. Two of the Hooligans dropped to the floor; another, a big fellow, closed with one of the constables, and they went swinging and stumbling into the passage without. Taking his opportunity, the hunchback crept out on to the dark staircase, and was softly descending when suddenly two bony hands clutched him by the neck, and next moment he and old Harris were rolling over and over down the rotten stairs, the Jew dealer hanging on to the half-strangled dwarf with a certain nervous strength which the other could not overcome, beat and tear as he would. Halfway down the stairs the writhing pair were met by another couple of policemen, by whom the hunchback was quickly secured and handcuffed.

The reinforcing police speedily settled the matter, and all the Hooligans were soon in custody.

When at length the police were able to draw breath more easily and look around, they found Koko kneeling by his friend. By Jim's side lay the insensible form of the flower-seller who had befriended him with such strange suddenness.

"Jim, old chap, Jim!" cried Koko, "Jim, speak to me!"

No sound came from Jim's lips. He lay as he had fallen, with his white face upturned to the ceiling. But that face was without a mark, so well shielded had it been by the woman.

"Here, sir, try this," said one of the police, holding out a pocket-flask.

Quickly Koko unscrewed the top and forced the mouth of the flask between his friend's lips. The raw spirit trickled down Jim's throat, and, to Koko's unspeakable relief, Mortimer opened his eyes.

"Is that—you—old man?"

"Yes, Jim! Here, swallow some more. Oh, Jim," he added, in a trembling voice, "I'm *so* glad! I thought—you were dead!"

Jim gave a little sigh. "I think they've done for me. I can't move—they've hurt my back. . . ."

Koko shivered, for he knew what Jim meant.

"We'll take you to the hospital, old man," he said, "and you'll soon be all right."

Jim's lips moved in reply, and Koko put down his ear.

"Not—hospital," said Jim, faintly. "Take me home. I want—to see—Dora."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HOME-COMING.

ON the day preceding that fixed for her wedding, Dora Maybury purposely went down to breakfast later than usual, as she wished to be alone during the meal. She did not want to meet the prying eyes of her elder sister or answer her still more prying questions.

Miss H. R. Maybury, however, was not easily put off. This was the last day that the two sisters would be spending under the same roof for some time to come, and H. R. intended to make the most of it.

When, therefore, Dora reached the breakfast-room, she found her sister seated behind the coffee-urn.

"It is rather provoking of you to be so late, Dora," said H. R.; "we have had to keep breakfast on the table for an hour, just on your account."

"You needn't have done that," replied Dora, coldly; "I only want a cup of tea and some bread and butter."

"You won't look much like a bride to-morrow if you starve yourself to-day," observed H. R.

Dora made no rejoinder, but took her seat at the table.

"There isn't any tea—won't coffee do?" enquired H. R.

"*Anything* will do," said Dora, shortly.

"Dear me!" cried H. R., "I hope you will be in a nicer mood when you sit down to breakfast for the first time with Harold."

"I expect he'll say pleasanter things to me than you do," returned Dora.

H. R. was taken somewhat aback. "Here is some coffee," she said, more amicably; "there is a plate of bacon and eggs for you in the fender," she added.

"I couldn't *touch* them!" cried Dora.

"I don't see why you should lose your appetite because you're going to be married to-morrow," said H. R.

"Don't you? Well, perhaps you'll understand my feelings better when you find *yourself* on the eve of *your* wedding-day!" snapped Dora.

H. R., having no reply ready, pretended to read the morning paper.

At length something occurred to her.

"Oh, by the way, dear," she said, when Dora had sipped her coffee and nibbled a few mouthfuls

of bread-and-butter, "some more presents have come for you."

"Oh!" said Dora, indifferently.

"They are on the hall table—shall I get them for you?"

"If you like. I am in no hurry."

But H. R. had recognised Jim's writing on one parcel, and wanted to watch her sister's face when Dora opened the packet. Jim, it should be added, had placed the presents from Koko and himself on the hall table very late on the previous night.

H. R. left the breakfast room, and presently returned bearing three parcels in her arms.

"I think there must be one from Frank, too; he was wrapping up something very mysteriously before he went to school this morning."

Dora turned over the three parcels which H. R. set down on the table before her. After scrutinising the writing on each, she opened that addressed to her in Frank's irregular round-hand. Frank's present proved to be a volume of Tennyson's works in a handsome morocco leather cover.

"*Dear* Frank! What a nice present!" cried Dora. "He must have saved up his pocket-money for *months!*"

"He gets a good many tips," said H. R., drily.

"Pretty girls' brothers generally do," observed a harsh voice at the door.

Following the remark came Miss Bird herself. The maiden lady duly admired the Tennyson.

"The other two presents," said H. R., "are from Mr. Somers and Dr. Mortimer, and Dora *won't* open them because she knows I'm burning to see them."

"And to make nasty remarks about them when you've seen them?" suggested Miss Bird.

Before H. R. could think of a suitable retort, Dora had drawn Koko's present from its enclosing wrappers.

"A *workbox*—full of things!" she said, laughing; "everything I can possibly want, even down to matches!"

The three ladies all agreed that it was a very nice workbox.

"And now for the third parcel," said H. R., watching her sister's face.

"It is a fan," said Dora, quietly opening Jim's parcel,—"an ivory one."

She passed it on to Miss Bird.

"A beautiful present, my dear," said that lady. "I admire Dr. Mortimer's taste."

"And look!" cried H. R., who next inspected the fan, "it has a sprig of rosemary upon it. How very sentimental! That means remembrance, doesn't it? Dora, I do believe Dr. Mortimer likes you more than he cares to admit."

"Please don't talk such nonsense, H. R.," said Dora, holding out her hand for the fan.

"Come, now," said H. R., spreading out the fan and peeping over it, "tell me! Don't you think I'm right?"

"Right about what?" asked Dora, with trembling lips; "oh, please give me my fan!"

"Give the child her fan and don't tease her," rasped out Miss Bird, who saw through the deliberate malice of H. R.'s question.

"Why doesn't she answer, then?" said H. R., examining the sprig of rosemary with renewed interest; "anybody would think that she liked *him* by the way she goes on."

The blood rushed into Dora's face.

"She how she is blushing!" added H. R., unsparingly.

"I'm not blushing," cried Dora, whose cheeks sadly belied her words.

"You are—I believe you *do* like him!"

Dora rose from her chair. The blood had died out of her face, and she was very white.

"And why," she demanded, her eyes flashing ominously, "*shouldn't* I like him? Is there any sin in it? When he came you all condemned him, but he has been quite patient and nice and gentlemanly all the time, in spite of the things that have been said to him. Yes, I *do* like him, and I shall always value this present from him. Please give it to me."

H. R. handed her the fan. "In *that* case, Dora, dear," she said, sweetly, "it seems a pity that you are marrying Mr. Jefferson to-morrow."

Dora closed the fan and held it tightly to her side. Her sister's final remark had brought the blood surging into her face again. "Oh," she cried, "how I *hate* you, H. R.—yes, *hate* you!"

And with that she gave a piteous little cry and ran out of the room.

For a moment there was silence, and then Miss Bird turned her stern, lined face towards the elder sister. "Miss Maybury," she said, "I am ashamed of you."

"Your opinion of me," said H. R., with a forced lightness of tone, "does not concern me at all."

"To think," Miss Bird went on, "that you should taunt that poor child with a fact that has been patent to every woman in this house for *weeks* past! You have seen it—you know it. I repeat, I am heartily ashamed of you."

"Please spare me your lectures, Miss Bird."

"I will spare you nothing. I tell you to your face that you are a cruel, jealous woman. Dora is much younger than you, but is being married before you, and that is rankling in your mind. And so you bully her and tax her with liking Dr. Mortimer when you *know* she likes him—aye,

likes him far better than she likes the man she is marrying."

"But," interrupted H. R., "Mr. Jefferson happens to be very well off, and so our dear little innocent Dora does not see her way to give him up."

Miss Bird rose from her seat and walked up to where H. R. was sitting.

"Do you really *know* why Dora is marrying this young stockbroker?" she said.

"Because she is tired of working in the post-office, and wants to have a good time, I suppose," replied H. R.

"Oh! you suppose that! Well, I will tell you why. She is marrying him because she wishes to make your father's position secure in the Jeffersons' office, and, if possible, to improve it. She is deliberately marrying young Mr. Jefferson with that object in view."

"Then she is very silly," said H. R., scornfully.

"*Silly!* Yes, she *is* silly! But how old is she? —*nineteen!* And at nineteen aren't many girls *very* silly—aren't their heads full of romantic ideas of self-sacrifice, and other nonsense! Yes, she *is* silly! If she were your age—twenty-eight—she would be marrying Mr. Jefferson for her own sake, but she is only nineteen, and so she is marrying him for her father's sake. Now you understand!"

"I simply don't believe you," said H. R.

"It matters little whether you believe me or not. I have told you the truth. I am a very much older woman than you, and it has been my recreation all my life—for want of a better—to watch the people round me and dissect their motives. Old maids are good judges of character. You yourself will find you are a better judge of character in a few years' time than you are now."

And so, with this final lash from her tongue, Miss Bird stalked out of the room, while Miss H. R. Maybury, feeling considerably crestfallen, made her way downstairs to commence her household duties.

Somehow or other Dora got through this miserable day. At lunch and tea and dinner she hardly spoke a word, but she brightened up when her father got home from the office, where he had been working later than usual in order to be free the next day. He had brought an evening paper with him, and read out the latest bulletin concerning the Earl of Lingfield's health.

"So," added the ex-merchant, "our friend Dr. Mortimer was not sent for merely to assist. According to this bulletin he actually performed the operation—a very perilous one, I am told."

"It will make him," said Miss Bird, laying down her knitting needles

"Yes," agreed Mr. Maybury, "a man possessed of his nerve and skill will be in great demand. I am sorry in one way, because it will mean that he will leave us. No doubt he will go to Harley Street."

"I hope this success won't turn his head and drive him back to his vicious courses," said Mrs. Maybury, somewhat severely.

Mr. Cleave was scanning the new number of his favourite weekly.

"I should not be surprised," he conjectured, in his quavering tenor, "if alcohol proved Mortimer's stumbling-block in life. There is a sad case in the *Abstainer's* list this week of a Northamptonshire doctor who has lately lost his practice on account of his habitual drunkenness."

Miss Bird cast a lowering eye on her fellow-boarder, but before she could make any remark the door was opened with unexpected suddenness, and Mary came in.

"Oh, if you please, mum," she said, addressing Mrs. Maybury, "there's some policemen at the door, and Mr. Somers, and they've brought Dr. Mortimer——"

But here the little maid broke down and burst into tears. Fortunately Koko appeared at this juncture to complete the announcement.

"Jim has been hurt by Hooligans," he said, quietly. "At first I wanted to take him to a hospital, but he told me he would like to be brought here."

"Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes," said Koko, "very seriously hurt. The police fetched a doctor——"

He paused, for he noticed that Dora had risen to her feet, and, white as death, was awaiting the doctor's verdict.

"The doctor pronounced him to be suffering from concussion of the brain and a fracture of the spine."

Mr. Maybury walked out of the room, closing the door after him. The police ambulance containing Jim's unconscious form had been set down in the hall. By the ambulance stood Dr. Taplow's representative—the bearded man.

"Please follow me," said Mr. Maybury, and those in the drawing-room could hear ominously heavy footsteps on the stairs as the policemen bore their burden up to Jim's little room on the second landing. Koko slipped out of the drawing-room after giving Mrs. Maybury and the others further details concerning the affair. Dora made as if to follow him.

"You had better stay in here, dear," said Mrs. Maybury; "anybody else will only be in the way, at present."

"I am only going into the dining-room," said Dora.

How long she waited in the dining-room, Dora never knew. It seemed like a lifetime. She heard the police go out and shut the front door after them, and later she heard the front door opened and closed again, and yet again. At length, after what seemed an interminable period, Mr. Maybury came into the dining-room. His face was very grave.

"Father—tell me the truth!"

Dora was looking at him with beseeching eyes that would brook no subterfuge.

"The doctor says," replied Mr. Maybury, "that he will not live more than twenty-four hours."

Dora hid her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, father, father," she sobbed, "if he dies my heart will break!"

Mr. Maybury gently disengaged himself from her embrace, and looked steadily into her face.

"Dora, tell me! Do you love him?"

She buried her face again in the kind shoulder.

"Yes," she said, "with all my heart."

For a long, tense minute no word was spoken. Then Mr. Maybury broke the silence.

"If that is so," he said, "you must not marry Mr. Jefferson, and I must go and tell him so."

Dora raised her head. Her eyes shone like stars because of the great love she bore for Jim Mortimer.

"Go, then," she said, "and I promise you I will be brave—now, and until the end."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DELICATE MISSION.

MR. HAROLD JEFFERSON lived in the Albany, where a long succession of well-to-do bachelors, good and bad, have occupied chambers since the days of the later Georges. The bachelor nests in the Temple—so beloved of young bar students fresh from the 'Varsity—wax insignificant in comparison with the lofty, depressing spaciousness which characterises Albany Chambers. The rents, too, differ widely, for whereas a man may cut quite a tenemental dash in the Temple for fifty or sixty pounds a year, in the Albany one's rental may run into anything between a hundred and forty and four hundred per annum.

A quaint nook is this Albany. As one paces the stone-flagged footway in the contemplative stillness which broods over the place, it is an easy feat of the imagination to put the clock back a hundred years, to people the lettered houses with bucks and bloods in Regency attire, and, with the fall of night, to set the gaunt old place ablaze with candles, and listen to the flick and rattle of cards and dice, the popping of corks, and the sound of those old-fashioned oaths which it was thought fit that gentlemen should use freely in the days when Byron and Macaulay lived in this aristocratic bachelor precinct.

But new times bring new men, and Harold Jefferson was of the newest. He lived in the Albany for the same reason that he drove a motor-car, ploughed the Thames in a steam-launch, and frequented fashionable restaurants at fashionable hours—because it was expensive.

On this particular night—the eve of his wedding-day—Jefferson was superintending the packing of his various possessions. This was his last night in the Albany, so much had to be done. Albert, his valet, was moving here and there with dapper, noiseless steps, folding, arranging, pressing down, strapping and locking. Albert was, on the whole, a good valet. He was punctual, obsequious, diplomatic, and only stole odd sixpences and shillings, for his was a mean little nature, content with little thefts.

Albert put up with abuse that no honest man would have listened to in silence. Therefore he suited Jefferson. True, he had no respect whatever for his master, but Jefferson paid him more liberally than, say, a military gentleman would have done, so he stayed on with Jefferson, wore his left-off suits, annexed his small change, and was quite contented with himself in his negative, unambitious way.

Harold, this evening, was in a high good-humour. Everything had fallen out as he had desired that it should do. He was marrying a lovely girl, and would be envied for his prize far and wide. He would dress her in the prettiest attire obtainable for money, deck her out in costly jewels, and constantly bask in the reflected glory of her beauty. When they came back, he promised himself he would take precious good care she didn't pay many calls at Number Nine or have her starveling relations to see her more than twice a year.

At ten o'clock Albert, having completed his tasks, left the Albany. At 11 p.m. Jefferson was due at a farewell supper-party which was to be given in his honour that night by some of his bachelor friends at the famous Whittingham restaurant, where they charge you eighteen pence simply for hanging your hat up. The price of food and wine, reckoned on a similar scale, may be imagined. But then, Mr. Jefferson and his friends set little store by a meal that did not cost them about six times more than it was worth.

Harold had adjusted his tie and put on his overcoat, preparatory to sallying forth, when there came a knock at his door. Albert having

departed, he was obliged to answer the summons himself.

"Mr. Maybury!"

Harold's tone smacked more of surprise than cordiality.

"Yes, I am sorry to disturb you, Mr. Jefferson, but my errand is an important one. May I come in?"

"Of course, of course! I am afraid I cannot ask you to stay very long, as I have to be at the Whittingham at eleven. Some of my friends are giving me a send-off. Will you have a glass of champagne?"

"No, thank you."

"A cigar, then?"

"Again, no thank you. Such things would not harmonise with my errand, for I have come, Mr. Jefferson, to break some very unpleasant news to you."

"I hope nothing is wrong with Dora?"

"My visit concerns Dora. To come to the point at once, I am afraid that this marriage arranged for to-morrow cannot take place."

Jefferson stared at him aghast.

"In the name of goodness—*why* not?"

Jefferson had seated himself on the table, one slippered foot just touching the floor. Mr. Maybury walked up to him.

"I am exceedingly sorry to have to bring you this news. Believe me, I feel for your position. The truth of the matter is, Dora loves another man, and therefore it would be most wrong on my part to allow your marriage with her to take place."

Jefferson stared at his visitor in amazement.

"Are you quite sober, sir?" he demanded.

"Yes, I am absolutely sober."

"Then allow me to tell you that you are talking so much tomfoolery! Of course the marriage must take place! How on earth can you have allowed yourself to come here with such a suggestion? I suppose Dora is in a state of nervousness that borders on hysteria, and so has got some foolish fancy into her head that she doesn't like me enough. For Heaven's sake, man, go home and reason with her and don't delay me any longer with such a wild-goose tale."

The ex-merchant regarded Jefferson with a cool and resolute gaze.

"This is not a wild-goose tale. Dora is not hysterical. Nor is this a foolish fancy of hers. She prefers young Mortimer to you, and it would be an unpardonable crime on my part to allow her to marry you."

"Mortimer!—*that* bounder!"

"She loves Mortimer and he is not, I may add, a bounder. He is as good a gentleman as I have ever met."

The situation was getting serious. Jefferson took off his overcoat and lit a cigarette. Then—by way of steadying his own nerves—he swallowed a glass of champagne. Finally he came to a halt opposite his visitor, and as he did so his lips set in an ugly and determined line.

"Now, look here, Maybury," he said, blowing a column of smoke ceilingwards, "let us talk sense. Dora likes this Mortimer—I have known that for a long time. To-night his name is in every mouth—yes, I have read in the evening papers of what he has done. And so it suddenly occurs to her that she would like to be the wife of a brilliant young surgeon rather than the wife of a—well—of a not very brilliant young stockbroker."

Mr. Maybury held up his hand, but Jefferson would not be silenced.

"She comes to you in tears, declaring she cannot marry me. You, not knowing women as I do, are convinced by her tears, and come straight off to me to say the marriage can't take place. You are, if you will excuse me for saying so, a fool. I will marry Dora to-morrow, and afterwards I will prove to you that I am as good a man as any common cad of a surgeon you may please to take into your house as a lodger!"

Jefferson's eyes were blazing with fury. The champagne had done its work.

"I have already told you," returned Mr. Maybury, in even, quiet tones, "that I feel very much for you. The abandonment of this match will put you in a very awkward position, but I must repeat that the marriage cannot and *shall not* take place."

"And *I* say," shouted Jefferson, "that I will not be bested by Mortimer. He shall not marry Dora. I look to her to keep her promise. Mortimer shall never have her!"

"No, he never will," said Mr. Maybury.

"What! You said just now that she prefers him to me!"

"She will never marry him," Mr. Maybury resumed, "because in all probability he will be dead within four-and-twenty hours!"

"*Dead!*" Jefferson's face lit up with renewed hope.

"Yes, he has been severely mauled by a gang of South London roughs. The medical man who has seen him declares that his case is hopeless."

Jefferson did not speak for a few moments. Then he burst into a laugh.

"I see—I see it all! Mortimer is brought in unconscious and Dora promptly faints. She is inclined to be sentimental, as I know. And so you come here and tell me I mustn't marry her. Did ever man set out on such a preposterous errand! My good Maybury, I shall be at the church to-morrow, and if you and your daughter are not there you will never set foot in my office again."

"We shall certainly not be there," replied Mr. Maybury.

"We shall see. You've got a night to sleep on it. My father is ill, and is away on the Continent. I am head of the firm during his absence. Fail to keep your contract to-morrow afternoon, and you need never show your face in my office again. Were my father in London he would support me, for he will not see me insulted in this manner. I will telegraph to him if you like."

"You need not do that," said Mr. Maybury, moving towards the door; "I accept my dismissal at your hands."

Jefferson laughed again. "I really think you cannot be quite sober. Just reflect on what you are doing. Can you afford to throw up your job with us?"

Mr. Maybury turned fiercely upon the young man.

"*Afford!* Listen to me, Mr. Jefferson. My child's happiness is to me a matter of higher importance than my post in your firm. I am a poor man—Heaven knows!—and want every penny I earn as your book-keeper, but that fact will not deter me from doing what I conceive to be my duty. I say my child shall *not* marry you!"

And without another word Dora's father turned on his heel and went his way.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DOCTOR VISITS MOUNT STREET.

WHEN Koko left Number Nine, after seeing Jim put to bed, he went straight to Taplow's surgery, and was lucky enough to find that the bearded man was still there

"Doctor, I want you to spend the night with Mortimer," said Koko.

"Impossible," said the bearded man; "I have an urgent case which will keep me up till four."

"What's to be done, then?"

"Get a trained nurse—I'll give you the address of a place in the West End where about two hundred of them live when they have no case on. Telephone the manageress, and say you want a nurse sent to Number Nine, Derby Crescent, to-night. I'll look in at breakfast time."

He gave Koko the address of the Nurses' Home.

'Right!" said Koko. "Now, doctor, tell me candidly has Mortimer got a chance?"

"Not a ghost of one," said the bearded man; "even if he pulled through he would be paralysed for the rest of his life, but he *won't* pull through. The mischief is in the spine—where he was kicked."

"I shot the fellow," said Koko, between his teeth.

"Did you? Well, I don't suppose he will be much loss. If the police were allowed to carry revolvers we shouldn't hear much more of this Hooliganism."

Koko paced restlessly up and down the surgery, and then turned abruptly to the bearded man.

"Look here, doctor," he exclaimed, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but is it possible that you're mistaken about my friend Mortimer?"

"Time will show," said the bearded man coldly. "I give him twenty-four hours. Now, if you're ready, I'll turn the gas out. I must be off."

With a sorrowful heart Koko hailed a cab and drove to the Nurses' Home. He had experienced too many of the telephone's delays. At the Home he promptly engaged a nurse, waited while she packed her box, and then conveyed her to Number Nine, where he confided her to the care of Mrs. Maybury.

After this Koko made his way to a telegraph office in the Strand, and enquired whether he could wire to Threeways. He was told that he was too late. He therefore wrote out a telegram, briefly informing old Dr. Mortimer of what had happened, and left it with the clerk at the counter to be dispatched directly the office opened on the following morning.

Then Koko, worn out, sought his bed. At ten the next morning he had to appear at the Blackfriars Police Court to answer the charge of "causing the death" of the bandaged Hooligan, and also to give evidence against the five roughs in custody.

About eleven the next morning Dr. Mortimer arrived at Number Nine and was ushered up to Jim's bedroom. A glance showed him that his grandson was desperately ill, and so without delay he drove to Harley Street and alighted at the door of Trefusis, the first authority on spine trouble. Dr. Trefusis promised to proceed to Derby Crescent immediately. A few doors lower down lived Sir Savile Smart. Dr. Mortimer was so fortunate as to find him in.

"Smart, I want you to come and look at my boy."

"Jim! What's wrong?"

"The Hooligans have been at him. I want you to meet Trefusis and give an opinion. Brain and spine injuries. You'll come?"

"My shoulder hurts, but I'll come with pleasure."

By one o'clock Jim had been examined by the two great surgeons. During their examination they both looked grave, but at the end of it Sir Savile drew a deep breath of relief.

"He's a tough young dog. We shall pull him through, Trefusis?"

The spine man looked doubtful.

"We may. He'll be unconscious for a week. When he comes round we shall be able to tell better."

Then the specialist turned to Dr. Mortimer.

"I will do my best for your boy, sir. He may live. I cannot say with certainty. A great deal depends on the nursing. I'll come to-morrow. Good-day."

Soon after the two surgeons had driven off, Koko arrived at Number Nine. He had satisfied the magistrate that he had shot the Hooligan because his own life was threatened, and had subsequently given some solid evidence against the five prisoners, all of whom were committed for trial. Koko, however, had still to attend the inquest on the dead Hooligan, to be held two days later, and exonerate himself from all blame.

Mr. Maybury introduced Koko to Dr. Mortimer.

"This is your grandson's great friend—Mr. Somers."

They shook hands.

"I thought your name was Coke," said the old doctor.

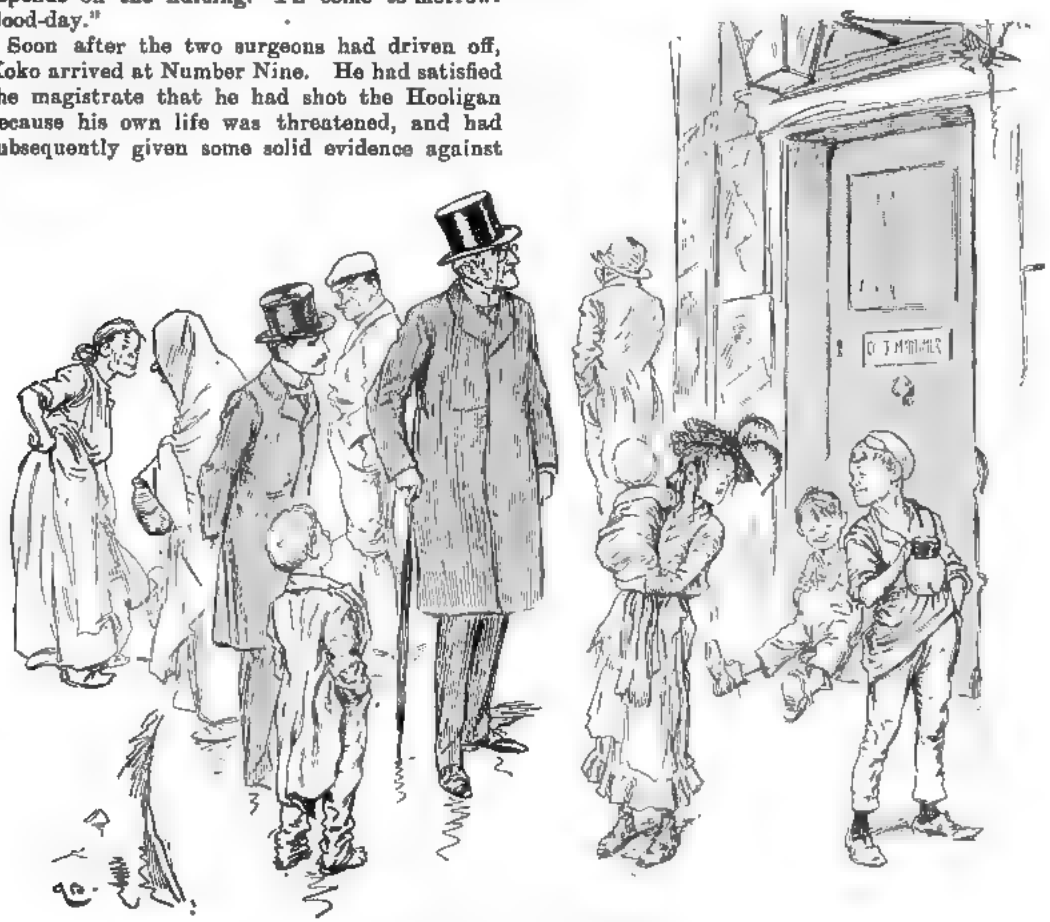
"Jim calls me Koko because I am rather bald," explained Koko, meekly.

"And you saved Jim's life last night?"

"I shot——"

"Yes, I read about that in the paper. Will you shake hands with me again? . . . . and now please take me round to my boy's surgery. I've only seen a photograph of it up to the present."

Side by side the wealthy Southfolk doctor and the little sporting reporter walked out of Derby Crescent into the bustling Blackfriars Road, and presently wheeled out of that thoroughfare into Mount Street.



SO THIS WAS JIM'S SURGERY!

"What a detestable district!" exclaimed Dr. Mortimer, as they were passing the Nathans' fried fish shop, from which proceeded a by no means delectable odour of hissing horse-fat.

"It's Jim's country," said Koko.

"Is he popular round here?"

"They love him," said Koko.

The old doctor's face just then was a study.

He may have been thinking of Threeways, where he had resided for so many years without endearing himself to a single soul.

"What sort of a living has my grandson made here?" he asked, presently.

"Oh, he has scraped along."

Dr. Mortimer cleared his throat.

"When he was at Matthew's he used to run up very extravagant tailors' bills—indeed, he ran up extravagant bills of all kinds."

"I know he did," said Koko.

"I expect," continued the old doctor, "he has rather missed that sort of thing over here."

"He hasn't had any new things since he's been here," said Koko.

The doctor cleared his throat again. "I presume—er—I presume he had sufficient clothes?"

"Oh, yes—but last winter's things had to do, you know."

The Doctor was silent for some moments. The Jim who could make old things do was not the Jim he had known. Jim, up to last September, had always been fastidious about the cut of his coats and most partial to fancy waistcoats. Not that the Doctor had really minded paying for them—in fact, he had liked to see Jim well-turned-out. What he had objected to was Jim's utter disregard of even moderation in expenditure. And to think that this same Jim had been making last winter's things "do"!

The Doctor reflected a good deal on Koko's replies. It occurred to him that if he had tried to understand Jim better in the past, this split would never have occurred. He had thundered rebukes at Jim, much as an army colonel would upbraid a refractory subaltern, and Jim, in return, had simply been cheeky. Now, supposing he had reasoned with the lad in a kindly, gentle manner, would that not have proved more effectual than inditing fierce epistles to his grandson, when the latter was in town, or shouting a lecture to him across the telephone, as on that September morning of vivid remembrance!

Jim had never known a mother's care. He had been brought up by his grandfather, who had taken a pride in him such as a man takes in a handsome horse or dog. And so Jim ran wild, and, in the end, was expelled from Threeways.

Such were the thoughts that coursed through the old Doctor's mind as he paced down Mount Street by the side of George Somers.

"Here's the surgery," said Koko at length.

So this was Jim's surgery! The old Doctor halted and stared at the shabby-looking corner building. This was where Jim had been getting his living since he had been barred from the old rooftree in Southfolk!

"Did he rent the entire building?" enquired Dr. Mortimer.

"Yes. It was a pawnbroker's place before Jim took it!"

"Great heavens! And why did he allow these abominable placards to be pasted on his walls?"

"The old chap who let him the place wanted some money, so Jim made him a present of the outside of the house for advertising purposes," explained Koko.

The Doctor looked amazed.

"Dear! dear! What a quixotic notion! No wonder he had to wear his last winter's clothes!"

"Jim was always like that," said Koko.

The old Doctor bit his lip and again frowned upon the posters. Filling the bill this week at the local theatre was a play in which a steam-roller was the principal attraction. A poster, cunningly attached to Jim's wall just where his red lamp would shine upon it after dusk, depicted the steam-roller descending a narrow hill at top speed, while directly in its track lay a young woman in evening dress, and apparently unconscious. The poster had attracted half the adult population of Mount Street to the theatre.

"Now I come to think of it," said the Doctor, "I remember something of this kind was visible in the photograph of the place which James sent me at Christmas. It represented a man throwing another man—or a woman, possibly a woman—out of a balloon. I suppose these dreadful pictures are changed every week?"

"Yes, something fresh every Monday," said Koko.

"Dear, dear me! To think of it!"

"It didn't matter to Jim," put in Koko; "he was rather amused by the posters."

"And who was the man that prevailed upon James to part with his walls in this philanthropic manner?" enquired the Doctor.

"A provision dealer called Harris."

At that moment Koko felt a touch on his arm, and wheeled round to find old Harris himself at his elbow.

"Mr. Somers, sir, seeing you standin' 'ere, I've come to ask after the Doctor. All Mount Street wants to know 'ow 'e is. Is he like to die?"

"There is hope, but not much. You know yourself how badly he was knocked about."

"Yes, I know that. Yes, and I pretty near pulled that 'unchback's wind-pipe out, so 'elp me!" returned the provision dealer, with a savage chuckle.

"Are you the man mentioned in the newspapers as having fetched the police?" Dr. Mortimer demanded of Mr. Harris.

"Yes, I'm the man," was the answer, "I fetched 'em. You see, last night I goes into

Dr. Mortimer's surgery and swallows vot I took for prussic acid. Yes, 'arf a pint. And vile I vos vaitin' for the end, I fell asleep, and ven I vakes the doctor vos standin' by me. Vell, 'e tells me it vosn't p'ison, and then 'e goes off to Pine Court. Vell, just after, in comes Mr. Somers, and says 'e: 'Vare is the doctor?' an' I says: 'E's gone to vare it mentions in that bit of paper.' 'Pine Court,' says Mr. Somers, 'Mrs. Murphy's.' 'Mrs. Murphy don't live in Pine Court,' says I. 'I knows all the people in these courts.' Mr. Somers 'e looks startled, and reads the note again. 'This looks fishy, 'Arris,' he says; 'this writin's in a disguised 'and.' I gets up and looks at the note, and I sees at once it vos my son Isaac's 'andwritin'——"

"Your son's?" exclaimed Dr. Mortimer; "do the police know that?"

"They don't," replied Mr. Harris, "and for vy? Vy, for becos I says to Mr. Somers: 'This is a trap,' I says, 'and ve'll be after the doctor and save 'im. But I'll 'elp on one condition only.' 'Vot's that?' says Mr. Somers, sharp like. 'That you don't split on Isaac! You agree to that, an' I'll lend you this revolver!' I vos goin' to shoot myself at first, you see, sir, an' then I thought p'ison would be cleaner. 'Agreed,' says Mr. Somers, and off we goes, I to fetch the police and Mr. Somers straight for Pine Court, vith the loaded revolver in 'is pocket."

"And this scoundrel of a son of yours—where is he?" demanded the Doctor.

The old man laughed softly to himself.

"My son Isaac? *'E's bolted!* 'E vent at once—vithout a vord. I says: 'Isaac,' I says, 'you wrote that note. You're in my power. You'll 'ang if I put up my little finger!' And Isaac, 'e just vent right out of the door vithout even puttin' on 'is 'at! 'E won't trouble me no more, but 'e'll always get a livin'. 'E's clever as paint, is Isaac! Yes, 'e vent out like that—never saw a man go out of a 'ouse so quick in my life. So I've altered the name over my shop back to *'Arris and Son*—there's the painter just finishin'—and now I'm my own master agen."

And the old dealer snapped his lean fingers for sheer joy.

"Why 'Harris and Son' if your son has run away for good?" asked Dr. Mortimer.

"Becos 'Arris by itself vould cause remark. If any one says: 'Vare's your son, Mr. 'Arris?' I shall say *''E's gone away for 'is 'ealth,'* and that'll 'ave to satisfy 'em."

And with a leer of the utmost self-complacency Mr. Harris turned on his heel and went back to watch the painter conclude the alteration in the title over the provision shop.

Mrs. Brown, Jim's caretaker, was in, and admitted Koko and his companion. The old Doctor gazed silently round the surgery. There was Jim's working coat, there was his pipe-rack, there was the quaint Chinaman whose sudden fall forwards—ingeniously contrived by the Long 'Un—used to announce the opening of the street door.

"I should never have thought," murmured the Doctor, "that Jim would have settled down in a place like this."

"He did settle down, though," said Koko, "and he was working it up into a good thing when this horrible plot was laid for him."

"We must keep it going, then," said the Doctor; "do you suppose any of his friends at the Hospital would be willing to act in his place?"

"Sure of it," said Koko. "I think you had better ask Evans—a red-headed man—and Deadwood. They are both friends of Jim's."

"I'll go and see them at once," said the Doctor, "and then I must get back to Threeways. I have some patients I cannot leave for long."

"What about the boarding?" asked Koko.

"Well," said the Doctor, "considering the services Mr. Harris rendered last night, I think we ought to let him continue to make money out of Jim's walls."

And so, thereafter, each Monday saw a fresh pictorial embellishment of the surgery's exterior; every Monday the youth of Mount Street was thrilled to the marrow by new scenes of derring-do, of lovely ladies in peril and gallant gentlemen dashing to their assistance, and of virtue triumphing over vice, as always virtue will do so long as there remain in the world good women and honourable men.

And the transpontine drama reaped many sixpences thereby.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WEEK PASSES.

TRUE to the prognostication of the great Trefusis, Jim Mortimer remained unconscious for seven days. During that time, liquid food—beef extract and milk—was poured down his throat, and thus the lamp of his life was kept alight. At the end of the week, Jim, emaciated and hollow-cheeked, opened his eyes, and the first person he caught sight of and addressed was, appropriately enough, his friend, George Somers.

"Well, young feller!" he said, with a brave attempt to smile in his old, cheery way.

Koko took his hand and pressed it gently.

"You must get well quick now, Jim, old boy."

"It isn't in me," said Jim.

"But you must. Oh, Jim, please buck up and get well!"

Jim tried to shake his head, and the agonising pain which this slight action caused him brought the perspiration out on his face.

"I'm too far gone, dear old chap," he murmured; "I know it."

Koko gently bathed his friend's damp face with a sponge dipped in some cool, soothing lotion. His touch was as soft as a woman's. The trained nurse, when she went out for her daily ride on the top of a 'bus, knew that she was leaving her patient in good hands when she left him with Koko.

"That's great," muttered Jim, and fell into a doze.

As Koko kept watch by his chum's bedside, his kindly brown eyes became dim and misty. Could it be that he was to lose Jim after all, he wondered. Oh, no, that could not be! Surely this great, honest fellow would be spared! He was so young—hardly more than a boy—and had lived such a little time!

Surely, thought Koko, in his simple faith, God would take that into consideration. *He* would remember how young Jim was, and remember, too, that in spite of all the knocking about and drinking and ragging he had done, Jim had never once been guilty of a dishonourable action. He had lived a clean life, and such errors of conduct as he had been guilty of had been due rather to his careless, happy-go-lucky nature than to vicious inclination. He had knocked policemen down and painted the town blue, but he had been a gentleman through it all. The policemen always seemed to feel that, apart from the apologies and sovereigns he had subsequently applied to their bruises as healing balm of a practical kind.

The matter with Jim had been until a few months since—that he had always had too liberal a supply of pocket-money to draw upon down at Threeways. Consequently, unscrupulous fellow-students had borrowed from him and never troubled to repay him; consequently, it was always Jim who stood treat; consequently, he had got into disgrace and earned the penalty of banishment.

Such were Koko's sad reflections as he sat by the sick-bed. Presently he looked at his watch, and discovered that he had just forty minutes in which to get his bag from his rooms in the Adelphi, and then catch a north-going express. For that night he was due to referee in a glove fight, at Gateshead, between Micky Brown, the Northumberland middle-weight champion, and Jake Morris, of Bethnal Green. He had also to wire a half-column report of the fight to the *Sporting Mail*

So he had perforce to leave Jim, not knowing whether he would ever see him alive again. For Trefusis had said that the forty-eight hours following Mortimer's return to consciousness would decide his fate.

Jim was still dozing. One of his hands lay limply upon the coverlet of the bed. Koko laid his right hand upon it and gazed at the white face and the boyish, close-clipped head in its snowy bandages.

"Good-bye, Jim," he murmured, and went softly round to the door. He expected the nurse back about this time. If she had not come in he would have to ask Miss Bird to sit with Jim, as Miss Bird had already taken turns with Koko, Mr. Maybury, and the trained nurse in sick-room duty.

Koko was looking back for the last time at the still form of his friend, the sadness of his heart showing very visibly in his face, when the handle was turned, and the trained nurse came in, fresh and rosy from her ride in the fresh air. She was a bonny Scotswoman—quite a little thing—with blue eyes and flaxen hair.

"Are you going so soon, Mr. Somers?" she said.

"Yes, I haven't a moment to lose. I have to catch a train for Newcastle."

A third person, watching the two faces, would have noticed a shadow of disappointment fall across the little nurse's pretty face. A third person—such as Miss Bird or Dora—would possibly have deducted a certain fact from this shadow. And a third person, watching Koko and Jim's nurse clasp hands, in bidding each other good-bye, would have smiled to herself and looked another way, for it would seem that the parting of these two was not without a touch of feeling which had nothing whatever platonic about it.

Well, Koko caught his train, and ten hours later was the central figure of an almost indescribable inferno. For, as neither man had been knocked out in the twenty rounds to which the contest was limited, Koko, according to rule, had awarded the fight to the London man "on points." Whereupon had arisen such a hurricane of yells and oaths from the miners and shipwrights with which the hall was crammed that a man with less pluck might well have been appalled. But the little bald-headed reporter from London stood his ground, and looked calmly upon the infuriated faces and forest of horny fists that surrounded the ring.

"Jake Morris wins," he said again, during a lull in the storm, "*on points*."

And again the miners—most of whom had money on the local pet—howled like wolves.

The police inspector standing near Koko whispered a warning.

"Go out by the extra exit," he said; "they won't be looking for you there."

Koko, without looking round, nodded, and, having made certain necessary entries in his note-book, took the inspector's hint and made such good time over the high level bridge into Newcastle that he was safe in the smoking-room of his hotel while a mass of drink-inflamed Northumbrians were still awaiting his appearance at the stage-door.

From the sick-room to this scene of unbridled brute passions—a change indeed! But Koko took it coolly, as part of the day's work—sent off his report, snapped up some supper, and went to bed, and by eight next morning was speeding back to London and Jim, with a sixpenny novel—upside down—on his knees.

During these seven days, events had been trending quickly on each other's heels.

Harold Jefferson, knowing perfectly well that Mr. Maybury thoroughly intended that he should be taken at his word with regard to the marriage, had not attempted to see Dora. As a matter of fact, he had entertained doubts for some time past with regard to Dora's affection for himself, and her father's unexpected call at the Albany that night had made it doubly plain to the young stockbroker that Dora Maybury, even though she might be prevailed upon eventually to marry him, was not likely ever to prove a very affectionate wife.

So Jefferson, instead of putting on his wedding-clothes, informed his best man (the only guest invited on his side) that the marriage had been postponed owing to an illness in Dora's family, and that he (Jefferson) was off to Nice.

To Nice, therefore, he went, expecting to meet his father there and explain the situation to him. But, unfortunately for this plan, Jefferson senior made up his mind that very day to cut his visit short and return to London.

Two days after the date fixed for the wedding, therefore, Mr. Jefferson arrived at his office in Cornhill to find that his cashier had been run over and seriously injured by an omnibus, and also that he was a book-keeper short, "Mr. Harold," before his departure for Nice, having written instructions to the manager that Mr. Maybury had decided to relinquish his post in the firm. "Mr. Harold" gave no reasons—he simply stated the fact. The manager therefore presumed that Mr. Maybury had obtained a better job.

So far from having secured a more lucrative post, Mr. Maybury had been a prey to considerable anxiety. Being his wife's property, he had no rent to pay for Number Nine, Derby Crescent, and so he was always certain of having a roof over his head. The weekly sums paid by Miss Bird, Mr. Cleave, and Jim went into his wife's pocket for housekeeping purposes. Out of the princely salary of one hundred and fifty a year which he had received from the Jeffersons, Mr. Maybury had had to pay rates and taxes, defray Frank's schooling expenses, and contribute towards his family's clothing bill. It will therefore be readily comprehended that he himself was not able to indulge in a very sumptuous mid-day meal, nor luxuriate in the best brands of tobacco.

When, therefore, the ex-merchant explained to his wife that he was no longer employed by the Jeffersons, and why, such a shower of vicious invective descended upon his unfortunate head that he felt strongly inclined to take a steerage passage to the States and there endeavour—with his extensive knowledge of the cotton trade—to retrieve his fallen fortunes. He was, in point of fact, actually looking through the shipping advertisements with the laudable object of finding the cheapest line by which it was possible to cross the Atlantic, when he received a wire from Jefferson senior, directing him to attend at the office with the least possible delay. When he returned in the evening, Mr. Maybury informed his wife that Mr. Jefferson had appointed him cashier to the firm at a salary of £300 per annum, *vice* the gentleman who had been run over by the omnibus, whose injuries, it appeared, had proved so serious that Mr. Jefferson had decided to pension him off.

"And what did Mr. Jefferson say about Dora?" enquired Mrs. Maybury.

"He said," replied Dora's father, "when I had explained the circumstances to him, that he considered I had acted quite rightly."

"And Harold?"

"Will stay at Nice till the spring."

Thus did the Wheel of Fortune, in its strange revolutions, bring Mr. Maybury once more a modest sufficiency of income. He had not hesitated a moment in accepting the vacant post and the additional salary, for he knew that he was quite capable of doing the work, and that he would not be receiving a penny too much for the responsibility and the trouble his new duties would involve.

"I think," said Mr. Maybury, just before he and his good lady fell asleep that night, "that we might now engage a cook. H R. deserves a rest."

"Very well, dear," said Mrs. Maybury, quite amicably.

"And then, as to Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave——"

"Oh, they had better stay on," interrupted Mrs. Maybury; "three hundred a year, though magnificent compared to what you have been getting, is not a very great income. Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave will still be a great help."

"I have altered my opinion about Miss Bird," said Mr. Maybury; "I am beginning to like her."

"And do you still consider Mr. Cleave an 'old woman'?" enquired Mrs. Maybury.

"I do," said Mr. Maybury, "an older woman than ever. If he wants to go, I sha'n't beg him to stop."

Curiously enough, within a few days, Mr. Cleave put Mr. Maybury's declaration to the test. For, on the day Jim recovered consciousness, Mr. Cleave informed Mrs. Maybury that he had decided to go and live with some relatives at Norwood. Mrs. Maybury said that she should be sorry to part with Mr. Cleave, but Mr. Maybury preserved a discreet silence on the point.

And it fell out in this wise.

Mr. Cleave had always admired Dora, and had always exerted himself to be agreeable to her. When, therefore, Dora's engagement with Harold Jefferson was broken off, Mr. Cleave began to pay a large amount of attention to his appearance. He bought a new made-up tie and a fashionable turn-up-turn-down collar; also, he had his hair cut and purchased a new pair of button-up boots.

At all meals, thenceforth, he engaged Dora in sprightly conversation, and, one day, meeting her alone in the drawing-room, he handed her a book.

"A little present, Miss Dora," he said.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Cleave," said Dora, politely.

On examining the work Dora found it to consist of the *Total Abstainer* for the past six months, bound up in a green cover. Glancing casually through it, she suddenly came across a paragraph heavily marked with a blue pencil. The page on which the paragraph occurred was headed "Our Pillory," and directly Dora's eye fell on the paragraph she recognised it as an old friend.

"*A piteous example of what over-indulgence in alcohol may bring a man to,*" ran the paragraph, "*was afforded by a case which came before our notice one day last week in the Kensington Police Court. The degraded being who faced the magistrate with an unabashed gaze was a young doctor named Mortimer*——"

Oh, yes! Dora *well* remembered a certain evening in September when Mr. Cleave read this out to the assembled company in the drawing-room.

"Do you know, Mr. Cleave," she said, sweetly, "I am afraid this book will be *rather* thrown away on me. *I* don't drink——"

"There are some excellent tales illustrating the evils——" Cleave was protesting, when Dora interrupted him.

"Yes, but they are hardly the kind of tales girls care to read. It is very kind of you to give me this volume, but I feel you could bestow it better elsewhere."

"As you like—as you like," said Cleave, looking much offended.

"But," said Dora, producing a tiny pair of scissors from her châtelaine, "there is one paragraph I should like to cut out, if you don't mind. This one, look. . . ."

Mr. Cleave looked—and turned pale. He had entirely forgotten having marked that report of Jim's wrong-doing.

"You see," explained Dora, a bright flush irradiating her face, which had been very wan and pensive all this week of dire suspense, "I take a great interest in the—the person this paragraph is about."

Then she quickly snipped the paragraph out and put it safely away in her purse.

"Thank you *so* much, Mr. Cleave," she said, handing back the volume.

And so Mr. Cleave, after giving the matter due reflection, decided that he couldn't do better than go to live with his relatives at Norwood. He had always fancied that they didn't understand him at Number Nine He felt quite sure about it now.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN THAT THE BEARDED MAN HAD MADE *ANOTHER* MISTAKE.

MR. EVANS EVANS, of the red hair, and Mr. Deadwood, the truculent and filibustering, having recently (after an eight or nine years' struggle) obtained their qualification, accepted Dr. Mortimer's invitation with alacrity. Yes—certainly they would look after the Long 'Un's practice. Only too pleased. Start at once and share proceeds? Right O!

They were both capable men, and so they found it quite within their power to cope with the work in Mount Street and its environments True, Mr. Evans did the brunt of the work, but Mr. Deadwood had his uses.

For, taking into consideration the manner in which the Long 'Un and his predecessor had been handled by the Hooligans of the neighbourhood, Mr. Deadwood, after due thought, decided that the thing was to take a strong line with such roughs as might assume a hostile, or even an impertinent, attitude towards himself and his colleague. There were still a good many Hooligans about, and the colour of Mr. Evans's

hair provoked a variety of rude jests from a group of them on the afternoon of the day Messrs. Evans and Deadwood started operations in this district.

The first guffaw had hardly sounded out upon the raw February air when Mr. Evans smote the nearest humorist on his nose, and Mr. Deadwood knocked the principal guffawer's head against the wall that was supporting his idle form. The other Hooligans objecting to this species of rebuke, a spirited free fight was soon in progress. But, after Covent Garden porters, Mr. Deadwood found the weedy louts of Mount Street comparatively mild customers to tackle, and he laid about him with such energy that the group of Hooligans soon decamped with many oaths and much gnashing of such teeth as Jim's deputy had left in their gums.

In brief, Mr. Deadwood, who had been a scrapper from his birth, and who had only been knocked out in fair fight once in his life—his opponent on that occasion being James Mortimer—established what is called a "funk" in Mount Street, for, after his primary bout with the Hooligans, the mere sight of his great shoulders and bull-dog jaw caused such law-breaking vagabonds as he might meet in the course of his rounds to slink off rapidly down dark alleys and tortuous byeways in order to avoid him.

"The fact is," said Mr. Deadwood, one day, "Jim was much too gentle with these chaps. He didn't hurt 'em enough. By George! when I think how he was served, I feel inclined to go for every pub-propper-up I meet."

And, indeed, Mr. Deadwood's countenance wore such a pugilistic expression whenever he walked abroad which was a good many times daily—that the local Hooligans began to decamp to less perilous quarters, and Mount Street in time came to be quite a respectable thoroughfare for those parts.

Occasionally Messrs. Evans and Deadwood, having finished their day's work, would go to see Jim. The little Scotch nurse took care that they did not talk very much, and so the partners found their visits to Number Nine hardly what one would call lively excursions, though it is true they took a certain pleasure in calling there, for Mr. Evans quickly came to the conclusion that the trained nurse was "a nice little thing," while Mr. Deadwood, after talking to Dora, would fall into a strangely sentimental and melancholy mood. A few pints of bitter ale, however, served to dispel his gloom in the long run, and then he would hie forth and search for Hooligans, and the latter had a bad time if he happened to find them.

One evening, when the partners called at Number Nine, they were told that they couldn't see Jim, as Dr. Trefusis and Sir Savile Smart were with him. Mr. Evans therefore challenged Miss Bird to a game of draughts, and Mr. Deadwood favoured Dora and Frank with a lurid account of the various battles he had fought during his hospital career. It was not an improving discourse, and as a consequence of it Frank came home the next day with a black eye, the result of having engaged a much larger boy than himself in fistic combat.

The outcome of the specialists' conversation with Messrs. Evans and Deadwood, after a rigorous examination of Jim's injuries, was that Mr. Deadwood called on the bearded man when the latter was discussing tea and crumpets on the following afternoon.

"Oh, how-do-you-do?" said the bearded man, rising from the table.

He had observed the arrival of the partners in Mount Street with some misgivings, but, in view of the ferocious character his patients had given Mr. Deadwood, he thought it would be as well to be civil to him.

"Don't let me disturb you," said Mr. Deadwood; "I have only dropped in to tell you, in the plainest way the mind of man is capable of conceiving, that you are an ass!"

"What reason have you for saying this?" demanded the bearded man, coldly.

"In the sublimity of your ignorance," explained Mr. Deadwood, "added to your corruscatingly conceited idea that you know anything whatever about the human frame, you informed a sporting gentleman of my acquaintance that Jim Mortimer would only last twenty-four hours."

"Yes," said the bearded man, "I said that and I meant it. Is he still alive?"

"Man, man!" exclaimed Mr. Deadwood, "it hurts me to think that you come from Matt's, a place that has bred many eminent surgeons, including myself and my friend of the carmine tresses"

"Is Mortimer still alive, then?" reiterated the bearded man.

"He is so alive," returned Mr. Deadwood, "that Trefusis says he will be playing cricket in June! Wherefore, what price *your* diagnosis of his hurts, my whiskered fakir?"

"I am surprised to hear it," said he of the beard.

"Of course you are," exclaimed Mr. Deadwood, "and why? Because you are an ass. Sir, you ought to take a job on an Australian liner. Nothing to do except consume meals and inhale ozone. Going out, possibly there would be a few sick infants, and a gentleman or two afflicted with what is politely called the 'drink

habit!' You would help the latter on their way to a watery grave, and no one would mind. Coming home, there might be a soldier or two from Egypt with dog-bite, bound for the Pasteur Institute. You would cut off their legs and think you had cured them. So why not get a liner job, my hairy false prophet?"

"Please moderate your language!" exclaimed the bearded man, shortly

"Tut! tut! Go to!" replied Mr. Deadwood; "I am only giving you these hints for your good. You ought not to doctor human beings, bar pirates or Esquimaux. Why not turn vet. and specialise in elephants? They take a lot of killing."

"I think you are very rude," protested the bearded man.

"Pulling out horses' teeth isn't a bad-paying business, either," continued Mr. Deadwood; "you use forceps about as large as tongs. They would just suit your delicate touch."

"Everybody is liable to make mistakes," pleaded the bearded one.

"But when a man practising medicine makes the mistakes you do," returned Mr. Deadwood, "he had better set up at once as secret agent—on a liberal salary—to a necropolis company."

But the bearded man was only half-listening to his visitor.

"I can't understand it," he muttered; "he was frightfully injured."

"But he's frightfully tough," rejoined Deadwood, "footer, rowing, cricket—all good for the spine. He'll get well! Ahem! Sorry to have to suggest it myself, but have you got any tea to give away to a thirsty apothecary?"

"Certainly. Sit down and have a cup."

"I will," said Mr. Deadwood. "As I have previously remarked, you're not a bad sort. After all, you can't help being an ass. *You* condemned Jim to death, and Trefusis has reprieved him. Two lumps and plenty of milk, and the toast is—JIM!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH TWO PEOPLE SET OUT UPON A JOURNEY.

THE Long 'Un lay staring at the wall-paper. How often had he counted that design! Above the window it was repeated seventeen times—over and over again he had counted the pattern to make sure it was repeated seventeen times—eight each side and one odd one in the middle. And again underneath and along each wall ran the design in serried and monotonous rows. He knew every bend and turn of it by heart. It represented a herb or flower of some kind, the like of which never was seen by mortal eye in garden, forest, field, or dell.

Almost unceasingly Jim had gazed on this stiff, unnatural growth since he had regained consciousness. He had nothing else to do. He didn't want to talk, and he wasn't encouraged to! All he could do was lie there and stare at the wall-paper.

And when he was not counting the wall-paper pattern, he would close his eyes and picture Dora to himself. He would think of her in the neat coat and skirt she wore to the post-office and back; then simply in the blouse and skirt she dressed in "for the house"; then in the white frock she donned when bound for any entertainment in Jefferson's company. On the whole, Jim most liked to dream of her in the blouse and skirt. He had seen her thus attired most frequently; such was her costume when he first set eyes on her in the A.B.C. shop that memorable August afternoon.

And so he lay with his head in white bandages and his back in plaster of Paris not able to sit up or to turn even; so he lay and gazed upon the pictures of Dora that floated before his mind's eye.

They had not told him that no marriage had taken place. The matter had been delicately mentioned to the two great surgeons by Mr. Maybury, but they had both set their faces against the idea of saying anything to Jim about it, Trefusis declaring that it would excite his patient too much.

Sir Savile concurring, Mr. Maybury was obliged to submit, although he himself could not help thinking that the intelligence would banish that brooding expression for ever from Jim's eyes. For Dora's father, sitting by the bedside, could see that Jim was suffering from something more than the physical injuries he had sustained in the Silent House.

Mr. Maybury spoke to Koko about it.

"Yes," said Koko, promptly; "I have a good mind to tell Jim, and let the doctors go hang. They only take a scientific view of his case. *Shall I?*"

"We must obey orders," said Mr. Maybury.

"Well, I don't believe it would do him all that harm—and it might do him an awful lot of good."

"I think with you," said Mr. Maybury, "but the doctors probably know best."

"All the same, doctors don't know everything," grumbled Koko.

Jim did not make a single inquiry on the subject. He presumed Dora was away honeymooning under the fair blue skies of the Mediterranean. He had no idea she was still at Number Nine, seriously considering the question of

taking a business situation of some sort, since she could not return to the post-office. Her father did not encourage the idea, nor did he oppose it. If Dora would be happier going to a City office every day, well—she had better go. But, on the other hand, he was quite content that she should remain at home, now that he was so much better off.

So stood matters when old Doctor Mortimer stole a couple of days from his wealthy and, in many cases, hypochondriacal patients down at Threeways, and, running up to town to see Jim, pitched his tent in a quiet Arundel Street hotel. In order to reach Mount Street, he had only to make his way along the Embankment to Blackfriars Bridge, whence to Derby Crescent was a smart fifteen minutes' walk. For the doctor always walked if it was fine weather. "It keeps a man alive—walking," the old gentleman told Koko, who lunched with him on the day of his arrival in town. And to be sure it was good to see the doctor's stalwart form striding briskly along the crowded pavements, his fine, clean-cut face, ruddy and wholesome, showing up refreshingly against the pallid cheeks of London wayfarers.

"We must get Jim away to the seaside as soon as possible," he said to Koko, as the latter with some difficulty kept step for step with his big companion; "what he wants is oxygen—oxygen."

During lunch, Koko had given Jim's grandfather a complete history of the Jefferson episode. He also mentioned that Jim was being kept in ignorance of the closing incident. So, after a short silence, Dr. Mortimer slackened his pace, and said: "She's a nice girl, then, Mr. Somers?"

"She's as nice a girl as you could meet, Doctor."

"Doesn't spend all her time reading silly novels, I trust?"

"Hardly *all* her time, Doctor. She reads a certain number, I suppose."

"She's a good girl—I mean, a girl with religion? I don't believe in your modern young lady who strums waltzes on the piano instead of going to church!"

JIM LOOKED AT HER HAZILY. HE SUPPOSED THIS WAS PART OF A DREAM.

"Nor do I," said Koko. "Yes," he added, "she's a good girl. She's been looking after the poor flower-seller who saved Jim's face from the Hooligan's-boot."

"And so"—the Doctor slackened his pace still more—"and so, if we manage to pull Jim round and make him as strong a man as he ever was, you think this girl will marry him?"

"I'm sure of it," said Koko.

"And you're sure this is no passing fancy of Jim's? You think he will want to marry her?"

"I'd stake my life on it," cried Koko.

"Then," said the Doctor, "the very best medicine the boy can have is a daily visit from Miss —er—"

"Dora," supplied Koko.

"From Miss Dora Maybury," added the doctor, emphatically. "Very good. I'll take the responsibility of the matter on my own shoulders. He shall see her."

Jim was staring at that abominable wall-paper pattern without coming to any decision about the number of times it was repeated over the window. For in every leaf he saw Dora's face—and very soon he would see Dora herself, for he knew now that she hadn't married Jefferson, and that she was coming to tea with him this very day. It was to be, in fact, quite a tea-party. A small one, and a very select one. The little Scotch nurse, who was all-powerful in the sickroom—and had made this fact very clear to everybody by this time—would act as hostess, and the guests would be strictly limited to Dr. Mortimer, Koko, and Dora. It would not do, said the nurse firmly, to have too many people to tea, and the party must only last half-an-hour at the outside. Another day she would invite Mr. Maybury, Miss Bird, and Frank—but they must not come to-day; it would be too many for the little room.

So now Jim was feeling very happy. He and his grandfather had "made it up" completely. In fact, Jim had been astonished by the change that had come over the old gentleman. True, the abrupt manner of speech remained, but behind it was a new gentleness, and a new understanding of Jim.

So they had shaken hands, and the Doctor was now downstairs talking to Koko and Dora.

Presently Koko knocked at the door and asked if he might come in, whereupon the little Scotch nurse, going to the door, took it upon herself to say, almost sharply, that he had better go downstairs again, as her patient must rest quietly till tea-time. But Koko argued the matter in a whisper, and in the course of the argument the little Scotch nurse found herself standing on the landing. The whispering grew more and more confidential, and Jim began to smile grimly.

"So you packed him off?" said Jim, when the little nurse, looking decidedly pinker than usual, came into the room again.

"Yes, I packed him off," said Nurse; "what a bother he is!"

Jim laughed.

"Why are you laughing?" asked Nurse, looking at her patient shamefacedly.

"Thoughts," said Jim, continuing to smile quietly at the wall-paper.

Then Jim must have dozed off, for when he opened his eyes again the little nurse had vanished, and Koko was standing by his bedside. And in the doorway stood somebody very like Dora.

Jim looked at her hazily. He supposed this was part of a dream. He had forgotten about the tea-party.

A few seconds later, Koko slipped out and shut the door.

A spot of red came into Jim's white cheeks and a bewildered look into his eyes.

"Are you glad to see me?" said Dora, bending over him.

"It's awfully—good of you," said Jim. "I—I've been thinking of you."

Dora sat down in the nurse's chair by the bedside. She knew that this was no time for pretence. Jim had already told her that he loved her. *Then* he was strong and well, and she had chosen to be petulant. Now he was prostrate and helpless, and so why should she try to hide her feelings, when she knew that the knowledge that she loved him would fill him with new life and strength and hope?

With a gentle, soothing touch she smoothed the bandages that encircled his head.

"Poor boy," she whispered. "I am *so* sorry!"

Jim turned away his face. He felt so entirely happy—so content. But he was very weak, and Dora, seeing the tears on his cheeks, took out a tiny handkerchief and wiped them away.

And then, ever so tenderly, she kissed him—and thus, hand in hand, these two plighted their troth, and so set forth upon the long road by which only faithful lovers may travel.

THE END.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

CONTRIBUTIONS.

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to R. A. Bruce-Pembroke, Olive Green, and W. G. Burt for their respective contributions. Each prize-winner is requested to forward his or her present address, and at the same time to select a book.

A Very "Old Boy."

A DOUGHTY old Indian was Pishikee-Ooshkeeshik (Ox-eyed), who died a few years ago at the age of 115. He was long known as having been engaged at the taking of Quebec in 1759. Pishikee-Ooshkeeshik was rather "a mouthful," so his white neighbours called him Abraham Miller.

PISHIKEE-OOSHKEESHIK, AGED 115.

He scaled the cliffs of Quebec with General Wolfe, and his residence in Canada was coincident with British rule in the province.

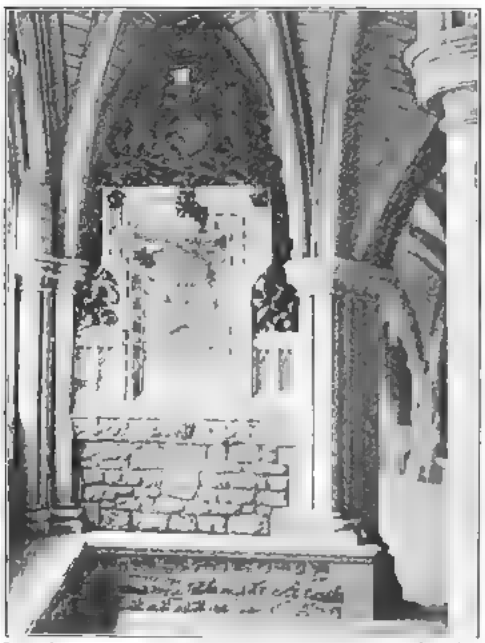
A Canadian settler states that Abraham Miller and his two daughters pitched their wigwam in the woods near his "clearing," so that he saw a good deal of them. As an instance of Miller's vigour at so great an age, the settler says that on the Thursday previous to his death, he saw him cutting down a good-sized maple tree for firewood, and as the settler had his axe with him he assisted in the felling. The accompanying portrait of this "Old Parr" of Canada is from a sketch said to be an excellent likeness. When he was visited for the purpose of this portrait being done, he was found with his two daughters, clothed in their comfortable blankets, the present of the English Government. "And when," his visitor says, "I looked at their slight wigwam, and at the snow to the depth of nearly three feet around us, and remembered that the thermometer this winter had been as low as 12° below zero, I thought it a cruel economy to deprive the poor Indians of their greatest treasure—a warm blanket; but such, I am sorry to say, was the case, for no more will annually be distributed to them as heretofore; and in vain do the poor Indians show their beaded wampum belts, given in years gone by as a pledge of future favours always to be continued."

OLIVE GREEN.

This snapshot, taken by H. Elliott, shows S. F. Edge getting into his famous motor after a trial spin in the Gordon Bennett Cup Race. Sent by J. B. Elliott.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL MEMORIAL.

On July 4th Charterhouse was the scene of a ceremony of the highest interest to all public schools. The Memorial to the Old Carthusians who fell in the South African War was unveiled by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The first of the accompanying photographs shows the Archbishop addressing the crowd. Standing on the platform are Sir Richard Jebb (on the left), Rt. Hon. J. G. Talbot, Lord Alverstone, the Archbishop of York, and Dr. Rendall, the Headmaster. On the right of the picture is the school choir. The second photograph illustrates the Memorial Tablet in the Cloisters.



Sent by R. A. Bruce-Pembroke, Saunderites, Charterhouse, Godalming.

THE PET OF H.M.S. *MILDURA*.

Billy has a liking for [illegible] cigarettes, and paper. But the goat's special weakness is for fruit and sweets. In this photo the quartermaster is making "Billy" stand up for a bite out of an apple. The goat knows all the crew, and will follow them anywhere. Sent by Percival M. May, H.M.S. *Mildura*, on the Australian Station.

Afghans on the Australian Goldfields.

The Eastern camel-drivers are perhaps the most picturesque figures on the Goldfields, until they spoil themselves, as some of them do, by casting aside their turbans for "bowler" hats, and their flowing drapery for the attire of the whites. But to see an Afghan in a "bowler" hat, and *retaining* the rest of his native garb, is a truly ludicrous picture. It is only to be improved upon by the figure of an aboriginal innocent of all dress but a "civilised" waistcoat. Feuds between the Afghans and the whites are not uncommon.

WALKER HODGSON.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

(LITERARY.)

John Le Pavoux (St. Saviour's, Jersey).—I have read your essay on Napoleon and Wellington. It shows a very good appreciation of the respective merits of these two great generals. I think you will find that the most helpful works yet written on Napoleon are a couple of volumes by Mr. A. J. Rose, an old Cambridge Don. He has had special oppor-

"C. S. F." KINDLY STANDS FOR OUR C.C. SNAPSHOTTIST, W. A. S. SPATTER, AT SOUTHAMPTON COUNTY GROUND.

tunities of diving into the archives in Paris, and also of the Rolls House in Chancery Lane, London. The information he has been able to give to the world shadows forth Napoleon as a great coloniser in almost every part of the world where Englishmen have been so successful.

"Kentish Town" (London).—Your description of a ramble along the south coast is carefully written and very clear. I do not agree with you about the blackness and dirtiness of Portsmouth. The vicinity of the Town Hall is always neat and well-kept. Only in the old town near the harbour do the buildings appear ramshackle, and even there the weather-stained red roofs do not look unpicturesque. All watering-places like Southsea are naturally trim and neat; the local authorities have little else to concern them.

Denbigh (Dublin).—"Plantation Song" not so good as last. Please address me as the Old Fag. Letters may be sent with contributions, but on no account with competitions. Shall be pleased to consider your article on bee-keeping, and also the account of a Bedouin Sheik's wedding. Only musical comp. we have had did not appeal to a sufficiently large number of readers. Your verses on "The Cairene Arab" have a good swing about them, and I hope I may be able to use one or two, with, of course, apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Percy Dixon (Gisborne, New Zealand).—The time has long passed for any description of the Duke of York's tour to be of any use in THE CAPTAIN Club pages. Try and get out of the way of simply enumerating what appears on the day's programme. THE CAPTAIN Club pages are intended to cultivate a literary spirit, and the mere enumeration of events and the times at which they occur, is no better than an auctioneer's catalogue. Do not be discouraged; the greatest writers have only acquired fame by slow and painful steps.

C. W. Kent (Hexham).—I fear your verses, even though founded on fact, contain some very bad metre, and get all mixed up and overlap at the end, so as to contravene all the rules of verse-making. Try and take more pains, and count out your feet in each line.

H. E. S.—I think you would be well advised to devote your time and energy to less sentimental occupations than the writing of poetry.

H. de Shelvi-Smith (Woodford Green).—First verse of your "Firelight Fancies" very good. Slightly incongruous in parts, sentiment a little too strong, but excellent finish. Pray persevere in the same direction.

John D. Le Couteur.—A little picture of Wootton Bassett High-street would have greatly increased the value of your description. You appear to have described everything of moment quite grammatically and in order of importance. Writing might have been rather neater.

Nil Desperandum (Port of Spain, Trinidad).—Hope to use your pretty little legend about the seedless lime tree in a future number.

Walter G. Howse (Tulse Hill Park, S.W.).—Your "Flying Wheel" verses are very racy and swinging, and occasionally happy in phrasing. Persevere, and you will do infinitely better.

Frank B. Morton (Southwark).—Hope to use some portion of the valuable information you have collected. Cannot say when, though.

(ARTISTIC.)

Embryo R.I.—*A Handbook of Illustration*, 3s. (Dawbarn and Ward, Ltd., 6, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.) will give you all the information you require on the different kinds of illustration, reproduction by the half-tone process, how to prepare drawings for the press, materials, and a thousand other items. All drawings are made larger than they appear in THE CAPTAIN.

Lyndulph, D.—(1) Sir Joshua Reynolds was the son of a schoolmaster at Plympton, in Devonshire, and was the first President of the Royal Academy. (2) Yes, there have been ten Presi-

HERE WE HAVE "C. S. F." SMILING TO OUR CORRESPONDENT, W. G. BURT, AT EASTBOURNE.

depts of the R.A. during the 134 years of its existence, and all have been honoured with a title of some kind, excepting James Wyatt and Benjamin West, the latter of whom was a Quaker.

Tryer (Leeds).—Sketches clever, but not out of the ordinary. Pay more attention to detail, and send jokes with more in them. May reproduce if space permits.

Dyke While (Glasgow).—Pay more attention to single figures and simple objects. Study the line drawings of Mr. Gordon Browne in "The Long 'Un." Sketch of thief (with dog) is good.

F. Geo. Vicker.—J for A was an error. You have been clubbed. You have a good bold style with your work, but less dash with more drawing would improve the latter.

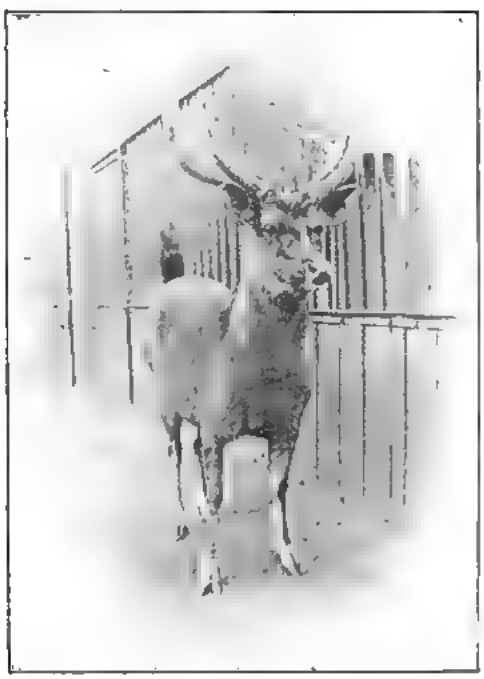
A Constant "Captain" Reader.—Sketch hardly of sufficient interest for publication. Try again; your neatness, printing, and well-written letter do you credit.

J. Johnson (Dundee).—A good composition; more drawing in the foreground figures would have improved it. See October number.

The Tabletizer.—Drawing clever; we don't want public-house jokes.

Corn (Riding-Mill-on-Tyne).—In snapshotting, get the chief object as large as possible. I have forwarded CAPTAIN stamps as requested.

Muriel A. Price.—Your "Frena" photos are good; will see what space we have in the October number; look out for them.



THE STAG—A CLEVER SNAPSHOT TAKEN AT THE ZOO BY E. STOKES, HAMPSTEAD.

EAST AND WEST.

This photo, taken at Ramsgate with a No. 1 Brownie, by S. Brinkworth, is interesting from the fact that this Chinese nurse has made twenty-five voyages between the Far East and Europe. She is fifty years of age, and a capital sailor.

Gerald Proctor (Trinidad).—Pity the snapshots are so dark; we like to hear from Colonial readers.

Pat, C.C. (Twickenham).—Study shape of hands, etc., in various positions in the looking-glass. You want a lot of practice.

Bennett Ede.—What we like, since you ask, is better drawing and more pains taken with the same. Shading too fine.

W. P. Nichols.—An ambitious and worthy composition. Subject not quite the thing for CAPTAIN pages.

Brian Craig (Napier, New Zealand).—Good idea, but hardly strong enough; send something local.

Rex Daggett (Riding-Mill-on-Tyne).—Photos too dark and hardly sharp enough.

Alec M. Johnson (Aberdeen).—Well done in parts. Pay more attention to outline.

Reginald M. Robertson, C.C.—Same as above, only a little better.

Ambitious (S. Norwood).—Not good enough, but have good qualities.

W. H. Thomson (Callander, N.B.).—Shall use as space permitteth.

R. C. Hargreaves (Wanstead).—Capital joke, that's all.

H. P. Lale.—Will try and use photo in future number.

W. G. Burt.—A very clever snapshot.

Sketches have also been received from:—"Master Snaps," "Nobody Much," A. J. Todd, W. J. Morton, March, F. L. J., and others, whose contributions will receive attention next month.

12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

NEW SERIALS
IN
VOLUME X.

"ACROSS THE WILDERNESS,"
BEING THE ADVENTURES OF
AN INDIAN BOY AND GIRL,
BY
FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

"THE GOLD BAT,"
A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.
BY
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Now, my lads, what about the next volume? Well, I'll tell you one thing—or, rather, two things—(sounds dental that, doesn't it?) about it. So gather round.

"Across the Wilderness," one of the finest yarns I have ever acquired for your lordships' (and ladyships') pleasure, is by the author who was represented in last month's CAPTAIN by "The Bullet-Maker's Strategy," and is again to the fore in the present issue with "Our Uninvited Guest"—both rattling good stories. "Across the Wilderness" describes how a Sioux boy and girl make their escape from an Ojibwa Camp in Northern Minnesota and travel 800 miles through a hostile country. Mr. Calkins writes from his own rich experiences, and depicts in a most graphic manner the perils that beset the fugitives. Every boy-reader and every girl-reader of THE CAPTAIN will make great friends with Zintkala and Etapa, for the Indian lad is as daring a fellow as you could wish for, and his sister is not a whit behind him in resourcefulness and courage. I can assure the many "grown-ups" who read THE CAPTAIN that they will be as charmed with "Across the Wilderness" as the younger folk, for this tale isn't a mere crude piling-up of adventures, but a really artistic narrative, written with great feeling and knowledge.

"The Gold Bat." This, our other new serial, is a capital public school story, by P. G. Wodehouse, author of "The Pothunters," "A Prefect's Uncle," "The Manœuvres of Charteris," and many short stories, mostly humorous. A keen sense of humour, indeed, is Mr. Wodehouse's principal characteristic. In the last half-yearly index to *Punch* you will find that Mr. Wodehouse has quite a long list of contributions—in verse and prose—against his name. He also writes frequently for "By the Way" in the *Globe*, probably the most popular column in evening journalism. It will be seen, therefore, that our new serial writer, though still quite a young man, is no novice in letters. "The Gold Bat" has a fine plot, and the interest is kept going strongly up to the very end. The story is peppered, by way of light relief, with many laughable incidents and conversations. That you will all thoroughly enjoy "The Gold Bat" I have "no possible doubt whatever."

"The Best Value for a Penny."

Here are some opinions of competitors on this subject. Mr. Stewart's won the bicycle.

It all depends on circumstances. The hungry man naturally will buy bread, the thirsty man something to drink, the boy sweets or anything he needs at the moment. Thus, in spending a penny, the circumstances under which the would-be spender is existing must be taken into consideration. I am neither hungry nor thirsty. I am bikeless. So, if by buying a packet of CAPTAIN post-cards for one penny, I get a "Hobart," I think I shall have made the best bargain in my life, and if not—well, I have the post-cards, which, I assure you, are jolly good value for the money.—W. WYLIE STEWART (Glasgow).

My opinion of the best value for one penny is best expressed by the following quotation from Messrs. Errington and Martin's stamp catalogue:—"The penny postage stamp at first sight appears to be rather an insignificant article, but consider its power. That square inch of paper, attached to a letter, at once engages the energy of the most powerful and civilising influences of an Empire. The swiftest steamboats, the fastest trains, and a whole army of officials are requisitioned in order that the contract of which that small postage-stamp is the symbol may be faithfully carried out. To send a letter, for instance, to the centre of Africa by any other means than the use of a postage-stamp, would cost probably £100. Yet, by attaching a small label, the letter is promptly carried many thousands of miles under the protection of a powerful Government, and all for the small sum of one penny."—GEORGE WILLIAM WILLIAMSON (Manchester).

A penny stamp, dear Sir? Why, pause for a moment, and think of the pleasure and pain a penny postage-stamp has brought to the countless millions inhabiting this globe, and the question is answered. "The pater is out of danger, and soon will be well again." "If you will call at your earliest opportunity, you will hear of something to your advantage." That is the "one sentence romance" of pleasure. And the pain, ah! we can miss that. Yet the postage-stamp can truly be named our best friend, our messenger of cheery communication and good-will. I have a postage-stamp with a history. 'Tis but a few months ago since I was on the downward path—I confess it with humiliation—and a letter reached me, so sweet and kind, so gentle and good, so hopeful and encouraging, that, well, it made a man of me, it brought me to my senses, and made me diverge from the incline of folly, aye—saved me. I shall ever bless the postage-stamp as the greatest of benefactors. So, Mr. Editor, I heartily plump for the penny postage-stamp.—"A COMPETITOR."

The best value for a penny that I can think of is a £12 12s. "Hobart" bicycle. All you have to do is to procure a CAPTAIN post-card, value ½d., and thereon write an idea, using 1-16 of a penny bottle of ink, value a quarter of a farthing, 1-80 of a Waverley nib, value 1-40 of a farthing, and five minutes, value 29-40 of a farthing. Affix stamp, value one halfpenny, to the post-card, and send the whole, value one penny, to the Editor of the CAPTAIN, and presto! within the next two months a shining brand new "Hobart" bicycle is deposited at your door, on which you may scour the country for years to come. All this for a penny! And if it isn't good value, I should like to know *what* is.—HOPE PORTREY (Barry, Glam.).

A pennyworth of bread to a starving man I consider to be the most valuable purchase that a penny is capable of effecting.—ERNEST W. KENYON (Huddersfield).

The value for a penny is two halfpenny stamps. With two halfpenny stamps two attempts for CAPTAIN competitions may be sent in; two attempts may win two prizes; two prizes are a twelve guinea bicycle and a selected cricket bat. Therefore, the best value for one penny is a bicycle and a cricket bat.—NOEL EDWARD LEAN (Sheffield).

I think that a penny atlas is the best value one can get for a penny, as one is practically buying the world.—J. BURNARD (Forest Gate, E.).

The smile of a little cripple boy.—F. HUGHES (Alverstoke).

A newspaper such as *The Daily Chronicle*, *The Daily Telegraph*, or *The Standard*.—VICTOR TOWERS (Northwich).

The "best value" to different people would appear to be as follows:—

For general readers, *Tit-Bits*.
For feminine sex, *Woman's Life*.
For smoker, four boxes matches.
For child, sweets or mechanical toy.

P. G. WODEHOUSE, AUTHOR OF OUR NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL SERIAL, "THE GOLD BAT."

For lame man, tram or 'bus ride.
For hungry man, ½d. soup and ½d. bun.
For thirsty lad, bottle of pop.
For gardener, peas, beans, or potatoes (these, of course must be sown, when resulting value will be out of all proportion to outlay).

But best value of all for a penny (½d. post-card and ½d. stamp), will be this bicycle prize—*if* I am lucky enough to land it!—A. ATHERTON (Preston).

Tit-Bits.—T. J. FISHER (Clifton).

Four farthings.—ERNEST NEELS (Leyton).

The best value for a penny is when it is the means of saving a life. This it did in the late Boer War, when a soldier was shot near the heart, but by good fortune the bullet was stopped by a penny, and so his life was saved.—W. CARTER (Brockley).

I think the best value for a penny is to give it to someone whom you know really needs it more than yourself.—B. BICKERTON (Liverpool).

To see a hungry boy joyfully feeding on a bun bought by your penny.—J. W. DRANSFIELD (Batley).

A raffle, when, of course, you could get anything from a cricket bat to a motor-car.—F. WARDLEY (Buxton).

"Captain" Picture Post-Cards: (Important Notice).—The Postmaster-General, having received many complaints concerning charges levied upon picture post-cards addressed to places abroad, sends me the following warning:—

A written communication on the address side of a post-card is not objected to in the Inland Service of the United Kingdom, so long as the right-hand half is reserved exclusively for the address; *but any communication upon the address side of a post-card for or from a place abroad renders it liable, under the regulations of the Postal Union, to be treated as an insufficiently prepaid letter.*

I hope all readers who send CAPTAIN cards *abroad* will bear this in mind, *i.e.*, that nothing but the address must appear on the address side of the card.

The Children's Country Holidays Fund: I have received the following appeal, which, I hope, will be responded to generously by my readers. Most of you have games and books you don't want, and you will be giving immense pleasure to your poor little sisters and brothers by sending everything you can to the address mentioned by Miss Barnetts:—

18 Buckingham-street, Strand, W.C.

DEAR SIR,—

Thirty thousand children are every year sent by the Children's Country Holidays Fund from London streets to spend a fortnight with country cottagers. Their pleasure is great, but we learn from their hosts and friends of their sad ignorance of games, and of the good which would follow if town and country children could play together.

We are also informed how immensely books which they could read and lend would increase the enjoyment and profit of the holiday. We would, therefore, earnestly appeal to your readers in the hope that they may help us by sending gifts of games and books.

Cricket bats, stumps and balls, footballs, soft balls for rounders, skipping ropes, and anything else to assist outdoor play would be very welcome. And as wet days are sure to come, we would ask also for draughts, dominoes, paint-boxes, and brushes, and other means of indoor amusement. The books should be suitable for children between the ages of seven and fourteen; and any dealing with country life and amusements would be especially acceptable.

If any of your readers will send a parcel to the Secretary, The Children's Country Holidays Fund, The Lodge, 28 Commercial-street, E., we will see to the careful distribution, and they will have the knowledge that their gift is adding to the pleasure and good-will of many little people.

I am, faithfully yours,
HENRIETTA O. BARNETTS.

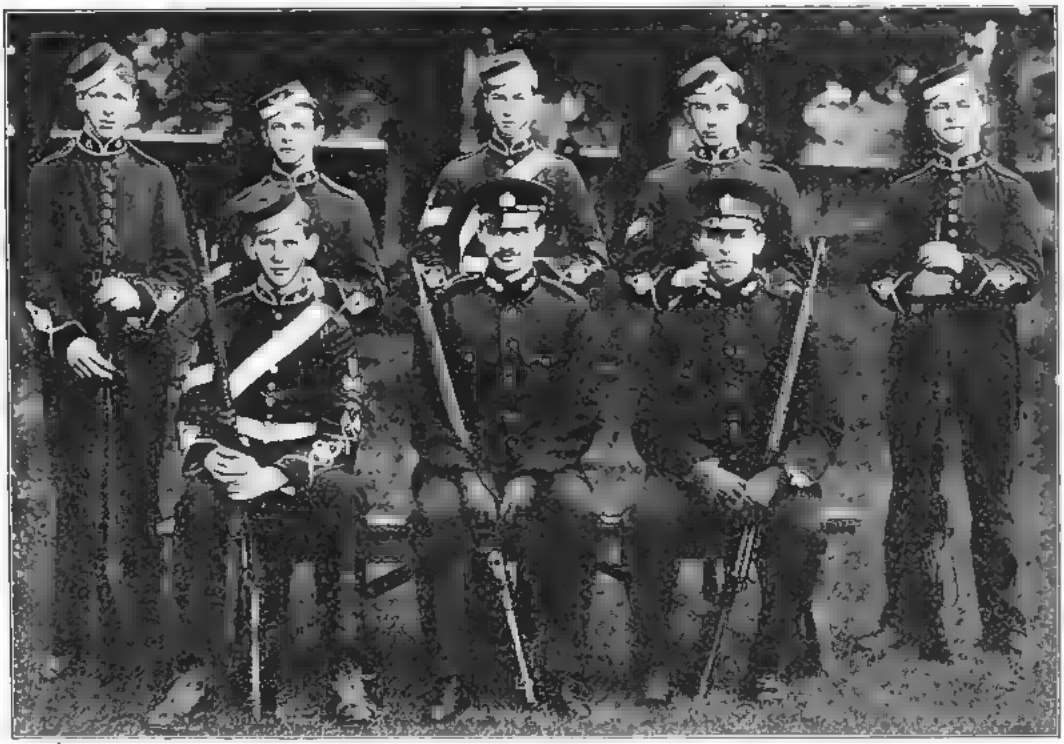
How to Become an Engineer.—We have had numerous enquiries during the past few months from readers desirous of becoming engineers, naval architects, etc., and at a loss to know what course to adopt. Apart from a fair knowledge of mathematics, we have always recommended intending engineers to go through the shops of a firm of well-known engineers. This, however, requires supplementing by technical classes, to be of real use, so that theory and practice may be carried on side by side. Interest has been greatly accentuated in engineering owing to the recent regulations issued by the Admiralty. The engineer in the Royal Navy now acquires a status he never hitherto possessed. He may even rise to the rank of Admiral. Our correspondents frequently say: Where can we find a firm of engineers and shipbuilders who can offer the course you suggest, and whose certificate of training would be accepted for entry as probationary assistant engineer in the Royal Navy? We admit the difficulty, and have always hesitated to recommend any firm without the fullest enquiry. After much casting about, and inspection of works, foundries, and shipyards, we have been greatly impressed with the facilities offered by Messrs. Cox and Co., engineers and shipbuilders, of Falmouth. The work carried on here appears to be very varied and comprehensive. The terms for premium of apprentices are £100 for engineering students, and £75 for naval architect students.

We are especially glad to find that part of the time of service may be spent in the drawing office. We have always insisted that the most serious weakness in the training of engineers in this country is their ignorance of design in machinery. At Zurich and in Germany and the United States, special attention is paid to this branch. It means all the difference between an engineer who will pursue his work on old lines, and an engineer with a touch of originality for new methods and processes. Students contemplating the life of an engineer or naval architect must bear in mind that so far as Messrs. Cox and

Co. are concerned, the hours whilst they are in the works are 54 per week, with the usual half holiday on Saturday. Work commences at 6 a.m., and ends at 5 p.m., with the customary intervals for meals. The student, while he is at any works, must make it the business of his life, and must not even shirk attendance at evening technical classes, which at Falmouth are well worth the time spent upon them.

books like *Who's Who*. Address your letter to Mr. C. B. Fry, care of this office.

Honor Vincit.—Any boy who likes to send solutions of THE CAPTAIN picture puzzles published by certain papers may do so if he can settle the matter with his conscience; but I may tell you, from the other point of view, that most of the so-called "solutions" are wrong in two or three of the pictures, and as the winners of our prizes get all the pictures right, it is decidedly unsafe to trust to any of these prophets. As for the papers which descend to this kind of business, I can only say that their



THE TONBRIDGE VIII. AT BISLEY,

Who made 500, and won the Ashburton Shield, 1903, with Bradfield 496, Wellington 496, Dulwich 477, Charterhouse 469, and Rugby 465. As the figures indicate, the contest was very keen, and the result is, therefore, all the more creditable to Tonbridge. Numerous paragraphs have appeared in the daily press on the question as to what school bears the palm as winners of this shield. According to the *Times*, Charterhouse has carried off the trophy nine times. So also has Harrow. A reference to our illustrated article on public school boys at Bisley, in the June number, shows at a glance the number of times the shield has been carried off by: Harrow, Charterhouse, Eton, Winchester, Clifton, Cheltenham, Bradfield, Dulwich, Rugby, Rossall, and Marlborough.

Photo by T. A. Flemons.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to pressure on our space we have been unable to give replies to many correspondents. We have a large pile of letters on our desk, a selection from which will be dealt with in future numbers. Readers requiring information within a short period should enclose stamped envelopes.

E. P. Watts.—Your lines are written with sincerity, but rather unevenly. They are not quite up to our standard. I have already told autograph hunters that I cannot publish the private addresses of celebrities. These can always be obtained from

attempted spoil-sport methods are to be regarded with nothing but supreme contempt. Will other correspondents kindly accept this paragraph as a reply to their letters on the same subject?

"Amant des Filles" wants me to tell him of a girl he can "take out for walks, spend money on, &c." I publish this statement just to show what extraordinary things an editor like myself is sometimes requested to perform. Here is an English boy of fifteen years of age, whose mind ought to be taken up with his work, his reading, his play, and other healthy pursuits which please most boys, desirous of aping a young man when he hasn't

got a hair on his face. My correspondent says that the girl he would like to "take out for walks, spend money on, &c.," should be from 13½ to 14 years of age. I suppose he has fixed the age in this way with some matrimonial plan for the future at the back of his head. He evidently thinks, and quite properly, that a man should be somewhat senior to his wife. "Amant des filles" goes on to say that the girls in his neighbourhood are "mediocre," and that is why he writes to me for an introduction to some young lady of a superior type to those who exist in the district which is patronised by such a splendid young gentleman as I presume my correspondent must be. I fear "Amant des filles" must go on putting up with the society of the "mediocre" girls in his neighbourhood, and if he cannot really find one who is worth "taking out, spending money on, &c.," he had better expend his surplus cash on some of the excellent goods advertised in our columns, as, after all, it is a better investment to acquire a good bat, or a good tennis racquet, than to "take out, spend money on, &c.," a "mediocre" girl for whom one has nothing but contempt.

A Member of the C.C. At present I cannot see my way to provide note-books and diaries for members of THE CAPTAIN Club, although I agree with you that it would be "rather nice" for you to have them. I am not an authority on the best way to remove pimples and freckles from the face. I should think *Woman's Life* could tell you. I believe it is not at all a bad plan to use Pears' soap. Your quickest way would be to go round to a chemist and ask him for something. I suppose you are a young lady, or you wouldn't be bothering about the freckles.

Army Service (Monmouth).—You must address yourself to some depôt, preferably in London, at the Tower; or, if you cannot manage London, to the nearest depôt, the name of which you can ascertain by writing to the War Office, Pall Mall, S.W. Of course, it is a mistake for any one to join this branch of the Service with a view to a military career. It is extremely hard work, and you see very little military life. Moreover, the only way to get on in the Army Service Corps is to have special training in some trade like butchering, bakery, &c.

"How to Become an Author" (A. G. C.).—I cannot give you much advice about "becoming" an author. An author writes because he is compelled to; there is something in his brain which calls for expression on paper. You cannot "become an author" as you would become a lawyer or a clergyman. An author is "born." Read my literary criticisms at the end of C.C.C. in back numbers of THE CAPTAIN. Read good authors like George Eliot, Thackeray, &c., but don't imitate them. For hints on a workmanlike style you cannot do better than study Conan Doyle, Marion Crawford, and H. S. Merriman, who are always concise, direct, and artistic. Always be natural, draw from Life, but don't write unless you feel you have something to say in essay form, a story to tell, or thoughts that demand an outlet in verse.

A. P. O'Connor (Dublin).—(1) You can live on an officer's pay, plus £50, in any infantry regiment, but not in the cavalry. (2) The West India Regiment is a cheap regiment, and you can join it from the militia, in the same way as you would join any other; but it is not a regiment most men would choose, on account of the climate on the West Coast of Africa (the White Man's Grave), where it is stationed, and where the headquarters are. (3) To join the Indian Army, you must go to Sandhurst, and pass out for the Indian Staff Corps, or go through the Militia, or Imperial Yeomanry; after being gazetted 2nd Lieutenant, you are attached to a home regiment for a year before going out. Once in India, you do your whole military service there, unless called for war service anywhere, only coming to England on leave. (4) You will find the daily pay of officers in "Whitaker's Almanack." The pay for the Indian Army is about the same as for the Home Infantry. Leave is granted according to length of service. (5) I should advise you to obtain from the Quartermaster General, War Office, London, S.W., "Regulations for Obtaining Commissions from Militia and Yeomanry into the Army," and also for the R.A.M.C., which you ask about. You can live on your pay in the Army Medical Corps—the pay is fairly good, but the course preparatory to entering is expensive. (6) Promotion goes by examination, and sometimes, to a certain extent, by service. (7) A Captain can live on his pay in the Infantry, as also can a 2nd Lieutenant in the A.S.C. You can join the latter from the Militia and Yeomanry.

T. B. Millar (Larbert).—Send full address for club. (1) "R.I." after the names of the gentlemen you mention means that they are members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. (2) No, they are not related to each other.

Robert Black (Oban).—Am deeply sorry to hear of the sad circumstances which necessitated your purchasing THE CAPTAIN yourself, and am obliged to you for showing your appreciation in such a tangible way. I have clubbed you.

A. N. Oldeboye (Passy, Paris). I suppose THE CAPTAIN is read in most schools. I really cannot give you accurate information on the point. I am not oblivious of the fact that one CAPTAIN has to do service for a large number of readers, for in most schools I have discovered that it is very "dog's-eared" by the time everybody has taken his fill of its contents. No estimate, therefore, on the lines you suggest would enable you to work out what percentage of the scholastic world reads THE CAPTAIN.

P. Rigby.—At the present juncture I do not like to say anything about the respective merits of Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. George Robey.

Marine (Okehampton).—See replies to "Royal Marine" (June, 1902), and "Sciens" (August, 1902).

Sammy (Llanfairfechan).—Nineteen or twenty is rather late to enter the Merchant Service with a view to getting a mate's ticket. Still, you might try to get a post as steward on one of our big liners. Why not go to Liverpool and make personal application at the shore steward's office?

An Interested Reader (Dulwich). —No article has appeared in the pages of THE CAPTAIN on Charles Dana Gibson. For specimens of Mr. Gibson's work see *Pictorial Comedy*, price 6d., monthly, and *Snap-Shots*, 1d. weekly.

A Learner (Lennoxtown).—The way to learn swimming is to get a good swimmer to teach you. In fact, that is the only way. You can't learn from books. Actual practice is what you want; not printed theory.

McLimpet (London).—Please forward pictures of Perranporth for consideration. For a reply to your question, consult "Induction Coils for

Amateurs," price 7d., post free, from Dawbarn and Ward, Ltd., 6 Farringdon-avenue, E.C.

E. W. J. (Bexhill).—You ought to enter the Merchant Service as a steward or cabin-boy at the age of fourteen, or as near that as possible. Still, you might try, even though you have passed the usual age-limit. Good teeth are not absolutely necessary, but they go a long way towards a boy's fitness.

P. W. Bennett (Balham).—Article still held over.

Eric Alfred Hill (St. Petersburg).—Please consider yourself our Official Representative in St. Petersburg. You can do much by introducing the magazine to your friends, and any information you care to send us will be carefully considered.

A. F. M. E. (Putney, S.W.).—Do you mean the St. John's Ambulance Class, held under the auspices of local medical men in every town of any importance in the Kingdom? If so, the fees vary from half-a-crown to five shillings. The reading required would not take more than from two to four hours a week. As a rule the class is mixed with a large proportion of ladies.

Competitor (Hornsey).—Have noted your suggestions for competitions.

Robert Lloyd (Llanfyllin).—We have got a new clock. Thanks for your offer.

The Enquirer (Sheffield).—(1) Your physical measurements are worthy of the old county. (2) Your writing is very weak, and would never pass for a bank or a good commercial office; it must be strengthened and made more business-like. Buy a *Tit-Bits* Copybook (No. 10), price 3d. post free, and practise, practise, practise. (3) Write to a firm of good cyclometer makers, such as the Veeder (Messrs. Markt and Co.).

Mollie G. (Camden-road, N.).—Mr. Step will be delighted to answer any questions concerning amateur gardening. Would like to run an amateur gardening corner, but this is impossible with all our other corners.

Navarre (Grimsby).—Clubbed. Read "Public Schoolboys at Bisley" in the July number. See also THE CAPTAIN for July, 1902, and June, 1901.

L. Douglas Adam (Kobe, Japan).—Thanks for offer, but I fear our Japanese readers are rather limited in number.

Viola (Brentwood, Urmston).—Clubbed. Please submit your essay on De Quincey. Am making enquiries about cheap edition of "Byron's Letters and Diary."

Addenbroke.—Regret cannot use your article entitled "A Scratch Four at Cambridge."

Ocobo (Monkstown, co. Dublin).—Have no space for golf. Might have a golfing story if we could get one quite good enough. Clubbed.

F. S. Ellis (Gibraltar).—If you will send on your article (with photos, if possible) dealing with barrack-room soldiering, I will give it consideration.

"A Little Cameo of Low Life."—Mr. P. Dacre's article in the May number has called forth the following criticism from R. G. Hugo:—

"I have lived in Upper Tooting, which adjoins Balham, for over nine years, and have never seen such conduct as that referred to in Mr. Dacre's article respecting the ragged woman and the group of coster lads.

"Balham High-road, on a Saturday night, is the centre of a vast amount of marketing of the working classes, but nothing in the nature of rowdyism takes place. There are, naturally enough, hawkers standing in the road selling toys, tie-clips, comic songs, &c., such as one sees in the Strand, Fleet-street, or Ludgate-hill. There is also the man with the tablets of pink wax, and, incidentally, a fortune-teller styling herself Madame Idaho. But such as these one sees in most of our London suburbs.

"I do not wish people to imagine that I desire to represent Balham as an ideal suburb, for it is far from that. Balham is a very busy place on a Saturday night, as that must necessarily be the 'shopping' night of the working classes, but it is by no means the resort of all the cads and cadgers of South London."

Letters, etc., have also been received from: H. Dawson (Chili), Frank L. Cloux, John E. B. May, "E. V. R. R.," C. S. Taylor, "Leander," Arthur Webster (Port Elizabeth), Kenneth Dowie (Montreal), Edgar H. Cross, "Rule Britannia," Frank P. Atkins, R. L. Crysler (Ontario), E. Neels, A. Friedrichs, Pierce Rollo Butler, Ernest Frederick Feurer, "Tynesider," "The Short 'Un" (Notts), Edward T. Faulie, R. M. O. Cook, Ben Hope, "F. P. A.," Claude M. Rowson, Percy N. Young, Richard Jackson, A. H. Middleton, Cymon, A. N. K. (Jamaica), Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., and others, whose communications will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of July Competitions.

No. I.—"As Others See Us."

WINNER OF £10 10s. "RUDGE-WHITWORTH" BICYCLE: H. C. Bentley, "Merriovale," Woodsland-road, Hassocks.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Thomas Macquire, 184 Cumberland street, S.S. Glasgow; C. Grenville Maile, 19 Provost-road, Hampstead, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Archibald Loy, Alex. Scott, junr., Frank L. Cloux, E. B. Walker, A. Tapply, Annie W. Adams, T. W. Spikin, P. Bellerby, John W. Lewis, Sydney Horne, Edward Studdy, Robert Jackson, H. N. Maitland, Colin A. Arrol, R. Jardine, Cyril A. Thomas, R. M. Cluer, W. Lees, R. C. Woodthorpe, Edith Adames, Constance H. Greaves, Walter Simmons, F. C. Thompson, R. Samuels, Frank Hotine, R. T. Rigg, T. Constantinides.

No. II.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "HONOURS" No. 4 HAND CAMERA: A. E. Radford, Tunnel-road, The Park, Nottingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. Llewellyn, 40 Park Ridings, Hornsey, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. R. Willis, S. Chicot, Cateau E. Le de Coer, E. Arthur Miller, Olive C. Harbutt, Percy Howard Ford, H. F. Woods, Ernest W. S. Cornish, Clive E. Howell, C. P. Finn, Harold Torr, H. F. Foster, H. A. Gadd (Bromsgrove), George Nott, William J. Watt, W. B. Huntly, J. F. Clarke, E. H. Goodman, junr., C. Turner, William R. F. Clark, Marjory Robinson, Sibyl O'Neill, W. Embry, Kathleen Parr, T. Dixon, Jerardine Byrom.

Results continued on next page.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNERS OF No 2 "SCOUT" CAMERAS: C. L. Graham, Netherby House, Wigan, Hubert B. Burton, 39 Loughboro'-road, Leicester; Vaughan Angus, 13 Fielding-road, West Kensington-park, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. J. Jones, 14 Telford-avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W., and D. M. Colman, Wick Hall, Hove, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. H. Aplin, junr., W. G. Stott, Harry Yordoff Woodhead, W. R. Grant, M. G. Ferguson (Highgate), George W. Harris, A. Cannington (Leys School, Cambridge), H. G. M. Miles (All Saints' School, Bloxham), J. Inescon, Daphne Kenyon-Stow, Reginald Alfred Betts, Clement Breare, D. H. Hobbs, S. M. Hills, H. Giles, Michael F. O'Hea, E. S. Hallatt, William Watson (Berlitz School, Haarlem), Chris Pratt, L. Wehrley, Walter T. Isgar, Frank W. Wright, C. Rayner, Wilfrid Morley, O. Kendall, A. M. Denny (Maidstone Grammar School), J. T. Iredale.

CLASS III (Age limit Fourteen.)

WINNERS OF No 2 "BROWNIE" CAMERAS: William Moore, 47 Bournemouth road, Folkestone. Victor Loveridge, Morses, Tibberton, Glos., Wilfrid Finn, Pontefract-road, Castleford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to. Frank R. Howse, 11 Culmstock street, Clapham Common, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Robert Hutchinson, G. Maddison, Harry Johnson, W. Wells, Alan B. Peck, E. Francis, E. J. Selby, C. Vandermin, W. H. C. Hardy, W. R. Barlow, H. Beattie, O. Hughes Jones, G. Schunck (Ashton Grammar School, Dunstable), E. D. C. Hunt (Eagle House, Sandhurst).

No. III.—"Popular Cricketers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "GAMAGE" CRICKET BAT: A. J. Relton, 30 Federation-road, Abbey Wood, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. S. Round, 8 Victoria-terrace, Dudley, Frank Ewart Russell, 30 Annandale road, East Greenwich, S.E.; E. W. S. Cornish, 66 Henry road, Gloucester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank D. Morton, Walter Riley, Lawther Wilson, Sidney C. Downes, Flo. Catton, S. McClure, G. L. Austin, Harry Frita, W. Saxon, T. W. Morton, A. Wheeler, S. H. Barmby, Victor Towers.

CLASS II. (Age limit Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GAMAGE" CRICKET BAT: Thomas Scott, 17 Newark Drive, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: R. C. T. Davies, Trevecca Farm, Talgarth, R.S.O.; C. C. Chitham, 11 Ashburnham road, Bedford, S. Rylands, 135 Rustlings road, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Norman Stenning, W. Waller, H. V. Johnson, W. Mitchell, W. Main, T. B. Cranswick, B. Houghton, H. A. Neale, James Chamberlain, E. H. Cockell, F. P. Newbould, S. W. Placey.

CLASS III (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "GAMAGE" CRICKET BAT: R. A. Watson, Ghyllside, Kendal.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Charlie J. Martin, 31 Streatley road, Broadesbury, N.W.; James Roberts, 29 Jardin street, Camberwell, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Hood, Charles S. Cockell, F. S. Anderson, Richard Treeth, William A. Burn, David McGhie, Donald Bailey, Leopold Koppenhagen, L. A. Carey, E. G. Hogan.

No. IV. "Hidden Birds."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFITS: R. C. Woodthorpe, Bede-terrace, Whitley, Northumberland; James H. Walker, 502 John Williamson street, South Shields, P. E. Potter, Abertawe, Barnstaple.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percy J. Auger, John Holliday, Phyllis M. Bodkin, Harold Schofield, G. S. Walker, A. H. Rintoul, C. Crossley, Arthur S. Atkinson, L. R. W. Gibbons, Norah Simmonds, H. F. Woods, A. Wheeler.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFITS: J. S. Tombs, The Grammar School, Haverfordwest; H. Freeman, 74 Cotleigh-road, West Hampstead, N.W.; G. F. Leaver, Lismamos, Cheltenham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to. Owen C. Harbutt, The Grange, Bathampton, Bath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frida Phillips, Charles H. Allen, R. H. Billinghurst, E. A. S. Fox, Richard Babb, W. J. Jones, S. E. Cooper, F. W. Fry.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFITS: Guy B. P. Roberts, 38 Craven Park road, Harlesden, N.W., A. H. Munro, Altcar Rifle Range, Hightown, Liverpool, F. G. Priestley, The Villa, Victoria crescent, St. Helier's, Jersey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. Ritson, Bruce Knight, F. N. Bennett, G. T. Hick, A. R. Burnett Hurst, Lionel Lupton, Evelyn G. Sandford, P. A. Ranson, F. H. Bentley, Fred. Marsh.

No. V.—"Drawing of an Animal."

CLASS I. (Age limit Twenty-five.)

WINNERS OF POST CARD ALBUMS: James H. Dowd, 11 Travis place, Broomhall, Sheffield; W. B. Huntly, Rochus Strasse 22, Dusseldorf, Germany.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Tom Clayton, James S. Ross, Albert Rhodes, Stavert Johnstone Cash, Camma Walford, Frances A. Barton, E. H. Catchpole (Westgate College), William Matthews, George William Bailey, James A. Ramsay, Arthur S. Atkinson, G. Boughton, Leonard J. Smith, J. F. Iredale, Annie Wright.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNERS OF POST-CARD ALBUMS: Olive C. Harbutt, The Grange, Bathampton, Bath, Nora Simmonds, 2 Green-street, Ardwick, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hedley V. Fielding, Lilian Bowyer, G. W. B. Berry, John Jameson, Eva Daniels.

CLASS III. (Age limit. Fifteen.)

WINNERS OF POST-CARD ALBUMS: G. Ledward, 8 Mount Park road, Ealing, W., Nina Murray, The Moat, Charing, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Kingscote, Sybil M. Hext, Dorothy Gathorne-Hardy, Harry Hill, R. J. McGregor, Ernest Bramhall, Harold Green, Olive Taylor, Yvonne George, William Charles Boswell.

No. VI.—"Omitted Words."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "JOHN PIGGOTT" TENNIS RACQUET: Marian G. Gregory, Beech grove, Prestwich, near Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. R. Powell, Percy Sweet, G. Kerwood, Grita Machean.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF TENNIS RACQUET, as above: Almde Peppercorn, West Horsley, Surrey.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to. Wilfrid Peppercorn, West Horsley, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edmund H. Mackenzie, Herbert Williams, G. Steed, Gordon Page, Victor Loveridge.

Extra Competition.—"Newsagents' Addresses."

WINNERS OF SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPERS: W. J. C. Nettleton, 70 George-street, Portman square, W.C.; Thomas Macquire, 184 Cumberland-street, S.S. Glasgow, A. J. Fordyce, 112 Jamaica road, Bermondsey, S.E.; H. Modlin, 2 Camden-square, Camden Town, N.W.; John William Harvey, 13 Speechley-street, Hyson Green, Nottingham; Robert Stuart, Athelstane Cottage, Downfield, Dundee.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Benjamin Petrie, H. Field, G. T. C. Boswell, C. Evelyn Evanson, W. Maddison, W. B. Haslam, John Clark, F. Laughlin, A. Albrow, A. R. Taylor, W. Reid, Evan Davies, H. G. N. Tucker, J. H. Walker, F. L. Cloux, W. B. Faull, Eustace Berry, James Cumming, Victor Cole.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE JULY COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—The winning effort, together with a selection of others, will be found in next month's "Editorial."

No. II.—A little below the average this month perhaps, but consistently good in each class.

No. III.—The winning list—decided by vote—is as follows—Fry, Ranjitsinhji, Jessop, Grace, Hirst, McLaren. Abel came next on the list. A good many competitors in Classes I. and II. had the list quite right, so that neatness counted considerably. Three competitors in Class III had also the correct list.

No. IV.—The only competitor who had the list entirely correct was J. S. Tombs, the prizewinner in Class II. A great number had only one wrong, so that neatness was a very considerable point. The most common mistakes were (2) Field fare; (6) Yellow hammer; (7) Blue tits, (8) Thrush: A correct list will be found on an advertisement page.

No. V.—In this competition Class II. was far and away ahead of either Classes I. or III., the work of James H. Dowd, W. B. Huntly, Camma Walford, W. Tom Clayton, James S. Ross, Albert Rhodes, and Stavert Johnstone Cash being exceptionally well done.

No. VI.—

> The day is *dying*
> The lake has lost the *light* of *afternoon;*
> Stars *shine*, and waters *shimmer*
> Round the shadow of the moon.

The omitted words are in italics. None of the competitors had all the missing words right, the best efforts having two wrong.

EXTRA COMPETITION.—This was very successful, and illustrated how very diligent and loyal readers of THE CAPTAIN are. Replies were received from Cornwall right away to the north of Scotland.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Last day for sending in, September 12th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by Sept. 12th.

The Results will be published in November.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"**Of National Interest.**"—Write on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d. post free, what you consider to be the six most important events of national interest that have occurred since the beginning of this year. This competition will decide itself by vote, and to the winner we will award a Two Guinea Solid Silver Waltham Watch (as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page), which we have been testing in this office for the past three months, and guarantee to be a perfect time-keeper.

No Age limit.

No. 2.—"**Hidden Boys' Names.**"—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is supposed to represent a boy's name. Write the name under each, fill in your own name, age, class, and address; tear out the page, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending in correct solutions, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. Prizes: Three of Messrs. Houghton and Son's Folding Pocket Scout Cameras, value £1 1s., as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... .. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"**Interesting Kings.**"—In the course of your study of English History, what Six Kings have interested you most? They need not necessarily have been *good* kings. It is entirely a matter of personality. Send the names of the Six Kings on a CAPTAIN post-card. This competition, like No. 1, will decide itself by vote. Prizes: Six of Messrs. C. Lindner's "Family" Printing Outfits, three to each class, as illustrated on CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"**Landscape Competition.**"—To encourage our artistic readers during the holidays we offer four of Messrs. Moult Brothers No. 2 "Kruno" Cameras and Outfit, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page, to the four competitors (two in each class) who send in the best drawings of a landscape in pen, pencil, or water-colours, to be made out-of-doors, not copied.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"**All-Round Development.**"—What pastime, in your opinion, develops the body most thoroughly? Limit your answer to 200 words. Prizes: Three Sets of the very best D. and M. Boxing Gloves (four to the set), as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... .. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... .. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"**Photographic Competition.**"—Hand or stand camera work. Any subject. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens, value 10s. 6d. each.

Class I. ... .. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

THE LATEST.

The "Centergraph."

This is absolutely the latest in mathematical instruments, and is so simple and easy to manipulate that, while shortening lengthy operations to the skilled craftsman or student, it can be used with ease by any one in the production of the most complex designs, such as are shown in one of the accompanying diagrams. The "Centergraph" is made in one piece of nickel-plated metal. It has five rows of holes in it, each row exactly bisecting an angle in the instrument; different shaped figures can be drawn by using each row, marked on the instrument accordingly. These holes are all distanced at 1-8th inch centres; this enables each of the figures to be drawn in the same or equal circles; the lines from each hole to the edge of the instrument determine the length of the side of the figure. The largest size of each figure that can be drawn with the instrument is that inscribed in a circle 5½ inches diameter. This can be enlarged to that inscribed in a circle 11 inches diameter by the use of the compass-bar; and made as much larger as required by extending radial lines, and cutting them off at the required distance. Further particulars of the "Centergraph" can be obtained from Messrs Richford and Co., Fleet-street, E.C.

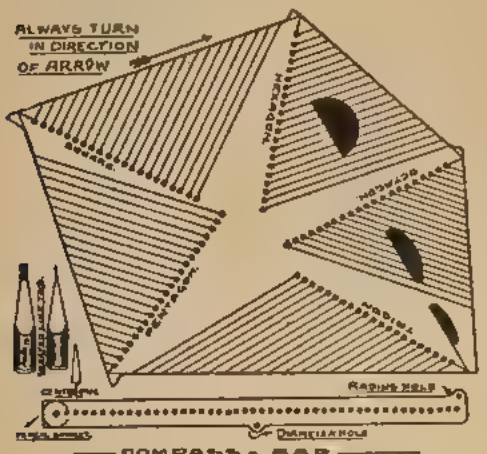
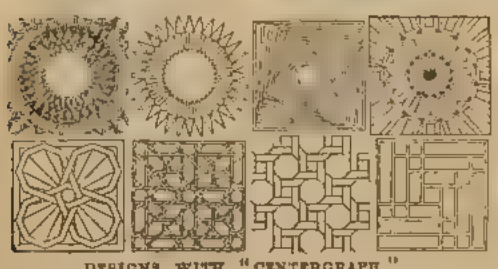


DIAGRAM SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF "CENTERGRAPH"



DESIGNS WITH "CENTERGRAPH."

The Motor Fire King.

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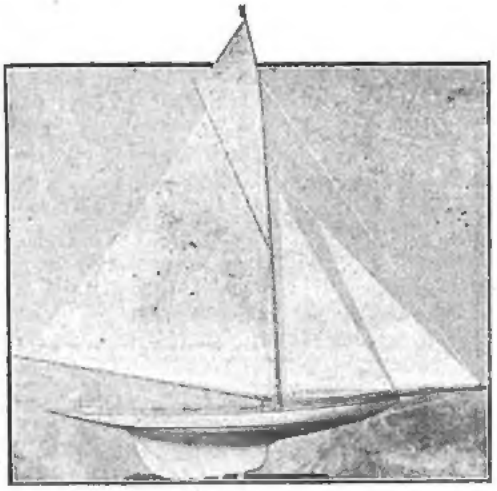

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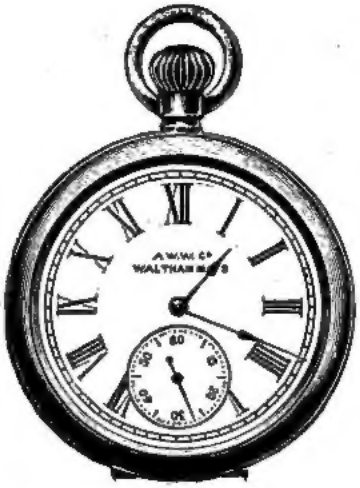

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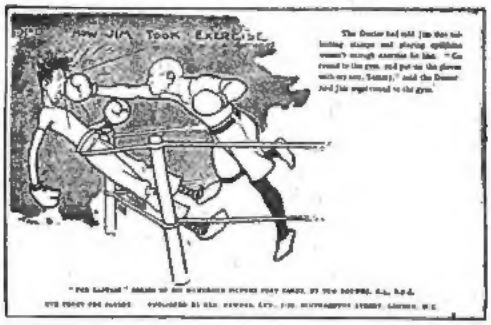

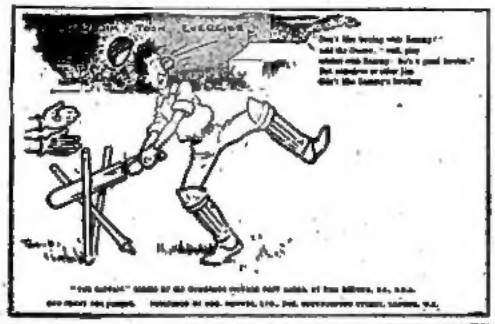

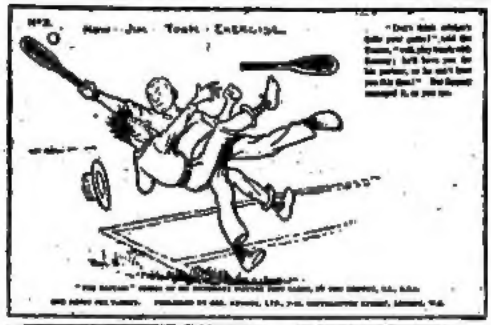

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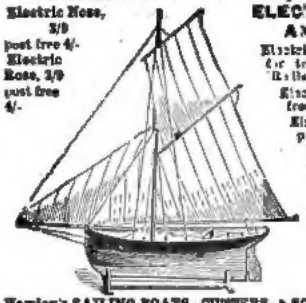

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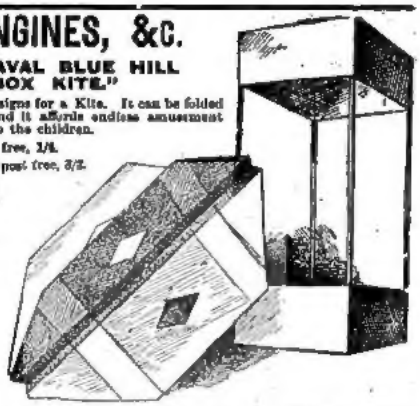

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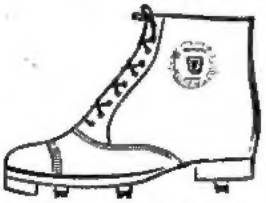

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